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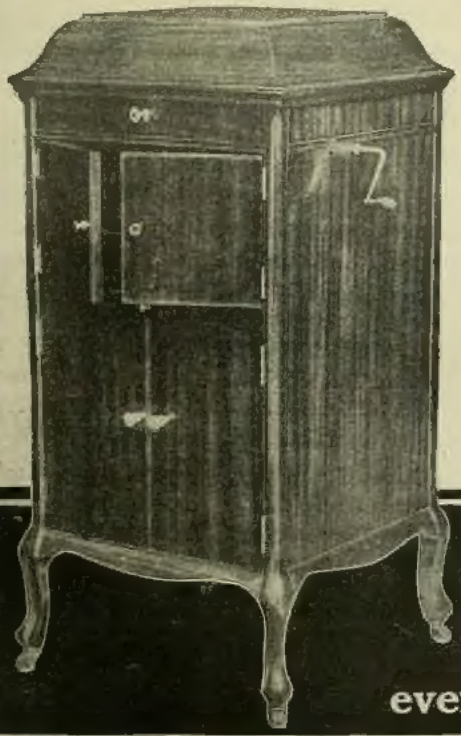

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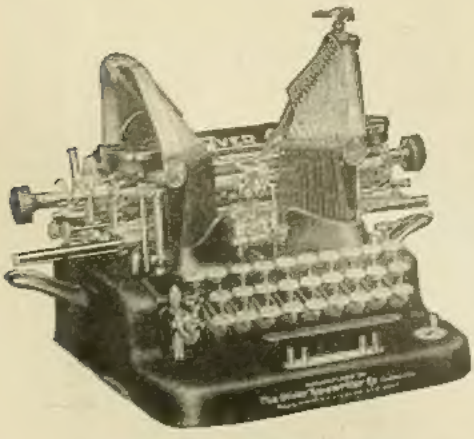

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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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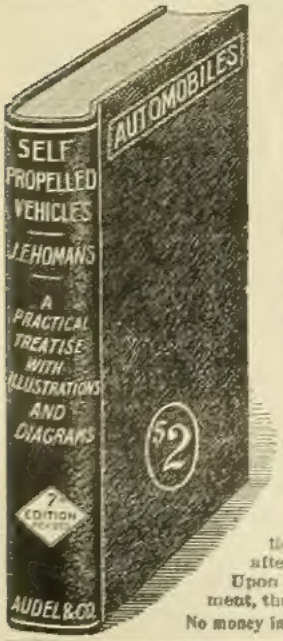

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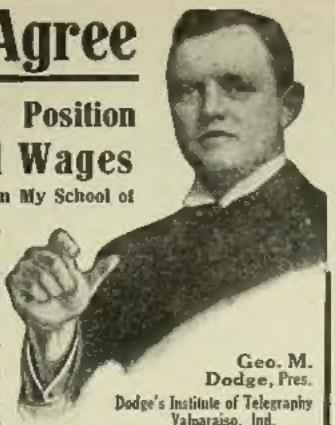

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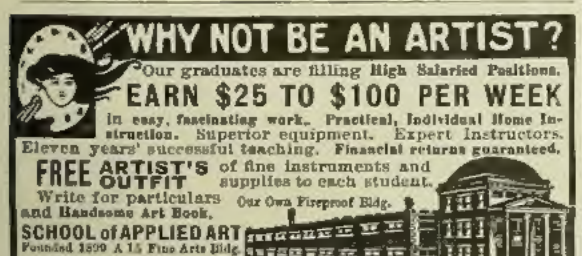

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By MARY JANE McCLURE

Planning seven dinners a week on a limited market allowance is the proposition that confronts the majority of housekeepers.

With a healthy family demanding meat, the problem will be hard to solve unless you borrow some of the arts of our French and German cousins and learn how to cook the cheaper meat cuts appetizingly and utilize every scrap.

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CHICAGO

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII. DECEMBER, 1910. No. 3.

Edison as a News-Butcher.

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

THE life-story of the "Wizard of Menlo Park," as the great inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, is popularly called, is one of the most romantic narratives of a man's achievement that the world has ever known. Starting as a news-butcher, or train-boy, on the Grand Trunk Railway, in the baggage-cars of which line he made his first experiments in electricity, he has mounted the ladder of success to a point where his name will remain indelible throughout the ages. He is, perhaps, the most useful man that ever lived.

We give here, for the first time, the complete story of his life days as a railroad employee. During the moments that he was not selling newspapers and peanuts, he was teaching himself the mysteries of the telegraph, which soon directed his budding energies toward what was in those days the almost untouched field of electricity. His early days in a baggage-car were the stepping-stones to some of the most wonderful achievements of all time.

How the Eminent Inventor Planned His Future in One of Uncle Sam's Mail Cars and What He Accomplished Before an Angry Conductor Destroyed His Plant.

IT was at the age of thirteen that Thomas Alva Edison began his career as a train boy on the Grand Trunk Railway, which led him by way of the telegraph office into the realms of electricity, where to-day, in his mental and physical prime, he stands head and shoulders above the giants of invention that surround him, every now and then bringing forth some new and wonderful achievement of his busy hands and brain, to lighten man's labor and make his life happier.

Edison's parents at that early period of his life were living in Port Huron, one of Michigan's great lumber centers in the fifties, and the neighbors were not a little surprised when they learned that Samuel Edison, the feed and grain dealer, who lived in the colonial mansion on the government reservation facing the St Clair River, had consented to allow his son Alva, as the boy was called, to sell newspapers on the Grand Trunk local to Detroit.

While the elder Edison was not a wealthy man, he was well-to-do, for he had made money in lumber as well as in his other business, and his hundred-foot tower which he had constructed on the reservation overlooking Lake Huron and the river, to which the railroads ran excursion trains, also added greatly to his income, so that it could not have been for the sake of money that he allowed his son to go so far from home every day on the long run to Detroit, which was sixty-three miles away.

The fact was that Samuel Edison and his wife were exceptionally wise parents. Otherwise they might easily have extinguished the spark of genius in the boy, for he began to show a capacity for business at an age when the minds of most children, reared under ordinary conditions, would not have risen above play. Wherefore it is well for the world, in which his name is to-day a household word, that Edison had the right kind of parents.

Owes Much to Parents.

Edison's paternal ancestors came to this country from Holland in about the year 1770. Samuel Edison was born in Nova Scotia, where his father had gone after the Revolution, the family subsequently making its home in Canada at a town called Vienna, on the shores of Lake Erie. Here Samuel Edison, at the age of twenty-four, was keeping a hotel, when he married Miss Nancy Elliott, a school-teacher, and the daughter of the Rev. John Elliott, who had been a Baptist minister in the State of New York at the time of her birth, and was a descendant of Captain Ebenezer Elliott, a famous Revolutionary soldier.

Having decided political views, and taking an active part in the Papineau Rebellion of 1837, Samuel Edison was compelled to flee over the border, and hence the United States and not Canada has the honor of being the birthplace of the greatest inventor of his time, which is as it should be, as he comes of American stock on both sides of his family.

Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847, and his parents settled in Port Huron when he was a boy seven years of age. Although he has developed into a man of abnormal physical endurance, frequently working for twenty-four hours at a stretch without rest or food and capable of enduring all that the strongest and hardiest of his employees can, the inventor was so fragile a child that it was not considered wise to send him to school in Milan. In Port Huron he went to the public school for only three months, which is the extent of his experience within the walls of a school room.

His Love for Books.

Edison had an enormous advantage over the average boy, however, in that his mother had not only been trained as a teacher, but was a woman of extraordinary intellectual attainments and force of character, who found her highest pleasure in establishing the foundation of her son's education. His father also encouraged the lad's early fondness of reading, and paid him a small amount on the completion of the perusal of a book.

Thus, before Alva had reached the age of twelve, he had read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hume's "History of England," Sears's "History of the World," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," the "Dictionary of Sciences," and had even struggled with Newton's "Principia," besides mastering the ordinary studies of a boy of his age. He was also fond of stories of romance and adventure, and was so devoted an admirer of Victor Hugo later in life that he was known to his fellow telegraph operators as "Victor Hugo Edison."

It was in their practise of non-interference with young Edison's amusements, that his parents displayed unusual wisdom. When he was only twelve years of age, his father happened to be called in the middle of a winter's night to the part of the house where the boy slept, and was surprised to observe light streaming through the keyhole of his door. Peeping into the room, he saw Alva huddled up in an overcoat, with a scarf tied over his head busy handling a lot of bottles he had ranged on a shelf.

A Child Experimenter.

Some parents would have broken in on the boy and ordered him to bed, and perhaps have thrown out his bottles. Samuel Edison did nothing of the kind. Nancy Edison, also, was more lenient than most mothers, and when her son began at the early age of ten or eleven to conduct chemical experiments in the cellar, leaving bro-

ken glass and evil-smelling liquids about the floor, she was not too quick to interfere.

To be sure, she believed in the efficacy of a switch, as some parents do even at the present stage of civilization, and she finally made young Alva confine his materials and energies to one room in the cellar and put a lock on the door. Here the small boy established a laboratory, with some two hundred bottles in rows on the shelves, all labeled "Poison" in order that they might not be rashly dealt with, and he spent his entire fund of pocket money for chemicals at the Port Huron drug store, with which he made experiments from formulas in Parker's "School Philosophy."

Neighbors of the Edisons, both in Milan and Port Huron, were never quite able to understand the frail-looking boy, with the unusually large, though well shaped head. Indeed, he took so absorbing an interest in matters and things about him from his very earliest childhood, and was consequently so preoccupied when he was not asking what often seemed to his elders ridiculous questions, that his intelligence was sometimes doubted.

The public school teacher at Port Huron reported that he was addled, and during his three months under her tuition he was generally at the foot of his classes, though when he was only three years of age he was noticed in the village square of Milan, attempting to copy the signs on the stores and shops.

The arguments that young Edison advanced to induce his parents to allow him to sell newspapers on the railroad were, that in addition to his making money for the purchase of chemicals for his experiments in the cellar, it would also be possible for him to read several hours daily between trains in the public library in Detroit, besides being able to bring home newspapers and magazines for the family's perusal.

His father's objections to Alva's going into business at the age of thirteen were more easily overcome than those of his mother, but her consent to the project was eventually gained. The boy was always home at night, the train leaving Port Hu-

IN THE UNUSED SMOKING-COMPARTMENT EDISON BECAME EDITOR, PROPRIETOR, PUBLISHER AND COMPOSITOR OF THE "WEEKLY HERALD."

PEEPING INTO THE ROOM HE SAW ALVA BUSILY HANDLING A LOT OF BOTTLES.

ron in the morning at seven o'clock, and the return train getting back at 9:30 in the evening.

Edison had not been many weeks selling newspapers, periodicals, candy and other small merchandise on the train, when he saw opportunities for profitable trading in other directions. He opened two stores in Port Huron, one for the sale of newspapers and periodicals, and the other for commerce in vegetables, butter, and berries in season, which he brought from Detroit or purchased along the line of the railroad.

A Youthful Employer.

He hired boys of about his own age to take charge of his undertakings in Port Huron, while he was absent on his train or in Detroit

When the Grand Trunk put on an express to Detroit, Edison obtained permission to have a newsboy in his pay on the train, from whom he exacted a daily accounting. Later an immigrant train was also added to the traffic on the Grand Trunk, which generally carried from seven to ten coaches filled with Norwegians bound for Iowa and Minnesota. Edison now engaged another boy to sell bread, fruit, candy, and tobacco to the immigrants, from which he reaped a goodly profit.

During his first year on the railroad the young merchant sometimes made as much as $6 or $8 per day from his enterprises, and he regularly paid his mother a dollar a day for his board. Edison carried his produce from Detroit to Port Huron in the mail-car of his train.

"I was never asked to pay freight," he says, "and to this day cannot explain why, except that I was so small and industrious, and the nerve to appropriate a United States mail-car to do a free freight business was so monumental."

Edison's second year as a train-boy, 1861, was that of the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, which made the trade in newspapers brisk. The fourteen-year-old lad not only took full advantage of his opportunities as a dealer, but he actually started a newspaper of his own. The local train between Port Huron and Detroit carried a baggage-car that was divided into three compartments, one for baggage, one for the mail, and the third for smoking.

There were no facilities for ventilation in the smoking-compartment, and hence it was not used. In it Edison installed a printing press he had purchased cheap in Detroit, where it had been used to print bills of fare in a hotel. Procuring an outfit of type, and learning the rudiments of printing from the printer's devil in the office of the *Port Huron Commercial*, the boy now became editor, proprietor, publisher and compositor of the *Weekly Herald*, which was mentioned by an esteemed contemporary, the *London Times*, as the first newspaper in the world to be printed on a train in motion.

A Traveling Newspaper Plant.

The price of the *Weekly Herald* was three cents per copy, or two cents if taken by the month and paid for in advance, and it achieved a circulation of four hundred

copies It was not dependent for its sales on its novelty in being the work of a small boy on a railroad train, either, but it published news that was of interest along the line of the Grand Trunk road.

Frequently, too, the *Weekly Herald* scored a beat on its contemporaries in Port Huron and Detroit, since, with the assistance of the railway telegraph, Edison often obtained local and war news later than that published in the papers he sold on the train. The profits from his newspaper were as much as $20 or $30 per month, in addition to his receipts from his other commercial undertakings.

The publication of the *Weekly Herald*, with the demand for papers created by news of the war, made it necessary for Edison to employ an assistant on the train, in addition to the other boys who were working for him. No veteran in the news trade ever rose to his opportunities with more enterprise and greater aplomb than young Edison. It may be mentioned, as illustrative of his attention to details, that he had arranged a jumping-off place from the train at Port Huron.

The train always slowed down at a point about a quarter of a mile from the station, which was nearer his home than the terminus, and where it was therefore more convenient for him to alight. In order not to take an unnecessary chance of injuring himself in jumping from the moving train, he had used his father's horse to haul several loads of sand to the slowing-down place, and made a soft bank to alight on.

How the Telegraph Helped.

When battles occurred during the war, Edison would get the telegraph operator at Detroit to send the news along the line of the Grand Trunk, where he had made arrangements with the local station agents to post bulletins summarizing events, in order that residents might be at the stations to purchase newspapers when the train came through. Operators and station-agents were paid in newspapers and magazines that the boy did not otherwise dispose of.

On the morning of the day that news was received of the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, the most terrible thus far since the

HE EXPLAINED HIS PREDICAMENT AND ASKED FOR CREDIT.

Legioning of the war, in which both Grant and Sherman were engaged and Johnston was killed. Edison reached the bulletin boards of the Detroit newspapers soon after the arrival of his train from Port Huron at ten o'clock. He found the offices surrounded by horror-stricken crowds, for the bulletins declared that 60,000 men had already perished, and that the battle was still raging with its outcome uncertain.

The boy realized that there would be an unprecedented demand for newspapers that day all along the Grand Trunk line between Detroit and Port Huron, are more particularly at the end of the road. His usual practise was to carry a hundred papers on his train, but he estimated that he would undoubtedly be able to sell a thousand in view of the excitement caused by the battle.

When Edison Raised the Price.

The first thing to be done was to get out his bulletin, and to effect this he promised the telegraph operator a weekly magazine for three months. And now a tremendous obstacle arose! He did not have enough money to purchase a thousand papers, and he was not acquainted with any one connected with their issue. However, he could not let so great an opportunity slip without at least making an attempt to take advantage of it, and young Edison walked into the editorial rooms of the *Detroit Free Press*, whose destinies were then presided over by no less a personage than Wilbur F. Storey, who afterward founded the *Chicago Times*.

To Storey and one of his associates the boy of fifteen stated his predicament, explaining that he had already telegraphed the news of the battle to all the stations along the Grand Trunk Railroad between there and Port Huron, and that he had only sufficient money to purchase a hundred papers, while he was sure he could sell a thousand. Would the *Free Press* give him credit until the following day? The other man was of the opinion that the risk was too great, but Storey overruled him, and Edison was given the full number of papers he asked for.

"By the aid of another boy I lugged the papers to the train and started folding them," said Edison, in telling the story. "The first station, called Utica, was a small one where I generally sold two papers. I saw a crowd ahead on the platform, and thought it some excursion, but the moment I landed there was a rush for me. Then I realized that the telegraph was a great invention, for I sold 35 papers there. The next station was Mount Clemens, now a watering place, but then a town of about one thousand. I usually sold six to eight papers there.

"I decided that if I found a corresponding crowd there, the only thing to do to correct my lack of judgment in not getting more papers was to raise the price from five cents to ten. The crowd was there, and I raised the price." At Port Huron the populace was waiting for him at his jumping-off place. Says Edison: "I then yelled, 'Twenty-five cents apiece, gentlemen! I haven't enough to go around!' I sold all out, and made what to me then was an immense sum of money."

While this extraordinary boy was thus conducting money-making enterprises with a degree of success perhaps unprecedented in one so young, he was devoting every spare moment to study. He had not been many weeks on the Detroit train, when he began to transfer his laboratory from the cellar at home to the smoking compartment of the baggage-car, where he afterward established his newspaper office. As he had considerable leisure during the three hours run each way, he gave himself to experiments, for which Fresenius's "Qualitative Analysis" was the basis, spending the greater part of his earnings for chemicals.

Too Much for the Conductor.

When his train arrived in Detroit in the middle of the forenoon, it was his practise to go at once to the public library, and he often spent the entire day within its doors, until the return train left at about six in the evening. It was here that he adopted a novel plan of study, selecting a certain section of the library and starting to read it through shelf by shelf, without regard to subject matter.

However, Edison's laboratory on wheels was not destined to permanence, and with its end there came upon him an infliction that to a man of lesser mental resources would have been a terrible calamity. One day a lurch of the car jarred a stick of phosphorus from a shelf of the laboratory in the baggage-car, which falling to the floor set the woodwork on fire. While the badly frightened boy was attempting to

stamp out the flames, the conductor of the train, a hot-tempered Scotchman, rushed in with a pail of water with which he extinguished the fire, after turning on the lad and striking him a violent blow on the ear.

When the train reached Mount Clemens, the next stop, Edison and all his possessions, including his laboratory and his printing plant, were put out on the station platform and left there. Since the moment he was struck by the angry conductor Edison has been deaf, but it is characteristic of his philosophy that he bears no malice toward the man who wrought him this irreparable injury. Indeed, the inventor even argues that his infirmity has been of benefit to him rather than otherwise.

TURNING ON THE LAD AND STRIKING HIM A VIOLENT BLOW ON THE EAR.

Loss of Hearing No Detriment.

"This deafness has been of great advantage to me in various ways," he tells his friends. "When in a telegraph office, I could hear only the instrument directly on the table at which I sat, and unlike the other operators, I was not bothered by the other instruments. Again, in experimenting on the telephone, I had to improve the transmitter so I could hear it. This made the telephone commercial, as the magneto-telephone receiver of Bell was too weak to be used as a transmitter commercially.

"It was the same with the phonograph. The great defect of that instrument was the rendering of the overtones in music, and the hissing consonants in speech. I worked over one year, twenty hours a day, Sundays and all, to get the word 'specie' perfectly recorded and reproduced on the phonograph. When this was done I knew that everything else could be done, which was a fact. Again, my nerves have been preserved intact. Broadway is as quiet to me as a country village is to a person with normal hearing."

Although the father of the great inventor once said that he never had any boyhood days in the ordinary sense, there seems to have been considerable of the spontaneous boy about Edison during the period that he was selling newspapers on the train, and

studying and experimenting during most of his spare hours. An incident Edison relates himself is illustrative.

"After the breaking out of the war," he says, "there was a regiment of volunteer soldiers quartered at Fort Gratiot, the reservation extending to the boundary line of our house. Nearly every night we would hear a call, such as 'Corporal of the guard, No. 1.' This would be repeated from sentry to sentry until it reached the barracks, when the corporal of the guard, No. 1, would come and see what was wanted. I and the little Dutch boy, after returning from the town after selling our papers, thought he would take a hand at military affairs.

"So one night, when it was very dark, I shouted for the corporal of the guard, No. 1. The sentry, thinking that it was the terminal sentry who shouted, repeated it to the third, and so on. This brought the corporal along the half mile, only to find that he had been fooled. We got him out three nights, but the third night they were watching, and caught the little Dutch boy, taking him to the lock-up at the fort, where they shut him up. They chased me to the house.

"I rushed for the cellar. In one small apartment there were two barrels of potatoes and a third one nearly empty. I poured these remnants into the other barrels, sat down and pulled the barrel over my head, bottom up. The soldiers had awakened my father, and they were searching for me with candles and lanterns. The corporal was absolutely certain I was in the cellar. He couldn't see how I could have gotten out, and wanted to know from my father if there was any secret hiding place.

"On the assurance of my father, that there was not, he said it was most extraordinary. I was glad when they left, as I was cramped, and the potatoes that had been in the barrel were rotten and violently offensive. The next morning I was found in bed, and received a good switching on the legs from my father, the first and only one I ever received from him, although my mother kept a switch behind the clock that had the bark worn off. My mother's ideas and mine differed at times, especially when I got experimenting and mussed up things. The Dutch boy was released the next morning."

Another boyish adventure that resulted in a black eye is recalled by Edison, in connection with the visit to America of the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII.

"Great preparations were made for his reception at Sarni, the Canadian town opposite Port Huron," the inventor says. "About every boy, including myself, went over to see the affair. The town was draped in flags most profusely, and carpets were laid for the prince to walk on. There were triumphal arches and a stand was built above the general level, where the prince was to be received by the mayor. Seeing all these preparations, my idea of a prince was very high, but when he did arrive I mistook the Duke of Newcastle for him, the duke being a fine-looking man.

"I soon saw that I was mistaken and that the prince was a young stripling, and did not meet our expectations. Several of us expressed our belief that a prince was not much after all, and said that we were thoroughly disappointed. For this one boy was whipped, and soon the Canuck boys attacked us Yankee boys, and we were badly licked. I myself got a black eye. That has always prejudiced me against that kind of ceremonial and folly."

It is probable that had it not been for his experience as train-boy that brought him into association with the telegraph, Edison would have devoted his great talents and energy to chemistry, which was the first bent of his great genius, rather than electricity.

However, the observant and intellectual lad of fourteen could not witness daily the transmission of messages along the magic wire without determining to master the telegraph himself, and, with the assistance of another Port Huron boy who was also anxious to learn the art, wires were strung between their homes.

The first telegraph line over which Edison worked was made of stove-pipe wire, with bottles for insulators, and trees for poles, and upon it the students practised sending and receiving after the train-boy came home at night.

The boy applied himself to the study with his usual enthusiasm, hiring a substitute to take his place for a part of the trip on his train, and devoting no less than eighteen hours per day for four months to the mastery of the wire. Before he was sixteen years of age, he was night operator at Stratford Junction on the Grand Trunk in Canada.

DICK KENNY'S GLAD RAGS.

BY C. W. BEELS.

A Cheerful Analysis of the Power of Love Over Clothes, College Culture and Cologne.

IF, as the ancient adage says, actions speak louder than words, then Jack Sanderson meant volumes and spoke volumes when he landed square on the solar circumjacence of Dick Kenny.

"Kindly cut any further attentions to Jessie Jones!" admonished Sanderson.

Sanderson was foreman of the Rancho Bonita. Big of muscle and big of determination, he felt that he had a prior claim on all the beauty in the immediate neighborhood.

The gentleman to whom he put the curt remark—Dick Kenny—was the head vaquero. Jessie Jones was the Eastern schoolma'am. She had taught the district school down at Bridgeport for two seasons now, and her quiet, unassuming, innocent presence had caused more trouble in the neighborhood of that prairie town, in the short time that she had been there, than any of the dozen shootings, stage hold-ups, poker fights, or other phases of local excitement.

When the boys heard that an "Eastern schoolma'am" was coming to take the place of the patient but consumptive male teacher who had finally succumbed to his malady, they pictured in their minds a somewhat different creature than Jessie Jones.

They had read somewhere that the average schoolma'am is tall and angular, middle-aged and unmarried, spectacled and skinny. They pictured the "happy" time that she would have in wild and woolly Bridgeport. They heralded her coming with jeer and jibe, and wondered if any man in the county would marry her.

But when Jessie Jones stepped off the train! When her trim little twenty-five years landed on the Bridgeport depot, and she faced the bunch of staring cowpunchers and the three dozen children whose destiny she was to shape, more than one husky son of the saddle felt a queer and unaccustomed sensation in the region of his heart.

There she was! Dark hair and dark eyes, the most bewitching face that beamed with smiles, and just the daintiest hands and feet.

And her dress! Buck Nevins said afterward that it "looked like it was made out of the clouds." As for her hat—fluffy and modish and full of flowers—Jim Lupton said it "looked as purty as a brindled heifer in a sunflower patch," which comment, in the mind of Jack Sanderson, was the "convolution of a chimpanzee."

From the day of her arrival, things took a different turn in the neighborhood of Bridgeport. Jack Sanderson, the dashing young foreman, usually as perfect in his dress and deportment as a plainsman can be, was somewhat more perfect than usual.

Buck Nevins sent to St. Louis for a safety-razor, which he dulled every day.

Jim Lupton hiked him out to the foothills and trapped a grizzly, so he could boast of the best pair of chaps in the county.

Sandy Peters concluded that his "book-l'arnin'" had been sadly neglected in his early youth, so now—at thirty-three—he actually enrolled as a pupil.

Dick Kenny suddenly took a deep interest in those fashion-plate young men who appear in such swell-fitting clothes in the advertising pages of the magazines, so he had his measure taken and sent East for a regular college-cut creation.

When it came, it was certainly the smartest-looking thing between the Missouri River and the Nevada boundary-line Dick donned it every night and every Sun-

day, and he even sent to Chicago for a box of rubber collars, which he wore with his blue-and-red shirts. With his top-boots polished to a mirror, his sombrero carefully brushed and tilted over his right ear, and a wild rose adorning his lapel, he was "all to the clothes and then some."

Jessie Jones took up her abode in Bridgeport with the family of old Sam Manning, who had lived there back since the seventies, and was considered everything from the fount of wisdom to the court of last resort. He was judge and jury, mayor and Moses.

He noticed with twinkling eyes how the young bucks of the ranges, one by one, had called to pay their respects to the pretty teacher, and how every one, from Jim Lupton with his grizzly chaps to Buck Nevins with his safety-razor, had been gently but firmly placed in the discard.

The trouble with Jim's *chaparejos* centered in their newness. In other words, they were a little too "gamey." Jim hadn't let them hang long enough, and on the several occasions when he called, Jessie couldn't help but observe that his protestations of love were more evident to the nose than they were to the ear—so she passed him up.

Buck Nevins's razor rebelled at the most unfortunate moment. It seems that Buck hadn't shaved for some time, and he had grown the finest specimen of wind-destroyers in four counties. Not only were these whiskers wonderful in length and thickness, but they were tough and wiry, too; so much so, indeed, that when Buck had shaved just half of his face something was wrong with the razor.

It wouldn't work. Somewhere in its delicate mechanism there was a break. For the life of Buck, it wouldn't mow down another hair. He tampered with it, oiled it, put in blade after blade, and cursed it with choice contumely, and still it wouldn't cut. As the human "before and after" advertisement, he had no show for the little schoolteacher's hand.

So the game narrowed down to a two-handed affair, with Jack Sanderson and Dick Kenny running neck and neck. Jack proffered his natural, simple, sturdy self and the learning that he had gained at a Middle-West University. He was a glib and fulsome talker. He was the only man besides old Sam Manning who was sufficiently versed in politics, literature, and cattle diseases to talk with ease and safety.

Many and pleasant were the conversations that he had with Jessie Jones. Her Smith College brand of learning blended nicely with his Mississippi Valley erudition, and they found much in common. Jack believed that his brains would ultimately win for him—that after some evening when he had shown superior prowess as a provider of information, Jessie would listen to a proposal and nab him on the spot.

Dick, on the other hand, had developed a hunch for the power of clothes over college culture. Regaled in his Eastern "sideboards," to which he had added the glory of a boiled shirt and a pair of patent-leather shoes several sizes too small for him, the road to happiness lay clear and straight before him.

Whenever he met Miss Jones—whether on the highway or in the Manning parlor—he would begin on the advantage of knowing how to dress, and the change that was sure to come in the cowboy and his clothes.

Finally, this subject began to cloy on the little schoolma'am. It was evident to Dick, before many moons had passed, that he was running behind Sanderson instead of forging ahead. Jessie was surely losing interest in him, while Sanderson was calling early and staying late.

One night he did the ungentlemanly thing of following Sanderson surreptitiously to the Manning door. When Sanderson entered, it was about eight o'clock; when he took his departure, it was almost midnight.

Dick had not gone out of eye-sight of the front door, and he was convinced.

Sanderson must have something to talk about, thought Dick, for when he (Dick) called at eight, he found that he could not muster up sufficient conversation to keep the evening from dragging. At nine o'clock, he was generally ready to say good night—and so was Jessie. Beyond all peradventure, he was losing.

He resolved that he would get a book, read it, and then discuss it with Miss Jones. But where would he get a book? What book was worth reading? Should he send East for one? Who would he send to? And how would he know if he were securing the latest novel or a treatise on hares and their habits, if he did send for one?

These questions perplexed his mind and made him forget his clothes.

Ah! He had an idea. He would ask Miss Jones. She had books, and she could lend him one.

—"Here is Kipling's 'Plain Tales' from the Hills,'" she said a few nights later, as she went to the little book-case in response to his request.

"Gee! I like them frontier stories," said Dick, as he took the volume.

But the East Indian masterpieces of the Englishman were a bit too much for the cowboy. It is painful to say so, but Dick Kenny had never been much of a reader, and when it came to Kipling, he was plainly stumped. But he had to make good.

Bing! Another idea!

He would go to Miss Jones, confess his inability to understand Kipling—and ask her to read the stories to him. They would discuss them as they went along and, perhaps, it would be necessary for him to stay until midnight and after.

Jessie was willing. Why shouldn't she, the district teacher, be willing to help any one who was trying to improve his mind? So, for several nights, she read and explained and analyzed, and her sweet voice and ready intelligence were as a great light to the Beau Brummel of Bridgeport.

He was a changed man. Literature, after all, was his bent. He would read or bust! He became unusually satisfied with himself; he was not so bilious a bibelot as he looked, and he named his new pony "Kip."

The literary nights kept up. In a short time he had Jack Sanderson on the hip.

Sanderson heard of it, and he didn't quite like it. He surmised that Jessie was taking more interest in Kenny than was good for the Sanderson chances. It was time that he took a hand in the matter. He must put a stop to any further manifestation of Kenny's culture.

That is why, after one thing had led to another, and one epithet had brought forth a succession of abuses, Sanderson landed on Kenny and remarked:

"Kindly cut any further attentions to Jessie Jones."

When Sanderson delivered this ultimatum, he and Kenny were just outside the big horse-barn of the Rancho Bonita. Kenny, with two other vaqueros and four collies, had made a *rodeo* of five hundred fat steers for shipment to Chicago, and Kenny had just put up "Kip" and was about to regale himself in his store-clothes when Sanderson accosted him.

The blow was a surprise to Kenny. He didn't think that Sanderson meant business quite so thoroughly. It was evident that the foreman felt keenly that the head vaquero was becoming more to Miss Jones than a clothes-horse.

Kenny went to the ground. Sanderson, with clenched fists, stood over him, ready to strike again. Kenny rose to his feet.

"So that's the way you feel about it?" he said.

"That's the way," replied Sanderson, "and that's the way I'll continue to feel about it. Don't forget!"

"I'll get even with you yet," said Kenny. "And if you have no objection, I'll quit this job now."

"I've no objection. You saved me the trouble of firing you," Sanderson replied.

He couldn't but feel that the loss of his head vaquero was something to be deplored, however, for Dick Kenny was far and away the best man on a horse within a mighty radius, and he could have a job on any ranch for the mere asking.

Kenny turned and walked to the ranch-house. Packing his precious apparel in a carpet-bag, he returned to the stable for "Kip." The pony was his own property and he needed him. He mounted, hung the carpet-bag on the horn of his saddle, and rode into Bridgeport. "Kip" was lodged in a stable, and his master engaged a temporary room over Skin Mealey's drinking and dancing emporium.

"I'll give that duh the ha ha!" he exclaimed aloud, as he sat on the edge of his bed, broom in hand, putting his glad rags in shape for the night. "If he thinks that he can put it over this gent and get next to that gal—he's got another think comin'."

The broom stopped its whisking. The clothes lay limp on his lap. Dick Kenny was looking straight ahead.

Bing! Another idea!

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, as he arose. "I have it! I'll go to her to-night and ask her to elope! She'll do it! She'll do it! She'll do it!" he added with a smile of assurance.

"I'll get fixed up in my very best, and, to add to the spell, I'll go over to McNulty's and get me a hair-cut. Jessie Jones is going to be Mrs. Dick Kenny, or I'll be shot full o' holes."

With this say-so out of his thought dome, Dick hustled over to McNulty's, intending to get shorn of his locks first. Then he would return to Mealy's, talk with the boys for a spell, sit in a game or two, and then—a bath, his new clothes, and her.

He was pleased with himself. So pleased, indeed, that he stopped at the general store and purchased two kinds of St. Louis perfume. One bore the euphonious name of "Yangipangi," and the other was branded "Pride of the Dell."

He applied both at once. The "Yangipangi" would be just the thing for his red bandanna, and as for "Pride of the Dell," he would rub that on his hair and his hands and a few drops sprinkled here and there on his clothes, and Jessie Jones would annex him quicker than a hungry sea-bass gobbles a fly.

About seven o'clock his toilet was complete. What remained of the two bottles of cologne wouldn't have perfumed a fly. Dick had all but bathed in it. The twilight was just touching the dimness of night when he sauntered forth in the direction of the Manning mansion. It was a little early for a caller to put in an appearance, perhaps, but this was the night of all nights! He would be the early bird to catch the young lady.

As he sauntered along the highway to the object of his young love, his spirits were gay and his heart outstripped his fleeting footsteps. That he looked pretty good he was certain; that he smelled better, he was positive.

He noticed, however, that every person who passed him detected the perfumes, and several made some idle remarks, accompanied by a rather loud "phew!"

Jessie had not finished her dinner. He would wait.

He took a chair in the parlor. He did not anticipate waiting so long; but, he surmised, the folks had just sat down to the evening meal when he arrived. Presently he began to notice that the parlor was somewhat stuffy. The scent was a trifle nauseating. Maybe it would be best to open a window. In deference to his host he could not perform so impolite an act.

He arose and walked briskly and quietly to and fro, hoping that the odor might diminish a little; but the action only seemed to stir it up to greater density. He was deeply chagrined and surprised when the mayor's youngest daughter appeared at the parlor door with her handkerchief to her nose and closed it. Then he did open the window.

Just as he was beginning to realize that he had made a fatal mistake in getting the perfumes, the door opened and Jessie appeared.

"Dick," she said, "it is good of you to come so early."

There was a peculiar smile on her face that he didn't quite like. It gave him an uneasy feeling. She was onto him.

"Jessie, I came early, because I have an important matter on me mind," he said, straight from the shoulder.

"Indeed," replied the little lady. She smiled and then fairly burst into laughter which smote Dick Kenny to the heart. It wasn't the laughter of great gladness over his early arrival and devotion. It was the laughter of one who was amused at the antics of an unconscious fool.

She checked herself, and then said:

"Perhaps you want to take up another volume of Kipling, or discuss the one we have just read?"

"I want to read every book in this world with you," said Dick. Fervor was written on his brow; determination was in his heart!

"It would take a long time to do that," Jessie answered.

"Jessie!" He stepped closer to her. The perfume, instead of exerting the hypnotic influence he had anticipated, acted as a repellent. Jessie stepped back.

"Jessie!" he said, again. "Don't go away from me!"

Before she was aware, he caught her forcibly in his arms and held her close to his perfumed breast. She tried to struggle free, but she was as a baby in the grip of a giant.

"Jessie," he said, putting his face close to hers, "I love you. I love you. I love you better than any man on the grange. I want you to elope with me, to-night!"

The perfume and the sudden proposal were too much for the girl. She fainted.

She fainted dead away in his arms. He had paused a moment for a reply, and he noticed that her body was limp. He tried to raise her head, but she was ghastly white. Her head fell back on his arm. Heavens! but she was beautiful. If he hadn't been half scared to death, he would have kissed her. Instead, he carried her to the sofa and gently laid her down.

"Jessie!" he cried. "Jessie! I didn't mean—Jessie! Jessie!"

He rubbed her hands and stroked her forehead. He spoke her name again and again. She did not move.

Fright had him in its grasp. He looked around. A chill ran down his spine. Cold sweat dotted his face. Suppose some one

should enter the room and find him in that awful predicament!

He rushed to the door and flung it open.

"Judge, judge!" he yelled. "Come quick! Jessie has fainted!"

Old man Manning was enjoying a pipe and a final cup of coffee. Dick's startled cries brought him to his feet. He dashed into the parlor. Jessie was coming to. Her face twitched; her eyes opened; her hands moved. The judge was at her side, and Dick, remembering that water was a necessary adjunct to a fainting-spell, despatched one of the Manning children for a bucketful.

The two men brought Jessie around. She sat up and smiled. Dick started to apologize.

"Say!" roared the judge, interrupting him. "I don't wonder that she fainted! Where on earth did you get that extract of sewer you've got on you? When you came into the house to-night, I thought you'd stepped on a skunk! Now, for the love of Mike, go home and get fumigated! The next time you come to this house with that bunch of smell on you, bring an odorless excavator!"

"It's only cologne!" said Dick, so timidly that one might have taken him for a little child.

"Cologne!" roared the judge. "It's worse than a tannery in the middle of summer. Gee whiz! The night that Jim Lupton came here with those fresh-killed chaps was nothing compared to this!"

He rushed to the windows and opened them all wide. Jessie, by this time, had so fully recovered that she was able to talk, but not without the rapid accompaniment of a fan to keep the atmosphere in motion.

"What were you saying to me when I fainted, Dick?" she asked.

"I forget now," replied the unhappy cowman. "I'm sorry that—that I came to-night." Turning to the judge, he added: "I guess you're right about the cologne, judge. I'll go home and have it taken out."

He took his hat and bowed a sad good night. His heart was heavy. As he made his way slowly along the road, he grew so angry with himself that he stopped under a tree to commune.

"Of all the prime-fed Jonahs, you're it," he said, tapping his chest.

Some cowmen, returning home from Skin Mealey's, passed him as he stood there. He noticed that they sniffed the air disdainfully as they passed, and several uttered a very significant "Whew!"

"The next man who says that is going to get a wallop," said Dick to himself, as he clenched his fist. "So help me, Bob, the very next guy who remarks about this perfume — I'll land on him good and plenty!"

He wandered down to Skin Mealey's. The bar was in full swing. The faro-tables were crowded, and the poker-games and three-card layouts were in full blast. Two days previous was pay-day on the range, and many of the boys had come in to have a time.

Dick stepped up to the bar. After his dire failure to win Jessie Jones, he needed a bracer, and he gave the man behind the bar the signal for red liquor.

The bottle and a glass were passed to him. He filled the glass to the brim.

"Want a bath?" asked the bartender, as he grabbed the bottle. "Perhaps you would like me hand you out a piece of soap and a towel."

Dick was just preparing to hand back a bit of sass himself, when, loud and long and lingering, came that fatal exclamation of disgust:

"W-h-e-w!"

Dick brushed the glass aside. Stepping to the middle of the room, he said so loud that all could hear:

"Who said that?"

Calmly he began to peel off his store coat and vest and roll up his sleeves. He threw the garments on a chair. His six-gun gleamed bright in his hip-pocket, and, as a sign that he wanted to fight with his fists only, he laid it on the bar.

"Who said that?" he repeated.

Jack Sanderson rose from one of the tables.

The two men glared.

"What do you want to know for?" asked Sanderson.

"Because I'm going to punch the man who said it. Did you?"

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't," said Sanderson.

"If you say you didn't, you're a liar!"

Dick had to punch some one that night, and he would rather punch Jack Sanderson than any other man in the world.

"Liar" was the one word in that part of the country that could not pass unnoticed. Under any other condition, Sanderson would have been justified in drawing

his gun; but, as he had seen Kenny disarm himself, it had to be a matter of fists.

Sanderson stepped in front of Kenny.

"Did you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes; and I say it again."

Kenny was sure of the first blow this time. He wasn't to be caught off his guard. He landed clean on Sanderson's jaw.

It was a pretty fight while it lasted. Kenny was so very angry that his strength was greatly augmented. He drew the first blood. In short, he pummeled the big one so vigorously that Sanderson feared his reputation was at stake.

Once or twice Sanderson landed hard on the vaquero's face—so hard, indeed, that he thought Kenny would go down for the count. But Kenny was in the mood for punishment so long as he could give it in return. The men clenched, and he managed to get Sanderson's head under his arm.

Sanderson, in this position, could only administer a few light blows; but Sanderson's face was just where Kenny could use it as a punching-bag for his right fist. He swung on the foreman eight or ten times unmercifully, then he grabbed him by both shoulders and flung him back into the crowd.

Several men supported Sanderson. It was plain that he was not the victor. Anger was mirrored in his bleeding face. He clenched his fists and wanted to make for Kenny again, but his friends held him.

Kenny was breathing hard, but the smile of the winner played around his lips. Going close to his antagonist, he said:

"I just want to ask you one question, *Mister* Sanderson. Do I have to cut my attentions to Jessie Jones?"

There was a tremendous silence. Every man in the place knew now the real cause of the fight.

Sanderson couldn't speak. A mighty chagrin overpowered him. No longer was he the hero of the range. In the eyes of the very men who had regarded him as the invincible of the invincibles he had gone down to a defeat that was as disgusting as it was disgraceful

If he said "Yes," he would prove himself the most hated thing of the plains—a coward; if he said "No," then Kenny would beat him until he begged for quarter.

There was no more battle in him. He wished that it had been gun-play and he had been killed.

Dick Kenny repeated the question. He was standing over the beaten man, who hung his head and answered not.

"Well, you big stiff," said Kenny, for he was willing to add insult to injury, "I'll speak to her whenever I want to and just as often as I please; and I'm going over to where she lives early in the morning and ask her to marry me.

"I think she likes me a whole lot better than she likes you, and I think that when she sees your face she'll pass you up for a cheap dub who can only hit a man when he isn't looking."

"Cut it out, Kenny," said Mealey.

Kenny picked up his coat and vest and put his six-gun in his pocket.

"I'll treat every man in the room—except one," he remarked, looking squarely at Sanderson as he spoke the two last words.

He threw two shining twenties on the bar. "Set 'em up, Skin—and keep the change," he said.

Skin Mealey was too good a business man to let any money slip by. With the help of his bartender, he began to fill the orders. Every man present save one or two accepted the vaquero's invitation, and those acted as an escort to Jack Sanderson, who stepped out and vanished in the night.

Dick Kenny went to his room. He went to bed, and, tired from the strenuous night, he fell asleep. When the first bird twittered he awoke. Instead of donning the famous store-suit, the boiled shirt and other fashionable trimmings, he dressed himself in his cowboy outfit and felt more natural and more at peace with himself.

Rolling the store-suit and the two empty bottles that had contained the troublesome cologne in a tight bundle, he took them down-stairs.

"Here," he said to one of Mealey's help, passing him a silver dollar, "take these and bury them. And be sure you bury them; for if I ever see them on any human being, there'll be trouble."

He breakfasted and bided his time until he could go to Jessie.

Judge Manning greeted him heartily.

"Well, judge," he said, "I've discarded them clothes and them perfumes. And I've got some sense"

The judge smiled in approval.

"Is Miss Jones in?" asked Kenny.

"No," replied the judge. "It seems that Jack Sanderson got in a mix-up down at Mealey's last night and got the worst of it. She's gone up to his house to nurse him."

"FELLOW CITIZENS," CALLED OUT JIM TO THE GANG, WITH ORATORICAL EFFECT, 'THIS HERE'S FURGESON. HE'S RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT"

Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 31.—The Wily Politician May Think that He Carries the Railroad Vote in His Vest Pocket, but the Railroad Man Isn't Quite so Foolish as Some People Imagine.

THE "Ides of November" have come and gone. That has a nice mortuary sound, a certain ominous ring of portending disaster. During carnival week in Rome a soothsayer soto voiced to Julius Cæsar, "Beware the Ides of March," as at, in, or around that portentous date "he would get his." Next to the "Ides of March" we are forewarned of the "Ides of November." The political orators do this. They do it with great gusto and acclaim.

Have they not been going about the public places for the previous two months uplifting their voice and imploring the people to beware "The Ides of November?"

There isn't any period fraught with such dire calamity, according to the politician, as the "Ides of November." Because about that time the people vote him out and the other fellow in. The country goes K-smash,

or is saved—depends on how you look at it.

Then close on the heels of the "Ides of November" is Thanksgiving Day with its savory suggestion of roast turkey, oyster dressing and cranberry sauce.

The entire wage of one full round trip may be required to purchase the turkey hen, and the frugal wife at the last hour may substitute "hamburg," but that need not prevent us in the conversational fulness of the day from telling how ten or twenty years ago a big, bronze, full-chested turkey was worth only one dollar.

But the round trip brings five dollars now, and years ago it only brought half as much. Eggs were ten cents a dozer, but the ten-cent crop wasn't good.

What's the cause of all of it?

Why, of course, it is the Dingbat Bill, or the Allrich-pain bill, or Ballinger, or High-Jinks, or Doc Cook, and if you don't know you deserve to be in ignorance. If you had lent a dutiful ear to the campaign eloquence of the past two months, you would have learned all about it; just how it happened, and the rest that is coming to us. If you failed to vote for Jacob Furgeson for that seven-thousand-dollar job at Washington, where as "champeen of the peepul," he could throttle the octopod—you deserve to pay a dollar a dozen for eggs

We had a chance to vote for Jake.

Jake called at our office and was introduced to all the boys.

It did his soul good to meet railroad men. At one time he thought he would become a railroader. He thought of taking a job firing, but some trivial incident—couldn't just remember what—came up and he did not get on. But his brother's wife has a cousin in Iowa running an engine, and that makes him feel related to railroaders.

It does not take much of a thread for a politician to find a sympathetic tie.

Jacob was introduced all around—to Mr. Cash, Mr. Rate, Mr. Check, and the rest of the office force.

He clasped every man by the hand with a hate-to-let-go touch. He needed votes.

"I always think," said Jacob, in soft, purring tones that felt their way, "that office work is nice, clean, healthy work, when there are not too many hours, mind you. On that point I have decided views. I don't believe any man should be compelled to bend over a desk more than eight hours a day.

"Eight hours is enough. Eight hours for work, eight hours for play, and eight hours for sleep. That's my religion. When I get to Congress, I expect to advocate any measure that will make eight hours a legal work-day. I have great respect for the office men of a railroad. It's like a bank—everything's got to be to the very cent. It takes ability to run these places.

"I have a cousin, gentlemen, whose husband is cashier for the Upland Road at Crisscross. Maybe you have met him. Haven't? He don't get away very much—he's kept very close. His work worries him a good deal. He often has to go back after night and make his books balance. He complains the road don't furnish help enough. That's another point. I don't believe in railroads overworking their men. This isn't Russia!

"If I get to Congress, I want to call attention to these things. Unless there is some one to stand up and bawl them out, the big corporations will go to any length to make dividends. I'm mighty glad to meet you, Mr. Cash, and Mr. Rate, and Mr. Check. Here's one of my cards. If there's anything special I can do for you boys when I get to Washington, I want you to let me know. I will see you again before the election. Don't forget me. I am mighty glad to meet all of you. Good-by."

Jacob cast his eyes over the office and backed out with a few lingering nods and ingratiating chuckles.

"He's a mighty nice man, ain't he?" said Rate.

"Is he?" asked Check doubtfully.

"Nothing to it," said Cash. "He's got his little speil, but you can send him to Congress a thousand years, Rate, and he won't get you out of bondage. You'll still have to work for a living. You, too, Check. You fellows are not so down-trodden either, so don't listen to all you hear. Neither of you put in over six hours a day real work as it is. Don't depend too much on Furgeson."

"Well, Bill Bryan—"

"Cut it out, Check! Don't you see that drayman waiting for you to list them household goods?"

"Theodore Russevelt and John Mitchell are—"

"Got all them shipping orders ready for the bill clerk, Rate? Better get to it; you'll hold him over eight hours."

"You heard about Jumbo the Miner

over at Fungus, didn't you? Why, he's going to stand up three rounds before Johnson, next Friday night, at the rink."

"Where did you see that?"

"It's in the paper this morning."

"Tell us about it."

And the drayman waited a little longer.

Furgeson, the politician and candidate, suave and sympathetic, started down the track with his railroad cicerone.

THE CANDIDATE PLIED AN INDUSTRIOUS PENCIL.

They ran across the switch-crew doing the yard work. Furgeson was introduced all around, and hung on to the coal-besmeared hands with a clinging fellow feeling.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, boys," he said. "I have the greatest regard and admiration for railroad trainmen. I had it in mind to go firing myself when I was a young fellow. I suppose I would be running an engine now instead of being in politics if I hadn't got into a law office instead. My folks kicked on me going onto the railroad. My wife has a cousin in Iowa running an engine, so I feel at home with railroad men. If I get to Congress, I expect to keep the railroad men in mind. If there's anything I can do for them, I am at their service. The brave men who sacrifice their lives in the transportation service of the country need every consideration. Here's the sixteen-hour law, and the patent-coupler law, and the extra-brakeman law. Our party passed all of 'em."

"How about the employer's liability law? You fellows turned that one down," put in one of the crew.

"Only temporary, I assure you. We had powerful opposition on that. Special interests were arrayed with all their cunning and resources—"

"But they tell me you voted against it," interposed the troublesome member.

"Me! Why, yes, in the form in which they brought it up, I did. But you should read my speech delivered on the floors of Congress. Let me have your name. Write it down. I'll mail you my speech. Read it through. I exposed the corporations. What did they do? They emasculated the bill until it was meaningless."

"But our officers were satisfied—"

"They didn't know they were gold-bricked! Read my speech! I voted to put it away temporarily until railroad men had a chance to learn the truth, and until the measure could be brought in again with its objectionable features eliminated. I am for the man who works, but I would not stand by and see him duped by a counterfeit measure. Read my speech! It tells why I voted against it!"

"Say," said Conductor Reyburn, "I don't care how you vote. What this country needs is better agricultural results. You needn't bother about mailing me any speeches, but if you will send me a package of Spark's Earlian Tomato seed, I'd be much obliged to you. I've got a three-acre truck patch, and scientific farming's the question of the day anyhow."

"You are right," eagerly assented the candidate, anxious to get away from the talk on the liability law, where his record needed explaining. "All our glory and greatness is from the soil. Is there anything else beside the tomatoes?"

"Put in a package of Warted Hubbard Squash."

"Warted Hubbard Squash," repeated the candidate, writing it down on one of his cards.

"Add a package of Krewson's Oblong Black Spanish Radish," continued Reyburn.

It was noted.

"And a package of Yorkshire Hero Garden Peas, and add a package of Black-eyed Marrowfats."

A pause.

"And a package of Ruby Giant Peppers. Got that down?"

"Put in a package of Rhode Island Yellow Cracker Onion seed, and a package of Monte Cristo Watermelon seed don't forget that."

The candidate plied an industrious pencil.

"Add one package of Hoodoo and one package of Norfolk Button Muskmelons."

The candidate fished up another card.

"Put down one package of Black-seeded Tennis Ball Lettuce, and one package of Early Cyclone Cucumbers—you got them?

"A package of Golden Bantam Sugar Corn—"

"All right, Mr. Reyburn, I'll do what I can to have you supplied."

He made an adroit movement to put the cards in his pocket and close the requisition.

"Add a package of Early Scarlet Horn Carrot seed," persisted Reyburn. "And while you are at it, put down a package of Lenormand's Short-Stem Cauliflower, and Late Drumhead Cabbage and Crimson Globe Beets, and White Creaseback Pole Beans, and Piledriver's Stringless Pods, and White Marrowfats. Then there's Jerusalem Artichoke. I've been wanting a start of Jerusalem Artichoke for three years. You can help me out on that. Wonder I didn't think of you before. When you get that down put in a package of Extra Early Purple-Top Milan Turnips, and I want to get a start of Budlong's Improved Rutabaga. And do you know anything about Champion Moss Curled Parsley? Maybe I had better take the Fern-Leaved—or the Half Curled—that's it, make it the Half Curled! And Perkins's Long-Pod Gumbo, and a start of Chinese Mustard and Black Pekin Egg-Plant, and French Spawn Mushroom—"

HE GOT THE WATER, TWO GALLONS OF IT.

The candidate gave a sudden start.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I'm late! I've got to meet the committeeman at two—"

Reyburn held on.

"There's field, forage, and silo weed—"

"Can't you write 'em out and mail 'em to me! I've got to meet the committee-man. Good by, boys. It does me good to meet railroaders—the men that actually—"

"And Soy Beans, and Dwarf Essex Rape, and Cow Peas—"

"I'll remember you, and we'll see what can be done. If you can pass along a good word for me, boys, it will be appreciated. It does me good to meet the boys—the heroes of the rail—and to shake their honest hands and—"

"There's Japanese Buckwheat, Hungarian Millet and Sugar-cane—"

"I'll do what I can. Good-by, boys—"

"And grass seeds—Kentucky Blue and Turkestan Alfalfa and Bokhara Clover!"

"I don't know just how much I can secure for you, but you may depend on me! Good-by, boys!"

"And look into the ornamental vines and shrubs for me," continued Reyburn, holding on and following the candidate away. "My wife's interested in flowers. What's the government doing in foliage and bloom? Do you know? You don't—that's strange."

"Good-by, boys!" A parting wave of the hand, and he escaped.

"Say, Reyburn," said the engineer, "you don't think a statesman cares anything for carrots and Johnny-jumps-ups, do you?"

"I don't know what you mean by statesman," replied Reyburn, "but that fellow can't do me any good unless he helps along the truck-patch. Some railroaders like to hear the brave-men-of-the-rail spiel them fellows give. Nothing to it. Soil and seed is the only question before the American people to-day—"

"By George! Reyburn," exclaimed the engineer with a sudden start, "you forgot something! Do you know you didn't order any pepper-pod seed?"

"I'll write him. Get a hold of them three gondolas and the two cars of billets in the team track—"

And Candidate Furgeson passed out of mind.

Candidate Furgeson was next presented to crossing-watchman Lightfoot, at Main Street.

"Mighty glad to meet you," he exclaimed breezily, pumping the white-flag hand of the watchman vigorously. "I am always delighted to meet railroad men, no matter where they are located or what they do. I have a cousin in Iowa who is an engineer. I came pretty near being a railroader myself. I feel very close to railroad men. There is something fascinating about railroad work that holds men. Don't matter what kind of a job they have, men don't often get away from it. Been here long, Mr. Lightfoot?"

"About twenty years watchin' this crossin'. Bill Bryan's special has passed over this crossin' thirteen times. Russefelt's been through here three times. He smashed his hat over the railing and spilt a lot of words right where you're standing now. Bill Taft went over here two years ago, and lit up these surroundin's with one of them smiles of his. This is your first trip on the crossing! I can't recollect that I ever heard of you before."

"I represent this district in Congress, and I want to go again. I want your help—"

"Don't make a durned bit of difference to me who's there. I got to put in them twelve hours just the same, but whenever them politic fellers comes on this crossin' I write it down on the wall of my shanty. What did you say your name was? Furgeson? Never heard of you before, but I'll put it on the wall, enyway. I'll risk it—"

This was all the candidate got out of the crossing watchman, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he stood on an historic spot, and that his cognomen was inscribed under the names of the most illustrious of our land on the wall of the crossing-watchman's shanty.

They next took Furgeson down the track a mile or such a matter, to visit Jim O'Brien and his section gang of six men, all voters.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. O'Brien," said Furgeson, "and I am glad to shake the hands of these men. I am always glad to meet railroad men. My wife's cousin is a railroader in Iowa. I came near being one when I was a young man, so I have a friendly feeling for them. I feel that I am one of them. And whenever I can do anything for them I am glad to do it."

Jim O'Brien traces his ancestry back to the fighting stock of Connaught. So he stood up before candidate Furgeson unafraid and unawed.

"Fellow-citizens," called out Jim to the gang, with oratorical effect, "this here's Furgeson. He's running for President—"

"For Congress," corrected Furgeson.

"Furgeson's an Irishman," continued O'Brien undaunted.

"Scotch-Irish," interposed Furgeson.

"Hang the difference in this country—we're all wan anyhow!" O'Brien continued. "Has Furgeson iver done anything for me? No! Has Furgeson iver done anything for you, Tim Hogan? Speak it out! Don't be afraid! He has not, you say! Has Furgeson iver helped any of the rest of you?"

Jim raised an inquiring hand and paused, while from behind the barricade of picks, shovels, crowbars and tampers there came an unanimous negative.

"We don't care who's elected," persisted Jim. "What we want to know, Furgeson, is bacon and spuds coming down or be they goin' up higher?

"That's the issue, Furgeson. Can a man on wan-sixty a day and six children, and not a cent more in sight—but more little wans maybe—can he live? Furgeson, I put it to you. And will you jump on to the bacon trust, and the spud trust, if we elect you to the council? Will you give 'em belix, Furgeson? Can we depend on you?"

Now Furgeson returned some soothing and propitiating words touching the gold output, the tariff, the trust and the pauper labor of Europe.

O'Brien remained belligerent and unconvinced, but he took a new turn.

"Will you do us a little favor, Furgeson," he asked, "to show us you mean well? Will you take that watercan and go over to that farmhouse beyant the hill and bring us a can of water. This is a hot day, and these men be sufferin' from thirst, you can see that yourself. Wouldn't a kind act like that to these hard-workin' men put you in well with them? Wouldn't it now, Furgeson?"

Furgeson, without a word, picked up the empty can and marched off as if the order had come direct from Uncle Joseph Cannon himself

He found the farmhouse "beyant" the hill—quite a way "beyant" in fact—but he got the water, two gallons of it, and he lugged it back.

They drank a hilarious but non-committal toast to "Prisident Furgeson."

Then they moved a pile of ties

O'Brien and Hogan put a stick under the end of a heavy tie and they called to Furgeson for the other end.

Furgeson's eyes bulged, the veins of his neck stood out, and the sweat poured down his face—but he made the trip five times.

"We'll take you to town, Furgeson," said O'Brien, cheerfully. "We'll take you in on the hand-cyar. Put on the cyar men! Stand right there, Furgeson, git a tight holt on the handle-bar—and pump, Furgeson."

O'Brien may have pumped and the gang may have lent aid—there are doubts—but Furgeson went down with all his weight and up with all his might, laboring like a galley slave on a rolling sea, and the "cyar" merely crawled along.

O'Brien gave vent to the surging political emotions that were within him in a loud and challenging voice, but Furgeson could only answer in guttural monosyllables. He hadn't the wind.

He dropped off at the station in a state of limp. He was panting like a one-cylinder motor.

"Good-by, Furgeson," called out O'Brien. "If you had to keep that up tin hours a day and every day of your life for wan dollar and sixty-two cents a day, you'd know what it is bein' a laborin' man on a railroad. Come, Hogan. Heave to and bear down—"

"How much do that job of Congress pay?" asked Hogan.

"Seven thousand a year," answered O'Brien.

"How much does Roadmaster Sullivan git?"

"A little over a thousand."

"A little over a thousand, and Furgeson siven thousand. Sullivan can pump a cyar tin miles and niver pant. Did you hear Furgeson? Only one mile, too! He's a weaklin', Jimmie. What are we votin' for the likes o' him? There's Tid Russ O'Felt. D'you think he'd be out of breath from luggin' a can of water, and a few ties, and pumpin' the cyar wan mile? D'you think that little mild exercise would interfere with his line of talk? Tiddy's a *great* statesman!"

Furgeson having run hot it is the duty of this narrative to "set him out," until he can be repacked and perhaps a new brass put in.

This gives us the opportunity to inject a few words respecting politics and the railroad man.

There are more than one and a half millions of us scattered throughout the fair domain and no Congressman or constable can run without giving a goodly number of us an opportunity to lend support or land on him, as the case may require.

Swelling a little with pride, I want to put it down that we are a potent force—only we don't "pote."

A great railroad president of a Western line, alarmed at the growing hostility against railroads on every hand, was interviewed recently and his observations were widely copied.

He appealed to railroad workers everywhere to go into politics, to ascertain the attitude toward railroads of every man who runs for office, and to "half-nelson" wherever there was a hostile hint regardless of party attachments.

We would become a force to be feared and favored by the politicians, and the scourge of prosecution now directed against the railroads would come to an end.

But railroad men divide. They always have and they always will. In every man there is a certain hereditary taint of party loyalty. It outlasts his religion. It directs his ballot with a certain automatic blindness, and a "get-together" appeal is futile against it.

There isn't much of the oriental subserviency in the free-born American. He is here to complain, criticize, and object. He can't be gotten together on any proposition, even if it is for his own material gain.

The railroad president who dreams of a great political army of more than a million and a half railroad men massed in one unit and for the single purpose of self-preservation, is not reckoning with that elemental quality of human nature which would overturn the pillars even if the house tumbled down upon his head.

BUT HE MADE THE TRIP FIVE TIMES

If he must moralize it should be in this way: If every tree that grows were a hard maple, there would be maple molasses enough for every man, woman and child for pancakes three times a day the year round.

There is a certain saccharine pleasantness to that sort of philosophy. It is within the same plane of probability as if one would say, "If all railroad men would get together politically," etc., etc.

Here and there at terminals, or wherever railroad men are stationed in large numbers, we find some trainman, foreman, boss, or office man who carries the railroad vote around in his pocket.

He is to the front in every campaign. He attends the caucuses and the secret meetings and he speaks for the railroad men.

He tells what they want and what they must have, and just what they will do if they don't get it.

Nobody appoints him a bell-wether. He kindly takes on that function of his own accord, and in this little play of his own prejudges, likes and dislikes, he fools and flatters himself that he has a following.

I knew a conductor at one time named Benson. Benson's Koran was the party platform. The book of rules was only an annoying incident of his daily life. But what his party said about the tariff, conserving the resources, or foreign relations was vital to Benson.

Benson attended all the conventions he could. He had the politicians and the candidates coming to him for the inside information of how the railroad men would vote and how they felt toward the party.

Benson always pictured them muttering mutiny, to be seen and reasoned with only by Benson, and led back to the straight and narrow way only by Benson, and to be made to drink their fill at the party trough by Benson.

Benson was patted on the back and told that by and by his time would come when his party would reward his vigilance and activity in keeping the railroad men in line.

At length Benson ran for sheriff of the county. He announced himself as the railroad man's candidate. He let it be known that if he was defeated in the convention, not one of the thousand railroad votes would be cast for the party. They demanded this timely recognition of one of their number, and if denied, he could not prevent the party from the catastrophe of overwhelming defeat at the hands of the offended railroaders.

After lining and delivering the railroad vote for years, Benson thought there would not be a dissenting voice. On the count, there were six candidates and the conven-

O'BRIEN MAY HAVE PUMPED AND THE GANG MAY HAVE LENT AID — THERE ARE DOUBTS.

tion deliberately chose a tassel-whiskered hog-raiser from way back in Mudrun township. Benson stood number six on the list. He swallowed his disappointment and stood up and moved that the nomination of the hog-farmer of Mudrun be made unanimous and that there need be no fear of the railroad vote. He—Benson—would attend to that.

Benson's railroad work was faulty, and after a series of blunders the superintendent let him out. Benson laid his discharge to far-reaching and powerful political forces bent upon destroying his influence.

From that day Benson had all his time for his country. The bosses used him for all the little jobs around headquarters where a handy man is needed. He hung around the court-house for odd jobs as a bailiff or as a convenient juror. He grew seedy and subservient, but with all this he never relinquished his hold on the railroad vote, finally getting to the place where he would sell it in a lump lot to anyone needing it, for anything from one dollar up.

I saw Benson last week at his voting place. He looked flayed and fallen. He held a poll-book in a rather shaky hand. The sunset tip was on his nose and there was corn and malt on his breath. He was working for the party.

He plucked me aside, put his mouth close to my ear and shielded his voice with his hand so the weight of his words would not carry to hostile ears.

"Furgeson's goin' to be elected in a canter. I've got the railroad men lined up for him solid. Furgeson's our next Congressman."

There was triumph in his watery eyes. He held me a minute longer, and his voice went to a whisper.

"Say, have you a dollar you can let me have? I'll give it back to you next week."

I gave him a verbal order on Furgeson. But it was never cashed, for Furgeson "got his" on that eventful day.

Furgeson—the man whose wife had a cousin railroading in Iowa, who exuded sympathy and fellow-feeling for railroaders at every pore, who leaned on Benson for the railroad vote—was numbered among the "also ran."

So you, Mr. Railroad President, and you, Mr. Candidate, and you, Mr. Politician—the railroad vote cannot be controlled and cannot be delivered. No matter how imminent the danger or how worthy the cause, it is the law of human nature to question and dissent, and railroaders are largely human.

There is one thing we have to be thankful for as we carve the turkey, the pot-roast, or the liver: If we were not unyielding, self-sufficient, even pig-headed, we would not be where we are to-day.

KILLED TRAIN ROBBER WITH A STONE.

Engineer Foiled Hold-Up on Colorado Midland by Braining Outlaw Armed with a Rifle.

ENGINEER FRANK STEWART, of the Colorado Midland Railroad, has proved himself the sort of man that train-robbers will do well to let alone in the future. Armed only with a rock, which he had picked up from the roadbed, this plucky hogger gave battle to a bandit carrying two .44 Colts, who, with several companions, was attempting to hold up his train at a siding near Colorado Springs recently, and felled the outlaw with a blow on the head that almost instantly brought about his death. Frightened by the fate of their pal, the other robbers fled, escaping into the hills, where they were sought for days by a sheriff's posse.

The hold-up occurred as the train was making a siding to allow the passage of a train from the west.

The first intimation of the attempted robbery came when Engineer Stewart and Fireman Paul Bochman were ordered to stop the train and alight from the cab of the engine. Both men did as ordered, but Bochman attempted to escape by dodging under the baggage-car. As he did so the bandit stooped to shoot him, when Stewart picked up a rock and hit the man a death-dealing blow on the head.

As the bandit fell forward, he fired at Stewart. The bullet hit the engineer in the left thigh, inflicting a painful wound, but that ended the fight, for the desperado died a moment later.

The scene of the hold-up is one of the wildest in the Rocky Mountains. The country is sparsely settled and it offers an ideal opportunity for escape into the hills.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE PRESIDENT.

BY J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

WE have sung in ardent phrases of the gallant engine-crew,
And we've hymned the brave conductor from most every point of view;
We have praised the superintendent and the man who lays the track,
And we've hung the laurels thickly on our worthy friend the "shack."
We have lauded up the ticket-man, the man behind the claim—
We have bragged about the section-man, and others I might name;
But there's one deserving fellow that we've skipped without intent—
He's the man who runs the railroad, boys; our friend, the President!

We've had visions of him lolling in his private palace-car,
And we've viewed him through the smoke-wreaths of his fifty-cent cigar;
Oh, his job looks soft and easy from a certain point of view,
But he's got his troubles, pardner, just the same as me and you.
For he has to boss the railroad and he has to make it grow,
And his brain is always workin' like a whizzin' dynamo;
And his path is often rocky and a mighty steep ascent,
But he packs his burden gladly, does our friend, the President!

There's a hundred pressing matters up before him every day,
And he's got to solve 'em quickly in a diplomatic way;
He's a thousand things to think of and a thousand things to do,
And he's always on the fightin' line—his cry is "Put it through!"
Oh, he's sure a workin' wonder with a genius for his job,
And he's felt the pulse of traffic till he knows its every throb;
So when worthy men are mentioned let us pay acknowledgment,
To our cool, unswerving, praise-deserving friend, the President!

MASON, THE GRIZZLY.

BY CHAUNCEY THOMAS.

The Thrilling Adventures of a Brave Man in the Rocky Mountain Country.

CHAPTER I.

For the Mines of Montezuma.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS bubble, steam, and fume at the foot of Mount Bross, in Middle Park, Colorado. By these boiling springs two men were encamped. One was a massive lump of a man, a moving mountain of brute strength—"Hungry Joe," fair of heart, great of arm, young, lazy, and ferocious.

The other was of another breed. He could look over a six-foot rock with ease, and was as slender and straight and supple as an Indian. Although a black eye was never seen in a human head, the eyes of this man, which seemed to be of black-and-white agate, polished till they glittered. To look into them made one think of gazing, fascinated, into the black caverns of a pair of Colt's forty-fives; yet, on longer look, these eyes were not jet, but a deep steel-blue gray. The second look strengthened the impression of blued steel. Though keen and imperial, those eyes were not unkind; but nothing ever escaped them.

Fine, silky, black hair, penciled with silver white over the temples, curling crisply at the back, fell in heavy waves down the muscular neck to the square shoulders. The jaws were wide and firm, even hard, as was the mouth. The nose was large and straight, with thin but wide-open nostrils that sometimes quivered.

The impression that the man gave can be summed up in four words—quickness, strength, honesty, and intelligence.

Two thousand miles to the east—along the old Delaware—as a boy they had called him "The Grizzly." At twenty years of age, when he suddenly came to know that the advice of Horace Greeley was good, this name was all that he brought with him across the Big Muddy and the Great Plains of the Rockies. His name in the States had been—well, let it pass.

It is neither healthy, profitable, nor polite to ask such questions in certain parts of the Rockies. Honest men sometimes changed their names on the frontier as often as they did their shirts, for no other reason than caprice. This man was Mason.

The two men did not know each other's names nor history. They had met by accident three months before, while crossing Berthand Pass, yet they had slept, eaten, and worked side by side like all but silent brothers. Such was the custom. Need it be said they were hunting—hunting for gold? Prospectors, those forerunners of civilization, are strange men.

A mountain evening was falling; the smoke from the tiny log-hidden camp-fire sulked away through the grass and gathered in the willows; supper was over. The few tin dishes were as yet unwashed. Mason was smoking; Hungry Joe, his tanned forehead wrinkled like an old boot, was poring over a faro-deck, spread out on his blanket, and laboring to demonstrate an invincible "system" that always haunted him. Over all hung the breathless beauty of the kindling stars. Rapid, almost silent, human footsteps came patting down the game-trail.

A man, easy-going, shiftless in a way, walked up to the fire.

Hospitality blooms at its best within the light and warmth of a frontier camp-fire. Are you hungry? Eat. Are you tired? Rest. Who are you? What are you? Why are you as you are? These questions are never asked. It might be unkind; perhaps dangerous.

On the other hand, it is not good form for a guest to attempt to examine his host's rifle or revolver. Ignorance or violation of this rule was why some men died. There are various reasons for all of this. The wilderness has laws unto itself, distilled from experience and necessity. These to the untaught sons of civilization are a mystery, yet are simplicity itself and the essence of common sense to those who understand.

"Evening, pardner," was Mason's cordial greeting. He had risen only onto one elbow, that he might have a better look at the stranger. To have risen to his feet would have meant open suspicion toward his guest.

"Howdy?"

Hungry Joe said nothing, but nodded. Social forms and language are relaxed when policemen, street-cars, and such things are hundreds of miles away.

"Any objections if I camp with you people? My outfit is over the ridge yonder. Followed a trail over into this country, and the fallen timber up the mountain there tangled me all up. So I'll feed and snooze with you if you're willing."

"Welcome you are, pardner. You'll find the grub-box under that bed-sheet. Help yourself. Dishes ain't very clean. Haven't washed them for a day or two, but there's the hot spring there if you're dainty. There's a hank of elk on the tree, and you'll find a swig of forty-rod in that jug in the cold spring over there, if you're inclined that way. I don't use it myself; it's Joe's, but you're welcome."

The Samson grunted a morose consent. The newcomer took the jug from the cold spring, pointed its bottom to the stars, poured distilled hell down his throat, and then wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Ah-h-h!" he gasped. "If this spring ran such stuff, I'd let the new diggin's go to perdition."

"New diggin's?" echoed Mason, while Hungry Joe raised his head. "Where?"

"No savey 'em, eh? Just across the range from here, over the hay back from St. Charles. Must have been long in the hills not to hear 'bout 'em. I *was* on my way out to 'em, but learned that the reds are up between here and there—so I don't know. Ain't you two on your way out, also?"

"No," answered Mason. "I haven't heard a word nor seen a white face but yours for several moons, except Hungry Joe's, here, and it only used to be white Bah with the Injuns! How 'bout the discoveries?"

"All trails end there now'days, pardner. Biggest thing ever known. Gold layin' round like sand in this spring. Some say they're the 'Lost Mines of Montezuma.' If it wasn't for those Utes— What day is to-day?"

Not one in the three could tell. Time is lost track of in the wilderness. Tom had not wound his watch for a month.

"'Lost Mines of Montezuma,'" breathed Mason. Then he rose. "Pardon me, stranger. I leave you. That affair concerns me. Injuns! Ugh! I'm going through 'em or around 'em. Goin' with me, Joe? Stranger?"

"Injuns too bad," answered the stranger as his lips kissed the jug neck once more. Joe eyed the vanished liquor with thickening sullenness, and shook his head.

"Hang the Injuns! I'm off. Joe, pack up for me—light, mind you—while I saddle Rattler. I'll trade you that pack-jack of mine and all the grub for all your extra cartridges and that big six shooter of yours. Is it a go?"

"Sure," growled his massive partner as he rescued the jug from the stranger, rolled it in his blanket, and returned to his cards, altogether ignoring Mason's request toward packing.

But this the active Mason did alone in three minutes. Then he saddled a split-ear Indian pony, and prepared to start. The stranger spoke.

"Say! Hold on!" said he. If I were you I would not be so quick to attempt to ride to the east of here alone. The Utes have been having ghost-dances and are out for scalps. Have cleaned out two outfits along the Grande already. Besides, there has been a coach robbery on the Smoky Hill route, and something between twenty-five and a hundred thousand dollars, besides a big gold bar, is gone. Three men. Five thousand reward. Thought at first that your outfit might be them. They're said to be head this way. Things are all stirred up between here and the Big Muddy. It is risky business to make that ride alone, pardner. Better wait till daylight."

"Daylight nothing. If anything, I'll hit the road in the high places at night and lay over in the timber during the day. I won't do that 'less I have to. I'm not looking for

safety. The red coyote that tries to head me off had better be doing that."

Meanwhile the saddle had been flopped on Rattler and the cinches gently tightened. Mason buckled on both his own and Joe's revolver. They were just alike, forty-fours. His long twelve-pound rifle was slipped into its saddle-sheath on the left side, so that it rested easily beneath the knee on the left side of Rattler. Mason could never get used to carrying it on the right.

"Good luck to you, pardner. Hope you make it," said the stranger as they shook hands

Hungry Joe wasted no ceremony on a good-by, but he demonstrated the warmth of three months' outdoor friendship by rubbing the cartridges in Mason's belt with his all-powerful talisman, his invaluable rabbit-foot. Then he gripped Mason's hand with a parting, "Stay with your hair, pardner."

Mason did not speak, but looked all around into the now clear starlight; then, seeing nothing hostile, he grabbed Rattler by the cheek piece of the bridle, pulled his head sharply around, and slowly but warily swung into the saddle.

Rattler gave a few wicked pitches, then started for the new diggings, fifty miles away, with Mason on his back.

Back through the pines on the night wind came Mason's farewell:

"*Adios.* For the Mines of Montezuma."

"Look out for the dancers and the V. C's.!" answered the stranger cheerily.

"Good luck to you, pardner!" bellowed Hungry Joe.

That roar started to their feet a herd of elk bedded down a mile away on Ute Bill Creek.

Mason was gone. Hungry Joe and the stranger silently listened to the hoof-thuds growing fainter and fainter, and when silence closed round the camp once more, Hungry Joe handed the uncorked jug to the stranger.

Then they both went to sleep. Earth was their couch; heaven their canopy.

CHAPTER II.

A Night Ride.

THROUGH the night Mason rode. Over his right shoulder careened the silver crescent of the new moon. He smiled, and patted the bounding Rattler also on the right shoulder. He felt the hard muscles writhe, knot, and relax beneath his palm with the steady rhythm of machinery. The first dash over, Mason pulled Rattler down to that mile-killer between a trot and a walk.

Mason knew how to ride a horse.

Across the Four-Mile Divide he went; ten miles away he struck the Frasier. Later in the night the horse and rider, both still fresh, splashed through First Creek twenty miles on the way, then waded Crooked Creek, and mounted the bluff on which are the five miles of Sage Brush Flats. No Indians yet. Hiding the match-flame in his hat, Mason lit his pipe, and let Rattler loaf a quarter of a mile.

"'The Lost Mines of Montezuma,'" he kept repeating over and over, as in a dream. Just what he was going to the new gold-diggings for Mason did not know. He would decide when he got there.

Gold, gold, gold was the lure!

But though he dreamed yellow in his subconsciousness, his whole active attention was keenly given to the work in hand—the ever changing direction and condition of the game-trails, Rattler's breathing, the set of the saddle, and all the little things that would help eat into the miles ahead.

Now they were turning up the South Fork that comes down from Berthand Pass. The trail dipped down into a dark box-cañon. Rattler trotted around a sharp point of rock, his pointed, sensitive ears thrown forward. He snorted and stopped. Half a mile ahead was a huge camp-fire. Around it, appearing and disappearing in the light of the flames, jumped, limped, bounded, hopped, and shuffled a number of fantastic figures.

Mason swore. He knew what it meant. He would have joked with the Angel of Death.

"Rattler, old boy, there are your Utes enjoying a german. Or, perhaps, it is only a dutchman. What are we going to do? Go back? No, sir? Go through? It don't look like it. We'll ride around. But how about any trails? Going through mountain timber after dark with a horse can't be did. The moon will soon set. It's clouding up, too. Rain, I guess. Looks like it. Feels like it, too. Rattler, we must get out of here and hide out till daylight. *Git!*"

An arrow—a purring, searching arrow—whirred over Mason's shoulder. Back up the cañon tore Rattler. Mason bent low over the horse's neck. Two miles in five minutes is not bad running for a tired cow-pony up-grade in the dark.

Fearing pursuit by fresh ponies, and afraid of ambush ahead by lurking sentinels who had purposely allowed him to pass unmolested so as to trap him, Mason suddenly turned Rattler into the black mouth of a side cañon, dismounted, and, feeling for the game-trail with his feet, led the panting horse into this temporary haven.

Daybreak found the man and horse far up this branch near the top of the ridge through which cut the main cañon. Here fallen timber blocked their way. In a small, secluded park Mason camped.

Rattler, bridled and saddled, was allowed to feed on the tall grass. His picket-rope was fastened to the belt around Mason's waist.

Mason made a cold, scant breakfast on beans, boiled elk, and ice-water. Then he smoked and planned. Clearly it would be madness to attempt to cross the bare crest of the ridge above him in daylight. The Indians on the other side, now aware of his presence, would calmly lie in wait for him to ride into them.

He must wait where he was until near evening, then make his way up the slope through the fallen timber, and remain hidden in the upper edge until after darkness had fallen.

What was on the other side of that ridge Mason did not know. At one place a small water course, headed by a clump of scrub pine, ran to the very crest of the ridge. Tying Rattler in the thick timber out of sight, Mason wormed his way, part of the time flat on the ground like a snake, up the shallow water course to the scrub pines. The other side of the ridge was open in places from the crest all the way down; in others it was impassable because of burned and fallen wood.

Not an Indian was in sight; but from a dozen points the signal smokes were slowly rising.

Below and five miles away three wagons were burning. Mason carefully studied the country ahead and picked out his route. Seeing a rain-storm coming down the pass, Mason wiggled back to Rattler, tied the lariat once more around his waist, found a scant shelter under a clump of willows, and, with his rifle for a bedfellow, lay down to sleep.

It began to rain — drop, drop, splash, splash, then a down-pour. Mason was sleepily thankful, for this would wash out his back trail. But a Ute Indian can, with painful care, follow a rain-washed trail — and the Utes were on the trail.

Mason slept.

CHAPTER III.

Rousing the Game.

THE shadows were beginning to stretch away to the east. Mason was asleep. Twice during the day he had risen, looked carefully around, and laid down again in a new spot so that Rattler might have fresh grass.

Rattler snorted. Mason awoke with every sense on the alert. It is a curious thing, but men long on the frontier are able instantly to awake from a deep, dreamless slumber as intuitively aware of what has recently occurred as if a second nature kept watch while the conscious mind slept.

Mason's thumb slipped to the hammer of his rifle. His left arm instantly straightened, raising his chest and shoulders from the ground. An Indian on horseback was only twenty feet away.

Zip! An arrow cut through that supporting left arm and stuck in the grassy bed where an instant before had rested Mason's back. The left arm was numbed as if suddenly frozen, but did not collapse.

With an action like the jump of a steel spring, Mason's right hand let loose the rifle, whipped his six-shooter from its holster, and two shots answered the arrow. The Indian's pony, shot squarely in the chest, reared and fell backward, crushing its rider to the ground.

Through the shoulder of the rider was a ragged bullet-hole. Mason straightened to his feet, pulled the arrow through his arm, swept his limited horizon with a glance, saw nothing hostile, and warily advanced toward the wounded Indian and his pony, both down and struggling to arise.

Then Rattler bolted. The picket-rope was whipped tight, Mason was jerked from his feet, and dragged half-way, head foremost, across the little park before he could recover himself. With his feet to the front plowing into the sod, he curbed the straining Rattler.

Hastily he tied the trembling, snorting horse to a pine tree. Drawing his remaining six-shooter and cocking it, Mason, keenly watching the straining Indian, ran back and recovered his rifle and other revolver. In the few seconds that had passed, the

wounded Indian's pony had struggled to his feet, where he stood swaying, head drooping, legs braced, and bloody froth oozing from his nostrils.

The Indian was staggering and reeling toward the woods in an effort to run.

When shots ring out in the mountains and the echoes get to playing with them, it is hard to tell at first from where the sounds come. But when once warned, an experienced ear can usually tell in what quarter the following reports originate.

Mason knew this. The three shots already fired were still echoing afar. Many a red ear was keyed to catch any that might follow. Another shot would focus the trails of half a hundred Utes.

Mason lowered his rifle. He drew his knife. It was long and thin and keen; his sticking knife, used to bleed big game.

He darted after the Ute. The Indian turned. He was game to the death. He also drew his weapon; a common butcher-knife. But the Ute was wounded—stunned and almost dead.

Holding his rifle by the stock, in his left hand, Mason swung the heavy weapon and, with the barrel, struck the Indian a terrific blow on the side of the neck. The Ute pitched forward on his face.

Darting behind his fallen foe, the white man dropped with his knees on the other's back. He grabbed the long black hair in his left hand. He jerked back the Ute's head. His knife slashed a long, deep cut across the stretched throat.

Like the spring of the blood-snake, the red knife again cut into the quivering Indian. With a cry, the Indian flung the white man from his back, and made a titanic bound for the woods. In mid-air he collapsed and died. Striking the ground, the body rolled over on its back. To make assurance doubly sure, Mason placed his foot down on the reeking neck, and stuck the knife into the Indian's breast. But the red heart was still.

Not waiting an instant, Mason pulled out the blade and made for the Indian's pony. To let it escape would be fatal. Wandering to the Ute camp, it would leave a plain trail from there to Mason's hiding-place.

The animal had staggered to the stream that roared down the mountain at the edge of the park. Here it was swaying and trying to drink. Running with his knife held at arm's length like a rapier, Mason plunged it into the pony's side just behind the left shoulder.

With a grunt, the horse sank to its knees and rolled once on its side. Then it raised its head in a wild, dumb appeal to the man. It tried to rise. It uttered an almost human cry for mercy. The great, dark eyes looked at Mason with hurt surprise. That look haunts him yet. Blood gushed from the nose and mouth. The head drooped and fell. The horse was dead. Mason dashed the tears from his eyes and choked:

"Your life or mine, my dumb brother, but it has to be."

But there was no time for regret. Mason rolled the carcass into the stream. The water whirled it away. Striding to the dead Indian, Mason dragged the body by the hair to the water's edge, and flung it, too, into the snowy, rushing current

The water caught the corpse and tore it along among the rocks and logs. Mason stood watching it. It was sucked beneath the green surface. Suddenly the body was shot up by hidden currents half its length up into the sunlight.

It faced Mason. One arm was tossed on high in an attitude of cursing vengeance. The head fell back, and the mouth gaped open in a hideous laugh. As if in defense, Mason threw his arm across his face to shut out the sight. When he looked again, the corpse had disappeared.

All was cool and clear again. Nothing but his wounded arm told that there had been a fight to the death. Such affairs are common on the red and white frontier.

CHAPTER IV.

The Chase.

MASON'S wound pained but little. Hurriedly, in the stream, he washed the blood from his hands, and with the cold water and torn pieces of shirt dressed his hurt. It was not serious in itself; no blood vessels nor sinews had been cut nor bones broken, but yet, to a great extent, it made the man one-armed.

The afternoon shadows had lengthened out a foot. Action had been rapid. Mason ran to Rattler. Go at once, anywhere, at any risk, they must. In an hour forms like huge, red ants would be creeping, crawling, running over the whole mountain-side, and the sound of a shot could not go across the ridge above him.

Up through the fallen timber threaded Mason, leading Rattler. He knew that

somewhere above him on the ridge, either far or near, to right or left, Indians were on the lookout. At the upper edge of the timber, Mason paused, still hidden. He tied Rattler within a dense thicket, then stepped to one side and a little to the front, where the trees were thinner, and scanned the bare ridge.

Along the side of that ridge, an Indian horseman was coming at a fast lope. He was some three hundred yards away, but was riding rapidly yet cautiously, and was keeping a keen watch on the woods below.

Mason rested his cocked rifle in the fork of a dead sapling and waited. The Indian came nearer, and still nearer. Mason's breath came and went, hissing through clenched teeth.

The Indian was only a hundred yards away. Mason looked at him through the sights. Too far. To miss meant Mason's death. If the coming Ute kept to the trail he was following, Mason saw that he would pass within fifty feet of him.

A hundred feet away the trail, to avoid a rock, ran for about thirty feet straight toward the pine behind which stood the statue-like white man. Mason saw that this would give him a straight-away shot. The Indian pony came loping along the trail. Sixty feet more, and either an Indian or a white man must die.

The pony swung round the curve and came leaping along the straight bit of trail only one hundred feet away. The Indian died. The riderless pony snorted, whirled, and bolted back up the trail.

Mason darted to the fallen Indian. He tore from the struggling body the long red head-dress of eagle feathers. Running back, unmindful of his arm, he jerked Rattler loose, vaulted into the saddle, and spurred the cow-horse up the hill, clinging to his trophies.

It was a quarter of a mile from the timber's edge to the crest of the ridge. No sooner did the white man get into the open on the bare mountain-side, than far below him angry shots began to crack and roar.

Mason heard them and distant singing of the lead behind and below him, and the soft spat-spot-spug of the bullets in the timber. He dismounted near the crest of the ridge and, walking, let Rattler gain breath for a quick dash over the top.

When the horse and his rider were so near the top that Mason could see down the other side, he paused a moment to survey the scene. Nothing hostile was in sight. Behind and below him all was silent and serene, but a murmur was dying among the cliffs, and smoke was floating among the tree-tops.

Hoping to look as much like an Indian as possible, Mason, after first blindfolding Rattler with his handkerchief, donned the trailing Indian head-dress and the red blanket. Mounting, he reached forward, slipped the bandage from Rattler's eyes, and with it waved a derisive farewell to the invisible redskins below. A few satanic yells came faintly up. Then, at an easy gallop,—the feathers and blanket flying in the wind, Mason crossed the open ridge.

He stood a fair chance to escape. The slanting side of the ridge had prevented any sound of his recent troubles from getting over the crest. He laughed nervously, but with a thrill he had never known before. Though hard on Rattler's knees and shoulders, Mason urged the horse down the dangerous ridge.

Suddenly, from the bushes fifty feet ahead and slightly to the left, an Indian arose. The mongrel dress Mason wore, half white, half red, together with his tanned face and black hair, deceived the Indian for an instant, for every buck in the red camp was wearing pieces of white man's and white woman's apparel.

The Ute who stood in the bushes wore a battered yet still shiny silk hat, a clean white shirt, worn with the starched bosom behind and with the tails free, while knotted around his vast paunch was a pair of woman's striped stockings.

Over all hung a dirty green blanket. The Indian was drunk. Otherwise his vanity would not thus have overcome his natural caution when on the war-trail. At the sight of this comical yet hideous and dangerous apparition, Rattler snorted, reared, and struck the earth with all four legs stiff and braced. Anyone but a born rider would have pitched headlong over the horse's head and down the hillside.

Whip! The white man's revolver flashed from its holster as the pony snorted.

Bang! The shot went rolling along the mountain-side and down a little, narrow, crooked cañon to the right. The Ute whirled, gave a grunt, clasped both hands over his stomach, doubled up, belched forth a drunken hiccup, plunged forward on his head, flopped a somersault down the slope, shuddered, and died.

Another minute, and Mason was out of sight in the rocky defile.

But over the top of the ridge plunged three Indian horsemen, yelling like mad. Their eyes caught the last flash of that red blanket going down the gulch. With triumphant shrieks, they shot down the ridge and into the cañon in straight pursuit.

The white man was trapped. Behind him tore three of the bravest and most skilful warriors of the Ute nation. Ahead of him was the Indian camp. Escape up the wall-like sides of the cañon was impossible. The smaller cañon entered the larger defile just above the point where clustered the Indian teepees. The chasing horsemen behind were firing rifles as a warning to those in camp ahead.

Quiet reigned among the teepees. Knowing well their position, and that it was guarded by scouts both far and near, those within the skin tents were careless of danger. Suddenly came the alarm. Distant shots and shrieks and the beating of flying hoofs, multiplied by the cañon echoes, turned into a thunderous battle-crash roaring down the pass, and stampeding the lazy camp.

Yelling bucks and squaws, followed by their whimpering young, went bounding, crawling, sneaking up the sides of the main cañon and hid among the rocks. Then silence dropped.

The camp and the cañon seemed deserted, but among the rocks slunk three hundred wild men and women, waiting in an ambush for the expected cavalry charge of the soldiers. Beady, soaky eyes were focused on the trail that disappeared around the bend not far above. Inferno was booming down the cañon.

Around the bend tore a great bay horse, wild-eyed and frantic. His neck, back, and flying tail were in line. His hoofs threw gravel and stones.

Over the saddle-horn bent the rider. Around him, the ends flopping in the wind, was a red blanket. Straight out behind him trailed the feather head-dress. In each hand was a cocked six-shooter. Behind him came a similar horseman, and another, and still another.

As the second horseman whirled around the bend, shots rang out, but dust obscured the coming route. The Indians skulking along the cañon-sides thought that the shots were fired to alarm the camp, or else at a pursuing foe.

Click-click-click sounded the cocking rifles along the cañon-side. An arrow was fitted to every bow-string. Dark, subtle glances shot from the band up the cañon to the race below, then back to the bend above.

Through the camp plunged the horseman. The thunder of the hoofs and the shrill yells mingled into a roar. The second rider had emptied his rifle and was reloading as well as a man might on the back of a running horse. One shot at the scarlet figure ahead of him would be understood by those above, and a volley would end the race. But his guns were empty, his cues were drowned, and he did not carry bow and arrows.

The third and fourth rider dared not shoot, for the trail was straight, and the second rider thus protected the hunted one in the lead. The white man did not fire behind him, for to do so would bring a rain of death from the rocks above. Mason knew safety lay only in the eagle feathers, the red blanket, his black hair, tanned face, and Rattler's hoofs.

It was only fifty feet away around the wall of rock ahead. The camp was passed. The second rider had slipped a cartridge into his pounding rifle. He dropped his reins, jerked his gun to his shoulder, raised his rifle, and fired at the flying rider ahead.

The Indian missed. Mason ducked his head, threw back his right arm, and from inverted revolver answered back. From a plunging horse bullets fly straighter out of a revolver than from a rifle. The Ute and his pony rolled in a kicking heap together. Consternation swept along the cañon-sides —then a blast of fury. The end horseman reined up. With a motion of the sign-language, he signaled to those lurking above. Instantly the cañon became a volcano. Fire and smoke, bullets and arrows, war clubs and stones, burst from behind every rock.

Down went Rattler. Down went Mason. Both lay still. One was dead—the other stunned. Rattler was riddled, Mason was unhurt.

Like vultures the Indians pounded down upon the senseless white man. An Indian boy bounded down the rocks. He halted. He jerked an arrow to his ear. An older man stretched the bow; the arrow whistled away over the tree-tops. An Indian girl hurled a stone down at the still, upturned face. The jagged piece of granite splintered on the rock beside the white temple.

Colorow, war chief of the Ute nation, leaped astride the captive, flung away the

white man's weapons; dropped his blanket over the outstretched form, stood erect, and raised his rifle threateningly. Frenzied though they were, the Utes knew Colorow, and obeyed

The senseless Mason was dragged back among the teepees. The fallen Indian limped along with the rest. He was bruised and skinned, but otherwise was unharmed. His pony had a white man's bullet in its chest. Half a dozen powerful Utes seized Mason and flung him into the icy waters of the Frasier.

Strangling and struggling, Mason revived. He was dazed. Standing up, knee-deep in the current, he gazed stupidly at the laughing Indians. Then the situation flashed upon him. Like a corraled buffalo bull, he started here and there, only to realize that escape was impossible.

Reason and coolness came. The superior mind of the white man must save him if he is to be saved at all. Mason, with forced calmness, scooped up a double handful of water and drank. This he did again and again, thinking like lightning. He squeezed the water from his hair and brushed it back out of his eyes; felt to see if his water-tight pouch containing tobacco and matches was safe. Then he waded ashore and held out his hand to Colorow.

"How?"

"Ugh!" and the famous—and infamous—old Ute chief heartily shook Mason's hand.

"Wash heap good after run? Much warm."

Colorow smiled with sardonic sweetness. Mason wanted to strangle the sarcastic brute, but said nothing.

Indians admire all brave men; they worship courage. The Indian is not a coward. Anglo-Saxon standards are foolish and foolhardy to him, but, in his own way, a braver man never trod the earth than the American Indian. Death he does not fear. Fortune he ignores. Thrust and parry is his way of fighting—not hack and hew, as does the Anglo-Saxon. He creeps in, darts away, and lures to ambush; the white man plunges in a bayonet charge. The Indian is the rapier; the white man the battle-ax. Yet, even against tremendous odds, the Indian can close in like a badger and battle in a way that would make the fanatics of Asia and Africa stand aghast; and to a captive, the tearing-rock of the Inquisition would be a bed of roses compared to the agony of Indian torture. To an Indian prisoner, the fiends of purgatory would seem angels of mercy alongside of his tormentors.

All this Mason knew. He dropped the hand of Colorow, and lit his pipe.

CHAPTER V.

Prisoner of the Utes.

TWILIGHT was thickening into dusk. Every Ute in the cañon, except the outlying scouts, was seated in many a concentric circle around a glowing bed of coals. Over this fire bubbled a caldron half full of boiling water. The caldron was as large as a barrel. It had been taken from the wagon-train that Mason had seen burning that morning. It had been used by the murdered family of soap-makers.

Eleven wet, red scalps were drying on poles before Colorow's teepee. One was of red, curly hair, four brown, two black. These seven, by their short hair, had evidently come from men's skulls. Another of the gory trophies had a long, splendid mane of wavy brown, another was scant and gray—the scalps of women. Two more scalps, smaller than the others, hung there, that of a golden-haired little girl and the short-cropped one of a boy. These were the evidence of Indian valor.

Near the caldron, apart from the silently eager circles, stood a group of thirty bucks, chiefs, and medicine-men. Some were decked out in full war-gear, with here and there white man's and white woman's garments worn fantastically. All were hideous with paint. The large circles of seated Indians were glumly silent, but this group was having a lively powwow.

In the center of this smaller group, the focus of every eye in the cañon, stood Mason, stripped of his clothing. His hands and elbows were bound behind his bent back. The animated group were hotly debating whether to throw their captive into the scalding kettle, bound as he was, or cut his bands and toss him free into the boiling water so that he could leap out, only to be thrown back again and again.

This would slowly cook him alive. It would prolong his agony as well, and lengthen and intensify the pleasure of the whole camp.

The advocates of the slow torture won their point. Colorow's knife cut the rawhide thongs. Mason was free, yet face to

face with worse than death. He gave one wild look around, then shot his glances to the distant mountain-tops, still gleaming in the sunlight.

Twenty naked Indians surrounded him. A desperate struggle on his part would have been great fun for them; at the worst, it would be only a life-and-death wrestling match, with the outcome sure. Mason was as helpless as a rabbit amid a pack of wolves, but he had the cold Anglo-Saxon brain; the Utes had only barbaric cunning.

Mason coolly started to walk to the steaming kettle. When within ten feet of it, and just as the Indians, with a chorus of hideous yells, were grasping for him, Mason spat in the face of an Indian stripling.

This young buck, the eldest son of Colorow, was a privileged character in the band. A snarl burst from the lips of Colorow. It was an order. The Indians released Mason and stepped back.

Colorow grunted to his son. The young devil with a sweep of his blanket wiped his face. He reached down and split a long, fine sliver from a piece of fire-wood. Lighting this, and leering at his cool, silent, motionless, though helpless, victim, the Indian boy slowly pressed the burning stick against Mason's chest. For an instant Mason stood like a disdainful marble statue.

Then his right arm shot out like that of a cornered grizzly. His fingers clutched the hair of his tormentor. Whirling and humping his back, Mason hurled the son of Colorow over his shoulder and into the scalding kettle.

It was a wrestling trick he learned on the Delaware. The boy's wild shriek was drowned in the roar of Indian yells. Confusion reigned. Like the penned wild bull he was, Mason crashed against the Indian line surrounding him. Through that red line he went like a snow-plow.

It was all over in an instant. Mason was sprinting down the cañon, for a moment unpursued. The kettle was overturned. The scalding son of Colorow rolled out, dying. Then, like yelping coyotes, the entire camp, save Colorow and a few old men, tore down the cañon after the fleeing white man. It was white-man training against Indian swiftness, and white-man training won. As Mason sprinted round a bend in the cañon, that red hurricane was left behind. The way to freedom and to life was sure. Around the next bend Mason leaped plumb into the middle of a band of Indian horsemen.

The Indian pony in the lead reared, whirled on his hind feet, and bolted with his rider squarely into the horse behind him. Mason was trapped. Behind him were three hundred Utes, before him was Red Shirt's band of four hundred more. To the right and left were perpendicular, merciless walls of granite. Mason stopped.

He knew Red Shirt. In time of peace, he and Red Shirt had been friends, as nearly so as red and intelligent white can be friends, which is saying little. Mason, in defiance of the United States, had once made Red Shirt gloriously drunk simply for a capricious desire to see what the Ute would do when frenzied.

Red Shirt, on his split eared pinto, overwhelming in feathers, paint, and gaudy blanket, galloped up, his rifle-muzzle covering Mason's breast. Behind Mason, on winged, moccasined feet, came slow but sure death. In Red Shirt was a slender chance.

"How, Red Shirt? Me! Grizzly Mason! Savvy red-eye? Bug juice? Heap drink? By Iron Rock, Two Moons ago?" gasped Mason, as he shoved his hand up to the chief.

"Ugh! *Si*. How here?" grunted Red Shirt suspiciously.

Before Mason could answer, a dozen of his pursuers darted around the bend and, without a glance at the mounted band, hurled themselves on their white prisoner.

Mason was buried beneath a hill of scarlet fury. They would have killed him then and there but for Red Shirt. Through no friendship for Mason, but because he wished that he and his followers might help kill the white man in the most delicious fashion, Red Shirt yelled a command at the writhing heap. His words carried little weight, but the muzzles of half a dozen of his men's rifles bore a silent meaning not to be ignored for an instant. Mason was now the prisoner of Red Shirt.

The coming of Red Shirt's band was expected, but his arrival that night was a surprise. Signal-smokes that morning, however, had warned him that blue-coated horsemen were camping on his trail. From bitter experience Red Shirt knew the meaning of that, so he had traveled fast even for an Indian.

It was dark in the cañon when Red Shirt rode into the camp of Colorow. News of the coming cavalry put the whole camp into a ferment.

Foaming inwardly, but outwardly placid,

he urged that the Ute nation here in the cañon, where his son had died, make its great war-fight against the paleface. But Red Shirt was for the safety that lies only in the growing trail. Colorow was a mighty chief, the cañon was good for ambush, yes, but his men were tired and their arrows were few.

The truth was that Red Shirt had a most unhealthy fear of soldier steel. It was Colorow's son, not his, who had been killed. As Colorow's band was afraid to fight unaided, and as Red Shirt and his followers could go on alone, Colorow had no choice but to agree to Red Shirt's plan. An hour's rest was to be taken, however, and, to celebrate the safe reunion of the two bands, they would burn the white captive.

Red Shirt, over whose mind darkly hovered the fear of those trailing cavalrymen, carelessly suggested that Mason be set free, and that the Utes send him over the back trail as an agent of peace. The foxy old scoundrel hoped thus to have a friend at court when those blue hounds ran him down. But the death of Colorow's son, who some day would have been at the head of the Ute nation, so his father had hoped, and the disgrace of it all, fired the old chief with a hatred that nothing could cool except wreaking on Mason the most excruciating torture.

He vehemently demanded Mason's torment. He related the death of the Indian that afternoon in the little meadow, the killing of the galloping horseman at the timber's edge, the shooting of the drunken warrior at the head of the branch cañon, and, last and greatest, the scalding disgrace to Colorow himself, and to the whole Ute nation in the death of his eldest son.

Red Shirt yielded.

Mason was tied to a dead tree. The green rawhide encircled only his waist. His arms and legs were free. Around him were heaped dry brush and broken limbs. Seven hundred delighted Indians gathered to watch the human fuel light up the cañon.

Hope left Mason. The fearful strain of the past day and night had all but broken him. The reins of self-control were snapping. The fever of the crazed was beginning to sear his brain. When he lifted his eyes to the stars—ah, the depths there, the cool, free peace! He was not afraid.

(To be continued.)

LARGEST FERRY-BOAT IN THE WORLD.

THE famous Carquinez Strait is a long, narrow arm of San Francisco Bay, and is located about twenty-eight miles eastward of San Francisco. The main line of the Southern Pacific's limited route between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, crosses this strait.

The transfer of trains is made by means of a mammoth railway ferry-boat—the Solano, which is the largest railway ferry-boat in the world. In total length this craft is nearly 600 feet, and wide enough for four parallel tracks—representing about 2,400 feet of trackage.

Its capacity is ample to accommodate the very [illegible] freight or passenger-train at one time. Originally this immense boat cost the Southern Pacific about one hundred thousand dollars and, since its completion, a large additional sum has been expended in the way of repairs, overhauling, etc.

Carquinez Strait is nearly one and a half miles in width, and usually about twenty-five minutes are required in crossing. The Solano is a side-wheel craft and the engines are of one thousand horse-power, each, making a total of two thousand horse-power driving force.

For a long time the Southern Pacific has been considering the plan of bridging the strait. However, this project has been very strenuously opposed by the old shipping interests of the State, as well as the War Department.

The only kind of structure that could be built across Carquinez Strait without any active opposition would be a suspension bridge. Engineers consider that the latter structure would scarcely be feasible; besides, the cost would be immense However, at the Dumbarton Point bridge across the southern arm of San Francisco Bay has just been completed, hereafter all of the heavy freight-trains will be sent around that way. This will relieve the immense strain of traffic now imposed on the giant ferry-boat Solano, as well as obviating the necessity of building a bridge at an enormous outlay of money to the system.—*Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine.*

Don't let your talk injector get flooded. Keep the check in good condition.—Diary of a Drummer.

The Nerve of Engineers.

BY ROBERT H. ROGERS.

"NERVE," so frequently attributed to railroad men, is rather an indefinable quality, but the claim that if an engineer once loses it he will never get it back again, is apparently borne out in many of the anecdotes with which this stirring occupation is necessarily replete. It is remarkable that nerve which will permit the blowing of signals to dead men, and then remain unshaken while wreck after wreck is in review as a nightly pastime, could be shattered by any situation within the ken of man, but any terminal will exhibit more than one former hero of the fast mail now relegated to the plebeian switch-engine because his "road-nerve" is gone.

Startling Incidents That Caused Throttle-Handlers to Suddenly Lose the Peculiar Sense of Security Which Kept Them Calm and Cool in the Face of Danger.

"IT goes mighty quick, this thing they call nerve," said Old Tom Roberts, one day, as he was sorting scrap-iron in the foundry yard—an inglorious ending to years of activity on the cannon ball—"mine went when they gave me a lap order on the old Metropolitan road, all single iron, when I was hauling No. 11.

"No. 6, headed my way, was late, and my orders read to pass her at Warrenton, while the other fellows called for the meet to be at Weverton. I know, because I saw his orders afterward. These places were ten miles apart, with Weverton nearest to me, so that I would have to pass it to make the meeting point named in my orders. Fortunately, although I cursed it at the time, my engine wasn't steaming very good, but his was, so he made an exceptionally fast run, and managed to make Weverton, and get into clear on the turnout, about two minutes before I came through. And I was going so fast that I threw dust on every one of his cars.

"When I saw that train in there I knew that the orders had been mixed, and knew right away how close I had been to getting it. I was that scared thinking over it, that I dropped twenty minutes from there to the end of the division, and I never ran an engine again after that trip.

"They discharged the train-despatcher who lapped the orders, but that didn't do me any good. His 'bull' drove me to this scrap-pile, because, outside of running, this

is all they think I know how to do for the railroad."

The stirring life that railroad engineers lead would appear to be immune to both superstition and sentiment, but it has its full measure of strange, even inexplicable, happenings, which well illustrate that neither emotion is lacking in the make-up of the silent occupant of the engine-cab who handles the night-express at a tearing clip through a world of gloom.

Under certain conditions, his work often begets curious fancies, and it need not be wondered at, because his is a lonely job beyond the belief of those behind in the brilliantly lighted train.

A Tribute to the Dead.

One dark, rainy evening, when the 1330, with the famous Royal Limited, was plunging down Foy's hill at a pace which the fireman tersely described as "like the hammers of hell," two mournful blasts of the whistle sounded unexpectedly overhead.

There was nothing in front, however, no flag, or no signal to be so answered. The headlight shone fitfully on a wall of driving mist, with only the white gleam of a semaphore advancing in arrowy flight to give us the right of way. Some vague curiosity impelled me to seek information, and, when a straight stretch of track permitted, I crawled cautiously around the swaying boiler-butt, and into the cab behind Engineer Parlett.

"What did you blow for, back there?" I shouted in his ear through the wind.

"Walt Furley was killed there," he answered in similar cadence, "at that last signal-pole we passed. He was leaning too far out of the cab, and it struck him on the head. I always toot the whistle when I go by, so that if poor Furley's spirit is about he will know that we haven't forgotten him."

As we sped at reduced speed over the Susquehanna River bridge, the fireman whispered to me confidentially: "He never forgets to blow, and several other engineers do the same thing. It gives me a kind of creepy feeling, though."

It gave me one, too, and small blame could be attached to either. Under the circumstances, there was something inexpressibly weird in that touching tribute to the departed, and the wild night, together with the strident discord incidental to high speed, lent added effectiveness.

Mile after mile in sixty seconds, we had sped through the storm to the accompaniment of the thundering exhaust, roaring culverts, and rattling switch-points, punctuated at regular intervals by the clang, clang of the fire-door, while the gale moaned unceasingly as if an uneasy spirit were in its breath.

In the Wee Small Hours.

I have been on that same run many times at night with refractory injectors and the engine not steaming as she should, but never once have I missed seeing the engineer reach for the whistle-lever at the scene of poor Furley's undoing.

I remember on one occasion, after a long ride on the fireman's seat-box of the Eastern Express, I sought the right side of the cab for company, and incidentally filled the rôle of a rather unwilling listener to some grim revelations as dawn whitened the sky behind Blue Ridge. Until then the engineer, apparently intent on the track and his mysterious "marks"—a sealed book to any one but himself—had scarcely noticed me.

For nearly three hours he had remained practically in the same position on the seat-box, his legs crossed, with his right knee conveniently disposed as a prop for the arm and hand which held his chin, and his left hand resting carelessly on the brake-valve. At irregular intervals, but seemingly in unison with an opening of the fire-door, when the dim interior of the cab would suddenly become suffused with a crimson glow, this habitual though unconsciously effective pose was lost for a moment. He would look at his watch, run his eye comprehensively over the array of gages behind the flickering little lamp, and then over the fireman and myself, but always returning quickly and with automatic precision to the eternal vigil ahead.

Gruesome Memories.

"In about half a minute," he observed, noting my occupancy of a portion of his seat, "we will go by the place where this engine struck a rock once and turned over on John Stevens. It was on this run, too. You can tell easy when you get to it, because she always cuts up a bit in there, though I have never found out why."

Just then the fireman put in another fire; the engineer peered at the water-glass, shut

off the injector, and began his harrowing recital. In rapid succession, while the actual localities, ghostlike in the mist of early morning, flitted by the cab, he pointed to where Dave Ziler and Charley Quarles had been killed in head-on collision, where the 843 had plunged down an embankment, and indicated the very switch over the misplaced points of which the 828 had been converted into a mass of junk.

To nerves not attuned to the symphony of the rail this narration could not be other than disheartening. It requires a long apprenticeship before one can even acquire a fancied security while borne on the wings of the wind by a hundred-ton monster of iron and steel; but when this novel experience is supplemented by a cold, matter-of-fact tale, covering wreck and lingering death, it is small wonder that each unusual tremor of the locomotive gives rise to dread and nameless foreboding beyond the power of words to express.

In moods like this, Providence is devoutly thanked for the presence of that simple brake-valve, because you know that the slightest movement of its stubby brass handle will call into being a mighty giant to seize the wheels in its fifty-thousand-pound grip of steel and grind them to a stop before even two train-lengths have been covered.

When I left the engine at the end of the run, I asked of my eagle-eye friend:

"Do you often think of those things you have been telling me about?"

"Yes, every night when I pass the spots where they happened. I knew all of those men, and they were good men; but they got it, like all of us will who follow this game long enough. I don't think about it when I am off duty, though, because I might lose my nerve."

"Nerve? What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied simply. "I've never lost it, so I don't know what it is."

Miller's Last Run.

The circumstances which resulted in the man we will call George Graham, an engineer on a prominent Eastern road, parting with this necessary adjunct to his calling were of a nature so singular that, although fifteen years or more have passed, they are still discussed by the rank and file, but ever without solution.

For a long time Graham ran No. 21, a fast train which was pulled by engine 42, with Fireman William Miller. Through their close association on the foot-plate, and harmonious intercourse in general, their friendship had come to imply much more than the common acceptance of the term. In fact, so high was the esteem in which the engineer was held by Miller that the latter steadily refused promotion that he might continue as his fireman.

Thus matters stood when Miller was attacked with brain fever and hurried to a hospital. Graham made a number of trips with an extra fireman, and no doubt would have done so on the fated day had he not, on the previous night, dreamed vividly that his fellow worker was at death's door. Reproaching himself for the neglect which he had exhibited, he arranged for his run to be covered, and hurried to the hospital, taking with him his own physician, Dr. J. L. Moore, now practising in Baltimore, for consultation with the hospital staff.

That morning Miller, whose previous symptoms had been favorable to recovery, became suddenly very ill, and he raved continually from an early hour until noon. The physician who visited him at ten o'clock found him calling repeatedly on George Graham, and begging him not to work that day. There were many other disjointed utterances of which no record was preserved, but the burden of his cries seemed to be that his old engineer was in imminent danger. He did not recognize Graham, who, with Dr. Moore, remained at the hospital.

Exactly at 3.30 P.M. a change came over the sick man, noticeable at once by the attendant. For the first time in many hours his delirium assumed the form of coherent speech, and in a ringing voice, which startled the entire ward, came the words: "We are three minutes late!"

Thinking the case had assumed a crisis, Dr. Moore hurried to administer whatever relief might be possible. He found the patient apparently in the same condition as on his previous visit—high fever, his heart action weak, and oblivious to all surroundings. After a few moments the strident voice continued, with a varying interval between each exclamation:

A Vision that Proved True.

"Hit her up, old man; she is steaming good, and we have only seven cars to-day! She will stand an extra notch on the hill,

if you want to give it to her. See her walk them over Silver Springs! Good old mill, this—and now she is eating them up through Kensington as though she never had a car! Rockville to Morristown is only a step for her! Two minutes late here, George; but she will have it all back before she is over the flats."

A pause of several minutes succeeded. It seemed to the engineer that the sufferer was living in his delirium some past run on the express; and Dr. Moore, accustomed as he had become to such ravings, attached no significance to the words, although he remained in attendance. Presently he began again, but this time in a startled tone which struck terror to those who listened:

"What is that freight doing on the main? Look!" and his voice rose into a shriek of dread. "There! Ahead of us!" he cried. "Standing at the water-plug by Harden Bridge! They have overlooked our time! Too late! Too late!"

Suddenly the fireman rose nearly erect on his cot and, pointing in the direction of the clock on the wall, uttered in a tone of awe and solemnity: "Now, George Graham, prepare to meet your God!" He fell back in a deep coma, while the terror-stricken engineer, and even the physician, who was startled out of his professional reserve, glanced furtively at the timepiece. It indicated seventeen minutes after four. Miller never recovered consciousness.

In the meantime the engineer, convinced that something had gone wrong on his run, deserted the bedside of his dying friend and hurried to the roundhouse. Of course, they laughed at him when he said that "No. 1" was into it at Harden bridge; but while in the midst of the banter a hurried call for the wrecking-train brought tragic confirmation to the fireman's vision.

The fated train had collided with a freight at the exact point where Miller had seen it in his delirium, some twenty-five miles from the terminal. In absolute fidelity to detail, he had depicted the facts in his ravings just as they had occurred. The train left three minutes late; it was two minutes late at Morristown, and met the freight about three miles beyond. The crew of the latter, with orders to run ahead of a following passenger-train, completely lost sight of the fast express thundering to meet them, and stopped at Harden to take water. The wreck occurred at seventeen minutes after four, and the extra engineer and fireman who were substituting for Miller and Graham, with five others, were among the dead.

That was the end of Graham's railroading. From that day he never turned another wheel. His nerve was gone and he knew it, and with its passing he dropped forever from the iron trail.

The majority of these distressing cases, however, wherein men have lost their nerve do not embody the supernatural element which seemed to play such a striking part in the passing of Fireman Miller. Often these fancies are almost childlike, especially when entertained by men whose very trade implies a tilt with death from the blowing of the starting whistle to the end of the run.

No better engineer ever pulled a train than Sam Lettner, who not long ago retired from the service of one of the Southern trunk lines. He was driven to the occupation of country storekeeper simply because he believed that some internal convulsion was destined to occur in his new engine which would instantly convert it into scrap.

He was a relic of the old days, before the advent of the compound locomotive, with its bewildering array of rods and crossheads; and when one of these mechanical marvels fell to his lot, he was afraid of it. He could not reconcile with safety the ever-present spectacle, when at high speed, of whizzing pistons, valve-rods, and what not, all in opposite directions to one another, and utterly at variance with the rythmical thrust of the single connecting-rod to which he had been accustomed; and his mind dwelt constantly on the possibility of a mix-up in the mechanism.

It was in vain that the master mechanic, and even the company's mechanical engineer, tried to reason him out of this fallacy. While on the road he remained on his feet, actually afraid to sit down from one end of the division to the other. The company had no other engine to give him, and finally the compound got his nerve, so he quit.

These curious mental phases have been explained after a fashion. It is reasoned that in view of the feeling of responsibility which rests heavily on the mind of even the most blasé engineer, though he may never exhibit it, renders him keenly alert; and when alone in the dark with his iron charge, he is apt to prove extremely susceptible to the formation of an idea, or chain of ideas, which often results in a positive delusion.

HE SAW HER SHYLY GET HOLD OF THE REVOLVER.

FOR THE HEART OF EVELYN.

BY RICHARD DUFFY.

There Was Some Real Gun-Play in the Tower as the Limited Tore Through the Darkness.

"HALLO! Hallo! Yes, this is Jim Ferris. Who are—oh, hallo, Charley! I didn't know your voice. Yes. I just let number sixteen go through on the new track, all out of breath and an hour late. Lonely here? Well, I guess. Nothing but black woods on every side and the last end of Dunston three miles away."

His eyes swept round the tower as he spoke, taking in all the familiar objects—the line of levers to work the signals and the switches, the big clock, his picture calendar, and the big windows of many little panes, that were wide open on the darkness.

"What's that?" he asked Charley Lennox, who was at the other end of the wire in a tower in the Dunston yards.

"Oh, to-morrow I'll have company," he said, as the question was repeated. "The painter will be fixing up this shack like new. He came to-day, borrowed some tobacco, left his ladders under my window, and called it half a day's work. Then he went away. Yes, the school is still there up on the hill, but the girls have never been here since. Which one? Oh, yes, I still have her book."

Ferris asked this almost before the other man had got his inquiry over the wire. He turned his head away from the telephone sharply. Some one was rapping on the lower door of the tower.

"That's right," he went on hurriedly. The rapping continued and more insistently. "The limited goes through at 9.30. Not a thing to do till then, except fix my nails and curl my hair. S'long, old man."

Ferris snapped the receiver into its hook and listened a moment to the rapping on the door below. With eyes and ears alert, he stepped softly to his clothes-closet, which stood next the telegraph table. He reached up to the shelf and got his revolver. With the revolver in his right hand and a white lantern in his left, he went over on tiptoe to the door that led down-stairs.

"Who's there?" he called out sternly.

From outside came a faint voice:

"If you please, sir, let me come in."

It sounded to Ferris like a woman's voice.

Then followed quickly a frantic beating of hands on the door and cries of "Help! Please, sir, won't you help me?"

He thought for a moment, then slipped his revolver into his pocket and pulled the chain that opened the door.

Instantly it was opened and slammed shut. Then he heard footsteps on the stairs.

Holding the lantern above his head, he looked down, saying:

"No one can come up here. It's against the rules."

"You must let me in just for a minute!" she cried, and came up panting before him. "My life depends on it!"

He stood in front of her. "So does my job," he said.

She slipped past him into the room; and he turned swiftly, holding the lantern so that he could get a good look at her.

She was not more than twenty and very pretty, though her brown eyes were big with fear and the pallor of her face queer in the lamplight. She wore a summer traveling dress and hat, and carried a light coat on her arm. She glanced here and there timidly. Her whole attitude was that of a woman in a panic of shame and terror.

Ferris's clean-cut, solid face and figure were fixed before her like a human interrogation point. Not a detail of her appearance or expression escaped him. Yet there was nothing offensive or overbearing in his scrutiny. For all his loose shirt, open at the collar and rolled at the sleeves, and despite his steady gaze, the woman faced him confidently. He said with an inscrutable smile:

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

She started violently. "You know me?"

"I know your first name is Evelyn."

"You do?" she queried, incredulous.

He smiled hospitably. "I think your last name is Day."

"I knew they'd do it," she cried excitedly, gripping her hands at her breast.

"Do what?" he asked; but at that moment the telegraph began to click and he passed behind her to his table. She walked after him, fearfully and as if by mechanical imitation.

Laying the lantern under the table and his revolver on it, he sat down to take the message. As he did so, he motioned to a chair close by, saying, "Won't you sit down?"

She was sitting with her back to him, and he glanced her way from time to time. She was mumbling something. Just as he finished his receipt of the message, he saw her slyly get hold of the revolver.

He grabbed her wrist. He leaned over and gently forced it out of her hand, saying:

"I beg your pardon. This is my gun. Where's yours?"

He put it on the shelf of the closet and shut the door, standing with his back to it.

"Give it to me! Give it to me, please!" she pleaded hysterically.

He led her back to the chair and sat her down.

"You've got to play with your own. That's mine," he told her, laughing.

Throwing her hands to her face, she began to sob heartbrokenly, "Don't make fun of me."

"Make fun of you?" he inquired, bending over her. "Why—"

The telephone-bell rang. It was Lennox again, asking that Ferris read to him the special order to be sure they had it right.

Ferris read from the flimsy sheet on his file:

"'The president of the road in a special follows on the heels of the limited.' Only God Himself can stop either one of them!"

He hung up the receiver, went to his levers, and, as he worked one, found the young woman standing beside him.

"What did you say?" she asked huskily.

"Excuse me, please, if that sounded like swearing; but there's something doing tonight."

She seemed to have recovered her poise and said sharply:

"I came here to stop the limited. I must reach New York before—"

"This is a switch-tower; not a station. You know that, Miss Day."

"How do you know my name?"

"I know you a good deal better than you think," he answered enigmatically, and kept his eyes on hers.

She felt somehow that this man did know her; but how, she did not try to divine. It was enough that he seemed to like her. In her desperation, though it was ignoble, she swiftly decided to play on whatever sympathy he might have for her.

She laid her hand softly on his arm, and was ashamed because the contact changed

him so His face flushed, his eyes brightened, and he took up her hand as if to kiss it. Then, suddenly, he pushed it away from him.

She stood very near him.

"You will stop the limited for me, won't you. It means life or death to me." Her voice had fallen to a whisper.

He looked down at her sharply. "Say, you're running away from the school over there, aren't you? To get married?"

She fell back shrinkingly. "I knew they'd do it. They've sent out an alarm for me."

"I didn't know it. I just guessed it, Miss Day."

Far away, a whistle, long and shrill, pierced the air.

"Limited passes in twelve minutes," Ferris said, as if talking to himself, and proceeded to try several of his switch-levers.

The girl glanced about the room wildly. Suddenly she saw the red lantern under the table. She took it up and was making for the door.

Ferris sprang in front of her.

"They can't blame you for this," she cried, striving to work by him.

FROM OUTSIDE CAME A FAINT VOICE.

"Give me that lamp!" he commanded roughly.

She gazed up into his steady eyes pleadingly.

"It's life or death for me!"

He put his hand over hers and gradually forced the lantern out of her grasp. Having put it back in its place, he said very quietly:

"It's life or death for two hundred passengers."

The limited's whistle sounded again, and nearer

"It's coming! It's coming!" she cried hoarsely, and ran to the stairway.

Ferris caught her just as she was starting down and pulled her back into the room.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

She faced him smiling and said with quiet despair:

"I must stop the train somehow. Mr. ——, I want to tell you something. You seem to know about me, as you said, and though I came over here with some of the girls from the school last fall, I don't ever remember seeing you. In fact, I remember I hadn't the slightest interest in coming here. You see," her eyelids fell and a blush showed in her cheeks and neck—"you see, I was very much in love. To-night I ran away with the man—"

"You have not married him, have you?" Ferris asked sharply.

"No," she answered lifelessly. "He said we'd go to New York at once and be married. We took dinner at the Mountain House." Tears began to stream from her eyes. "Then he told me that we couldn't go to New York to-night, as he didn't have enough money. I gave him what I had but he said, too, that we were registered at the Mountain House as man and wife, and—"

She stopped in a fit of sobbing.

"Don't cry! Don't cry!" said Ferris. "Tell me!"

"I stole away while dinner was being served and came here—"

"Why didn't you go to Dunston and get the 8.30 train?"

"Is there an 8.30 train?" she asked, bewildered.

"Summer schedule. In effect to-day. But you're not going to New York. You're going back to the school."

She shook her head sadly. "I left them a letter this afternoon. They believe I'm on my way to New York. They'll have telephoned father—oh, can't you see that if I could only get to him to-night—"

A heavy hand, beating on the door below, startled them. They were silent, listening, cautious. The knocking was repeated.

Ferris put his finger on his lips as a signal to her, and led her to the closet, shutting the door half-way.

"A track-walker," he whispered. Then he went to the door and called down:

"That you, Bill Sammis?"

The girl pulled the closet door shut on herself.

"Who's down there, anyway?" Ferris yelled.

The head of a ladder appeared in the window, and as Ferris turned in a flash at the sound, he saw a man spring into the room.

In a glance, Ferris had comprehended his good figure, good clothes, his air of assurance, and his handsome, suspicious face of pasty complexion.

"A kind of a lady's novel hero," was the railroad man's mental note.

The man smiled, showing white, even teeth under a close-cut black mustache. Ferris scowled.

"Good evening, Mr. Towerman," he began pleasantly, "my name is Wainwright."

"My name is Ferris—and there's the door," he retorted calmly; "and you can't go too quickly. I'm busy."

A bit nasty, aren't you?" said Mr. Wainwright, looking all about him. "It's the heat, I suppose."

"No," said Ferris, "it's you."

"Me? Why, you don't know me."

"That's just it," said Ferris. "This way out." He pointed to the door.

"That's true, I haven't got much time," Mr. Wainwright went on blithely. "I want you to stop the limited, Mr. Ferris, and I pay in advance."

He tossed a fat bundle of bills at the towerman's feet

Ferris kicked the bills back to him across the floor, saying with composure, "The company pays me, Mr. Wainwright."

Mr. Wainwright stared at him, then laughed a short, ironical laugh as he picked up the bills and put them in his pocket.

The whistle of the limited shrieked again It seemed as if it must pass the tower the next moment.

Ferris stepped to the telegraph table and began to click off a message. Mr. Wainwright's beady black eyes had been following the towerman's every movement and expression. But suddenly they fixed themselves on the closet door.

"Calling for help, are you?" he asked the towerman.

Ferris lifted up his head to glare at the intruder, and found himself covered with an automatic revolver.

"I was going to explain to you courteously why it's absolutely necessary for me to board the limited. But you're a bit thick in your way. Time flies. Be quick, Mr. Ferris, look at that closet."

Ferris did look and his heart stopped for an instant. A bit of white lined was sticking out at the foot of the door.

"You've no right to be here, get out!" Ferris roared.

"As much right, I fancy, as your sweetheart has," the man returned suavely.

"You lie!" Ferris cried, raising his arm as if to strike.

Still smiling and polite, Mr. Wainwright advanced and aimed his weapon at closer range, saying:

"About three feet above that innocent bit of white a bullet should find her heart –a foot higher, let's say, her head."

"If you shoot that woman—" Ferris began, but Mr. Wainwright interrupted him.

"You love that little girl in there better than your job, I'm sure. Be a man! Save her!"

Mr. Wainwright's five feet ten of bone and muscle were perfectly poised on his feet, and, as he kept his revolver conveniently disposed either to force Ferris to the levers or shoot through the thin pine door of the closet, he seemed to be trying to exert a malign influence over the towerman with his beady eyes and hard smile.

The cold sweat stood on Ferris's forehead as, facing Mr. Wainwright all the time, he found his way to the levers. Five minutes were left to him in which to decide the paramount crisis of his life. Mr. Wainwright had said he loved the girl in the closet better than his job. How he hated the smooth, smirking intruder! And how did the fellow know he loved the girl?

Ferris wiped his sweaty hands on a cloth as he got ready to work the switches. Meanwhile he mumbled their plan to himself in a maudlin way, like a man bereft of his will.

"Limited—track four," he babbled, "freight on siding—track two president's special—three minutes—one hundred—two hundred passengers—only God Himself—"

He swayed and went suddenly dizzy so that he leaned helpless against his levers.

Mr. Wainwright was at his side instantly, patting his shoulder and whispering:

"It's all right, old man; it's for the girl! The heat's got you! Tell me which one to pull and I'll do the—"

The touch of the man's hand went through Ferris like an electric shock. He jumped back from the switches and fairly screamed:

"No, you won't, and I won't either! My orders stand!"

"I'll kill her, then!" Mr. Wainwright growled, and made a dash toward the closet.

Ferris sprang after him.

The closet door flew open and, holding Ferris's revolver before her, the girl almost leaped into Mr. Wainwright's arms.

At first glimpse of her he staggered back with a cry:

"Evelyn!"

But she was past him, beside Ferris, who had grabbed his weapon from her.

Mr. Wainwright's arms had fallen to his side.

"Shoot now," the towerman suggested. "Odds are even."

Mr. Wainwright mopped his brow with the air of a gentleman reasserting himself, quietly slipped his pistol into his pocket, and laughed a long, hollow laugh.

"Mr.—Ferris, I believe you call yourself, it appears you have already met my wife. Introductions are unnecessary."

The limited tore by the next moment with a pounding roar.

"That isn't true," the girl protested. "You know it isn't true."

She remained still near the towerman, who, though occupied with his levers, contrived to keep his revolver ready in his right hand.

"I am very sorry we have given you any trouble," said Mr. Wainwright loftily, and advanced to take her. "I'll see you are rewarded for doing your duty."

Ferris swung round as if on a pivot and, his revolver almost touching the man's temple, he said:

"I want your gun!" Without another word he took it from the man's pocket. "Now you stand nice and quiet for a minute while I tell you something. I won't keep you long, but I must tell you."

"I don't think my wife and I need to continue this acquaintance any longer, Mr. Towerman," retorted Mr. Wainwright, nervous, but sneering.

"Don't be sassy," said Ferris, grinning. "This gun is so near your head that if it went off I couldn't stop it from hitting you. You thought you did a pretty slick trick in persuading this young lady to run away, thinking you would take her to New York and be married. But you overdid it. That was a mistake to write her down on the book at the hotel. She didn't even mean to have dinner with you. But she had to carry out the game a little farther than she expected. You see, she was bound for me in the first place. But she had to go to Dunston to get a train to come out here, where I have two friends, a man and his wife, coming as witnesses. You can't ask a girl to walk three miles along the railroad-track alone, a hot night like this, especially when she's dressed up to be married."

Mr. Wainwright stared incredulously at the towerman, and then glanced at the girl. She was leaning against the wall, quivering as if with palsy, her face hidden in her hands.

"You common liar—" Mr. Wainwright began.

"Look out!" Ferris cried, pressing the barrel of the pistol against Mr. Wainwright's temple. "I know it's loaded! Evelyn," he went on quietly, "get me that paper book on the table. 'The Precipitate Marriage,' you remember."

When she heard him call her by her name she was startled. She looked at him, and his steady gray eyes had a command in them she had never seen before.

She went over to the table, found the paper novel and brought it back to him dutifully.

When Mr. Wainwright tried to catch her eyes she turned her face away, and, as if in a daze, slunk back to the table.

Ferris handed the novel to Mr. Wainwright and bade him read the inscription on the fly-leaf.

"'Evelyn Day to James Ferris,'" the man read, and added quickly, "but your name is not in her handwriting. Do you think you can put up a—"

"That was just the idea, you see, Mr. Wainwright. Her name in her handwriting, and my name in mine. It was the first token of our betrothal. It's a silly story about a girl that runs away with a rascal.

She was reading it about the time you came in view. It didn't take long for me to show her just what you must be, but you didn't show her yourself until to-night. Clever, you are.

"It was my idea—and I got it from the book—to have her pretend she was running away from you, because you happened to have the clothes, the manner, and the influence up there at the school so they'd let you take her walking in the grounds. Clever you are, but not clever enough."

"Do you think I'm going to believe this tommyrot?" Mr. Wainwright asked. "Why, I've written her. I've seen her—I've——"

"Stop! She's my promised wife," Ferris growled. "I know all about you, and I've told you all I'm going to say. You can go. The ladder's your way and you came in here by force, like a burglar. Go the same way."

The towerman gradually had driven him to the window.

Mr. Wainwright called across the room in a whine of fear and hopelessness:

"Evelyn, are you going to permit this?"

The girl had fallen on a chair. Her arms and head lay limp on the table. It seemed as though she had fainted.

Cool, determined, his eyes missing no shade of movement or expression in Mr. Wainwright, the towerman forced him down the ladder. He even showed him the courtesy of holding a lantern.

"SHOOT NOW! ODDS ARE EVEN!"

"I'll get you for this!" Mr. Wainwright cried hoarsely. "And inside of twenty-four hours."

"Follow the track straight to Dunston," Ferris replied imperturbably. "There's a train to New York at midnight. But keep an eye out for the president's special. It passes here in ten minutes."

Mr. Wainwright was about to say some-

thing, but the figure of a man loomed up abruptly before him, and he started away on a run.

It was Charley Lennox, who, with his wife, had driven out in his buggy, in answer to the message Ferris sent when Mr. Wainwright first appeared in the tower.

"What did you bring Laura and me all the way out here for?" he called up to the window. "Say, was that a yeggman, Jim?"

"Something just as good, Charley. Wait a minute and I'll let you up."

Lennox shouted, "What's all the mystery about, Jim?"

But Ferris had stepped back and hurried to the inert figure at the table. He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and the girl sat up and stared about her, uncomprehending. Then she began to weep.

"Please don't cry," he pleaded. "I had to do it. I had to do it. Telephone your father right away and explain things. Please stop crying. It tears me all to pieces, Miss Day. You can go right back to school with Charley Lennox and his wife. She's a nice woman and will make them understand there. I'm awfully sorry I had to say all those things to get him away, but see what a fix you were in.

"And—and—well, I do really love you, and I have, since you were here that day and forgot the book. The other girls forgot things, too—handkerchiefs, and a parasol. I sent those things back, but I kept the book and wrote my name in it, though I never thought to see you again. Why, I even read that fool story, and I never read anything but law books and railroad things because, you see, I'm studying. I'm glad I read it now; it helped me to guess about you when you came."

She stood up and faced him. He could make nothing of that sad expression.

"You've done everything for me," she said, "and I can't tell you what I—" She stopped, and the tears came anew.

His eyes flashed. "Will you tell your father about me sometime?" he asked. "If he saw me, perhaps—please look at me or I can't say it."

She cast her big dark eyes, sparkling with tears, honestly, timidly upon him.

He opened his lips, but his voice had left him. Then he stammered nervously, "I can't say it at all, I guess," and, taking her hand, he kissed it reverently.

She still allowed it to rest in his clasp as they walked together to the door to admit Lennox and his wife from below.

WAITING FOR NEWS OF A WRECK.

RICHARD BOYDSTEN, until recently an operator at Tunnel, the next station above Palisade, Colorado, ordered physicians and wreckers to take care of the dead and injured on Denver and Rio Grande passenger train No. 6, which for thirty minutes he believed he had sent over the mountainside near Debeque, with a consequent loss of dozens if not hundreds of lives, has given up telegraphy for good.

Boydsten has auburn hair, and, although it has not changed color, he declared that he would have sent a bullet into his brain when he learned of his error had he had a gun.

"I realized almost immediately after the passenger had passed Tunnel what I had done," says Boydsten. "I had orders to hold the east-bound passenger for a freight which had just passed Debeque. I forgot to deliver the order to hold No. 6.

"I knew that it would result in the worst wreck in the history of the road, for the two trains were bound to meet on the hill in the cañon. I called Debeque, hoping against hope that the freight had not passed out of the yards, but was too late.

"I have read in magazines of the awful experiences of operators who had made just the mistake I did, but I don't believe they tell half the awful feeling a man has who thinks that he has sent a hundred passengers to certain death.

"I prepared for the worst, sent an order to Grand Junction for a wrecker, and asked for a dozen physicians. Then I waited. I could not leave the key to look for signs of a burning wreck, for the despatcher kept asking for particulars.

"Finally, when I felt certain the wreck had occurred, I looked in the drawer for a gun, intending to kill myself, but it was not there, and I decided to await the inevitable. Just then Debeque called and said the freight-train had backed into the yards, closely followed by the passenger.

"It seems the reflection of No. 6's electric headlight was seen by the engineer of the freight just as he was approaching the steepest down grade in the cañon.

"He thought at once something was wrong, reversed his engine, and stopped the train within a short distance of the passenger. Had he gone over the brink of that hill no power on earth could have stopped his train, and many lives might have been sacrificed."

In the "Good Old Days" of Railroading.

BY SAMSON D. PLATT.

FEW stories can be so interesting to railroad men of to-day as those of the early days of railroading, back in the three decades from 1835 to 1865, during which time the railroad, both in England and America, went through the stages of superstition, abuse, political objection, and the calumnious interference of those who looked upon it as the convolution of a diseased mind.

Such stories and facts as those which Mr. Platt has gathered here, and which Charles Frederick Carter told in "Early Railroad Days in New England" in our November number, are both startling and laughable. Truly, the "greatest industry in the world" had some queer and thrilling moments before it reached the plane of peace and perfection.

Stories of the Days When Stephenson Was Considered a Nuisance, and When Going Aboard a Train Was Declared as Unsafe as Being Fired from a Cannon.

BACK in 1756, it took our great-great-grandfathers three days to "stage it" from New York to Philadelphia, and under Washington's administration, two six-horse coaches carried all the passenger traffic between New York and Boston—six days each way.

It was a long step from this to the overland travel of half a century later. The first great transcontinental stage line, and probably the longest "continuous run" ever operated, was the Butterfield "Southern Overland Mail." Its route was two thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine miles from St. Louis to San Francisco. It ran *far to the south*, through El Paso, Yuma, and Los Angeles, to avoid the snows of the Rockies.

For this tremendous distance, its schedule time was at first twenty-five and then twenty-three days; its record run, twenty-one days. Its first coaches started simultaneously from St. Louis and San Francisco, September 15, 1858. Each was greeted by a mighty ovation at the end. Through fare, one hundred dollars, gold; letters, ten cents per half ounce. The equipment consisted of more than one hundred Concord coaches, one thousand horses, five hundred mules, and seven hundred and fifty men, including one hundred and fifty drivers.

It began as a semiweekly stage, but was soon promoted to six times a week. The deadly deserts, through which nearly half its route lay, the sand-storm, the mirage, the awful thirst, the dangerous Indian tribes, and its vast length—forty per cent greater than that of any other stage-line in our history—made it a colossal undertaking; and the name of John Butterfield will always be remembered as one of the Americans who helped to win the West.

2,000 Miles in 18 Days.

This "Southern Overland Mail" was operated until the Civil War utterly precluded mail-carrying so far south, and the

Overland had to be transferred to a shorter northern route; where it took its chances with the snows. The first daily Overland stage on the "Central" line left St. Joe and Placerville, simultaneously, July 1, 1861, and each finished its two-thousand-mile trip eighteen days later.

Over one hundred thousand emigrants crossed the plains from 1846 to 1860. There is no tally of the freighting enterprises that sprang up on the heels of this vast migration. By the sixties, five hundred heavily laden wagons sometimes passed Fort Kearney in a day. In six weeks in 1865 six thousand wagons, each with from one to four tons of freight, passed that point.

The height of prairie freighting was the period from 1850 to 1869; its climax was from 1850 to 1866. The floating population then on the Western plains was nearly 250,000. In 1865, over 21,000,000 pounds of freight were shipped from Atchison alone, requiring 4,917 wagons and 8,164 mules, 27,685 oxen, and 1,256 men.

The firms engaged in carrying freight were many; their men an army; their "cattle a host." One firm, Russell, Majors & Waddell, employed 6,250 big wagons and 75,000 oxen. This may give some faint idea of the mighty traffic in the early days when the frontier was a baby.

Train of Prairie Schooners.

The standard organization of such a train was twenty-five of the huge, long-geared "prairie schooners," flaring from the bottom upward, and sometimes seventeen feet long, with six feet depth of hold, and capacity of from 5,000 to 16,000 pounds each—each with six to twelve yoke of oxen.

The men of the outfit were a captain, or wagonmaster, his assistant, a night herder, a driver who had charge of the riding horses, and a driver for each wagon.

The ox-drivers were universally known as "bull whackers," and their beasts were "bull teams."

The huge "Conestoga," "Pittsburgh," or "Pennsylvania" wagons cost $800 to $1,500 each; mules, $500 to $1,000 a pair; harness, $300 to $600 to the ten-mule team—a total of $2,600 to $7,000 per wagon, besides salaries, provisions, and incidentals. A first-class freighting outfit on the plains, half a century ago, cost as much as an up-to-date vestibuled passenger-train of to-day

The largest train ever organized was that of General Custer, in his 1868 campaign. He had over 800 six-mule teams. Single file, they reached four miles.

The establishment of regular freight caravans from the Missouri River westward greatly reduced the cost of transportation and developed business and immigration. In the days of pack-trains, it was no uncommon thing to pay $1 per pound per 100 miles, or $20 per ton per mile. There have been regular tariffs much in excess of this, but this was common. Everything went by the pound. The trip took twenty-one days for wagons drawn by horses or mules; five weeks for ox-teams.

Records of the Pony Express.

The quickest time ever made across the continent, by the Butterfield stage line was twenty-one days. Its schedule for mail from New York to San Francisco was twenty-three days. The Pony Express more than cut this in half. Not only did it never once fail to span the transcontinental desert in ten days; it more than once surpassed any other courier record in history. Buchanan's last message was carried by it from St. Joe to Sacramento, 2,000 miles, in seven days and nineteen hours; and the news of Lincoln's election was carried 665 miles in two days, twenty-one hours. It hustled Lincoln's inaugural across the 2,000-mile gap in seven days and seventeen hours. This is still the world's record for despatch by means of men and horses.

There have been times when a railroad train could not reliably cross the continent as swiftly as did the best of the Centaur-Mercuries, organized by that typical frontiersman, Alex. Majors, who died about ten years ago.

In his youth, Majors made the broad-horn record on the Santa Fe Trail—a round trip—with oxen in ninety-two days. Later, he took up government contracts, and, in 1858, was using over 3,500 large wagons merely to transport government supplies into Utah, employing there 4,000 men, 1,000 mules, and more than 40,000 oxen.

When Holladay Was King.

Between Leavenworth and Denver, Majors had 1,000 mules and fifty coaches. The first of these "horse-power Pullmans" reached Denver May 17, 1859, six days for the 665-mile journey. Horace Greeley,

Henry Villard, and Albert D. Richardson were passengers. The Holladay & Liggett stage line from St. Joe to Salt Lake had, in 1858, frittered twenty-two days in its semi-monthly trips. Majors cut the 1,200-mile run to ten days, with a coach each way daily. The stage from Denver to Salt Lake had a run of over 600 miles without a single town, hamlet, or house on the way.

By 1859 there were no less than six mail routes to California, but Ben Holladay was king. No other one man, anywhere, has owned and managed a transportation system at once so vast and so difficult. He had sixteen first-class passenger-steamers plying the Pacific from San Francisco to Oregon, Panama, Japan, and China. At the height of his Overland business he operated nearly 5,000 miles of daily mail-stages, with about 500 freight wagons, 5,000 horses and mules, and a host of oxen.

On the main line, he used 2,750 horses and mules, and 100 Concord coaches. It cost $55,000 for the harness; the feed bill was $1,000,000 a year. To equip and run this line for the first twelve months cost $2,425,000. The government paid Holladay a million dollars a year in mail contracts. In 1864 grain was worth twenty-five cents a pound along the line, and hay up to $125 a ton. In one day Dave Street contracted, at St. Louis, for seven Missouri River steamers to load with corn for the Overland's army of mules and horses.

Ben Holladay was the Overland king for about five years, beginning in December, 1861. The Indian depredations of 1864-1866 greatly crippled his stage line, nearly all the stations for one hundred miles being burned, his stock stolen, and his men killed. The loss was upward of half a million. In November, 1866, he sold out the Overland stages to Wells, Fargo & Co., in whose hands the romantic enterprise continued till the railroads drove the stage from the plains forever.

Odd Happenings 75 Years Ago.

The year 1834 was an odd one in the railroad world, and here are some of the things that happened:

The directors of the Lake Erie and Mad River Railroad Company, meeting at Urbana, Ohio, announced their determination to build thirty miles of road the ensuing spring.

An advertisement of a house for sale in Maryland gave the location as "Ellicott's Mills, 13 miles from Baltimore upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where all cars to and from the West stop to breakfast and dine."

A letter of William H. Seward, Whig candidate for Governor of New York, "containing strong expressions of friendship for the New York and Erie Railroad," was incorporated into a political hand-bill and widely circulated as a campaign document. The Democrats denounced the letter and its author thusly: "In the north and along the canal, Seward is opposed to the railroad, which he represents as a rival work, designed to divert business from the canal; in the south, his letter is to gull the people into his support by his professions of friendship for their interest."

The New York papers containing the election results of "the city and vicinity" were placed in Philadelphia in five hours by the Camden and Amboy Railroad. The "extras" were taken by steamboat to Amboy, there transferred to the train, carried over the fifty-six miles of the road to Camden terminus, and finally loaded upon a horse, which brought up in the Quaker City. The speed on the railroad was about thirty miles an hour.

Car Fell Between Rails.

An accident that will puzzle modern railroad men befell "the locomotive engine Augusta, near Windsor, South Carolina, with a train of twenty cars, loaded with cotton, three of which were ahead of the locomotive and the remainder in the rear," says the report. "From some occurrence, the foremost freight-car fell in between the rails, and of course forcing the following two down with it. Before the locomotive could be possibly stopped, she was precipitated upon the freight-cars, and one loaded car immediately behind was drawn down. The engineer was fatally injured."

During the year ending October 1, 1834, 182,211 barrels of flour were announced as reaching Baltimore over the lines of the Ohio Railroad. It was predicted that "when the road is opened to Harper's Ferry, which will be in about a fortnight from this time, the supplies will receive a gradual but steady augmentation from the Shenandoah Valley."

During the same yearly period, the same

conveyance brought to Baltimore 801 hogsheads of tobacco, 522 tons of grain, 741 tons of meal, 160 tons of provisions, 23 tons of live stock, 130 tons of whisky, 7,723 tons of granite, 70 tons soapstone, 1,568 tons of paving-stone, 1,231 tons of lime and limestone, 997 tons of fire-wood, 114 tons of lumber, 244 tons of bark, 1,138 tons of ore, 1,518 tons of iron, 176 tons of leather, 457 tons of hardware, 15 tons of cotton goods, and 32 tons of paper.

A bill for the opening of a "continuous railroad from Philadelphia to New York" was reported in the New Jersey Legislature, on November 13, 1834.

Caught in the Rope!

An engineer lost his life through the explosion of the boiler of an engine that was "conveying a train of burthen-cars near Baltimore on its trial, under the management of its builder, preparatory to an acceptance on the part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad." Evidently the builder got disappointed about the acceptance.

One of the first violators on record of the "don't-alight-while-the-train-is-in-motion" rule was a citizen of Lowell, Massachusetts, who, in making his premature jump, "got entangled in the rope and fell across the rail."

A New Jersey newspaper computes the number of passengers carried during 1834 by the railroad of that State—the Camden and Amboy—at 150,000, against 40,000 of two years before.

"Indeed, during the last few weeks," said this journal, "the crowd traveling daily has been almost too great for comfort and convenience. In another year, a single line of railroad will be insufficient to transport the vast number of persons seeking transportation between New York and Philadelphia."

While laying the rails of civilization through the then unsafe territory between Washington and Baltimore, two pioneer superintendents of construction were "slain by robbers" eighteen miles outside the latter city.

$120 the Daily Earnings.

The opening of thirty-two of the proposed forty-two miles of the Boston and Worcester Railroad was celebrated with a banquet by the directors of the line. Cars were regularly running twice a day from Boston to Westboro, and it was estimated that $120 a day was realized from passengers and freight.

A detachment of militia left Baltimore for the scene of a railroad riot in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, on November 27, 1834.

Things were a little better a quarter of a century later, in 1859-1860.

The right to use steam within the Brooklyn city limits expiring in April, 1860, cars to be drawn by horses were ordered constructed for the Brooklyn Central Railroad Company line on Atlantic Street. It was proposed to extend the horse railroad to East New York, and then use steam to Jamaica.

A wandering ox caused the death of eleven persons and the injury of twenty-six in a railroad accident near Watertown, Wisconsin. The animal was crossing the track when caught by the cowcatcher of a passing train and carried a dozen rods, when it fell under the locomotive, which was traversing a bridge over a small creek. The locomotive was instantly precipitated into the creek, the baggage-car and five passenger-coaches following it.

Early Rescue from Cowcatcher.

That railroad men who from the cowcatchers of racing locomotives rescue careless children on the track, are not essentially present-day products, is attested by this item in a Pennsylvania newspaper:

"As one of the freight-trains coming east rounded a sharp curve near Barree Siding, a station about twelve miles west of Huntingdon, the engineer saw a small child sitting in the middle of the track, playing, unconscious of its danger. He instantly whistled down brakes and reversed his engine, but the weight of the train and the high speed at which it was running rendered it impossible to stop before reaching the child. In the emergency, when most men would have stood paralyzed with horror, Daniel McCoy, the conductor of the train, ran to the front of the engine, ran down onto the cowcatcher and, holding to it with one hand, leaned forward as far as possible, and when he approached the child, with a sweeping blow of his free arm threw it off the track. The train was immediately stopped, and on going back, the child was found lying at the foot of a small embankment

twenty feet from the track, but slightly stunned and bruised."

Under the headline, "Quick Time from Mobile," a New York journal says:

"We received yesterday (Saturday) afternoon files of the Mobile, Alabama, papers of Tuesday. These papers came over the Mobile and Ohio to Okolona, thence to Oxford, Cairo, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls, and Albany to New York 1,777 miles by railroad, 62 miles by stage, 25 miles by steamboat, a total distance of 1,863 miles, which was accomplished in 101 hours."

An Armed Posse.

Signs of trouble between Eastern and Western railroads were reported. Two New York roads withdrew from an agreement which fixed the winter passenger rate from New York to Cleveland at $14. The two dissenting roads made the fare $13—but a half dollar above the summer rate.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad sent an armed posse to Harper's Ferry, the scene of John Brown's capture a few months before, to guard the bridge and property of the company at that point.

The directors of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad announced that they were confident of the success of their projected work and were making every exertion to forward its commencement.

Southern planters were informed that they could send their cotton to the Atlantic seaboard by the Illinois Central and other railroads running east from Chicago, at a cost of $4 per bale, as against $5.25 per bale cost via New Orleans and the sea. It was also pointed out that the new rail routes were thrice as speedy as the old means of transportation.

The first train over the Victoria Bridge at Montreal carried several directors of the Grand Trunk Railroad and made the passage in twelve and a half minutes.

The case of George C. Bates against the Illinois Central Railroad in the United States Court, involving the right of the defendants to their depot property in Chicago, was decided in favor of the road. This was the second time the case was tried with the same result.

It was stated that the remaining three-fifths of the required quarter of a million dollars had been raised in Louisville for the Southern Pacific Railway and that Mr. Thompson's acceptance of the presidency and the immediate extension of the road was thereby assured.

Railroads Declared Ridiculous.

"As to those persons," said the *Quarterly Review*, of London, in 1825, "who speculate on making railways generally throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mails, and stage coaches, post chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance, by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. Every particular project must stand or fall by its own merits; and we are greatly mistaken if many of those which are already announced will not, when weighed in the balance, 'be found wanting.' The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine (or, to speak in plain English, the *steam-carriage*), may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. What, for instance, can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the following paragraph, in one of the published proposals of what we should call a hopeless project?"

The scheme here alluded to was laying down a railway between the metropolis and Woolwich, in which it was considered that "twice the velocity" of the coaches might be attained, combined with "greater safety." The anticipation that, by the agency of steam, travelers would some day proceed "at the rate of four hundred miles a day, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steamboat, but without the annoyance of sea sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned," called forth the indignation of the reviewer.

Four Hundred Miles a Day! Awful!

"But with all these assurances," he adds, "we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, *as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate.*"

A rumor that it was proposed to bring such a thing as a railroad within a dozen miles of a particular neighborhood, was sufficient to elicit an adverse petition to the British Parliament, and a subscription to oppose so fearful a nuisance. The London and Birmingham line was thus compelled to change its intended route through North-

ampton, and to keep at a respectful distance; lest, said some of the worthies of that town, the wool of the sheep should be injured by the smoke of the locomotives (though they burn coke); and, therefore—philanthropic souls!—they required that the purity of their fleeces should be preserved unsullied from the plutonic cloud, by giving the benefit of it to the farmers of Blisworth and its neighborhood. This argument is somewhat enriched by the remembrance of the fact that Northampton was chiefly known as a large boot and shoe manufactory.

Nor would those seats of learning, Oxford and Eton, permit the Great Western bill to pass, without the insertion of special clauses to prohibit the formation of any branch to Oxford, or of a station at Slough; while it was declared by the authorities of the school, that anybody acquainted with the nature of Eton boys would know that they could not be kept from the railway if it were allowed to be constructed.

When the directors subsequently attempted to infringe the conditions with which they had been bound, by only stopping to take up and set down passengers, proceedings were commenced against them in Chancery, and they were indicted.

He Hated the Word!

While one of the first railroads of Great Britain was being experimented, an army officer assured the House of Commons that "railways were dangerous and delusive speculations"; that "such schemes were dangerous, delusive, unsatisfactory, and, above all, unknown to the constitution of this country"; and that "he hated the very name of a railway—he hated it as he hated the devil."

When the London and Birmingham line was proposed, a whole chorus of voices shouted objections, or uttered withering sarcasms on the project. It was declared that it would be "a drag on the country"; that its works would soon be ruins for the antiquary to study; "and that every hill and valley between the two towns would behold falling arches and ruined viaducts."

Others declared that canals would soon attain such efficiency that railways would be superfluous; that the charge for transit by the canals would be far less than by their rivals, *and the speed very much greater.*

Medical men asserted that the tunnels would be peculiarly dangerous in producing colds, catarrhs, and consumption; and that the deafening peal, the fearful gloom, the clanking chains, the dismal glare of the locomotive, and a thousand other horrors, which they vividly depicted, were so alarming, that *such inventions ought to be utterly repudiated.*

But the people were not to be fooled by such cobweb ideas, and, in spite of all objections, the railroads began to find many promoters. These men, especially in England, pictured the possibility of get-rich-quick schemes that many people were going bankrupt to secure shares.

The Share Holders

"Every man of the present day," said a facetious writer seventy-five years ago, "is a holder of shares in a railway; that is, he has got some pieces of paper called scrip, entitling him to a certain proportionate part of a blue, red, or yellow line drawn across a map, and designated a railway. If the colored scratch runs from south to north, it is generally called a Trunk-line; if it 'turns about and wheels about' in all directions, leading to nowhere on its own account, but interfering with every railway that does, ten to one but it is a Grand Junction; and if it lies at full length along the shore, it is a Coast Line. Trunk-lines are generally the best, because the word trunk naturally connects itself in the mind of the public with the idea of luggage, and a good deal of traffic is consequently relied upon. Grand Junctions are good speculations, as troublesome customers, likely to be bought off by larger concerns, which would consider them a nuisance; and as street nuisances generally expect a consideration for moving on, a Grand Junction may ask a good price for taking itself off from an old established company."

One of the earliest writers had this to say about engineers. The italics are ours.

"The duties devolving upon the engine-driver are very peculiar and important. It is not merely that he has to regulate the working of an elaborate and costly machine, and to remember as a general *maxim,* that accidents are to be avoided; but he has to be perfectly calm under circumstances always trying—to act with decision under exigencies which may arise at any moment—to discover expedients in unexpected difficulties—and, as an incentive to the discharge

of these duties, he has to remember, not only that valuable property is under his care, but that often very many lives are entrusted to him; while, should any inadvertency arise, his own would be the first to be sacrificed.

Thirty Miles an Hour!!!

"While the train rushes forward, whether on the brink of some lofty embankment—over the seemingly frail fabric of the wooden bridge—beneath the earthy walls of the cutting, or within the bosom of the embankment, there stands the driver with his assistant, and as the hand of the former rests on the governor of the engine, he regulates the agency by which he is borne along.

"When we are seated by the rosy Christmas fire, and hear the sleet rattling against the window, or when the freezing blast howls, eager for entrance round the dwelling in which the family group is collected, we sometimes think of the hardy sailor, who rides the stormy ocean; but the railway engine-driver is often forgotten.

"Yet, his position is truly remarkable. Even on a bright sunshiny day, and at a moderate speed, the work is not for those who have very delicate nerves. The writer has tried it, and found *thirty miles an hour* to be *no despicable rate of travel;* for as he rushed on he began in some measure to realize the statement of the sailor, who affirmed that he was once in a gale of wind, in which it blew so strongly that a man who happened to yawn with his face to windward was obliged to turn round to leeward before he could close his jaws.

Best View from Tender.

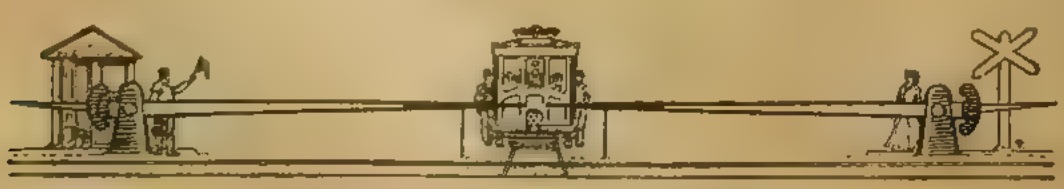
"The writer ascertained also, that merely standing on the engine was not an easy position, and required some practise to be habituated to it; and hence, on more than one occasion, a seat on a chest on the *top of the tender* has been found to be preferable, while from the summits of embankments it afforded an admirable opportunity of *surveying the surrounding scenery,* from which the 'inhabitants' of carriages are debarred. But to see the engine-driver, when enduring the cold that is produced in winter by evaporation from his drenched clothes, or, as the gale sweeps over the land in *one direction,* and he dashes through it at the rate of thirty miles an hour in the *other,* is to witness a strange struggle.

"Yet on he goes—the fearful responsibility under which he is placed keeping his attention undiminished, whether by day or amid the blackness of a wintry night—rushing down steep gradients, backed by perhaps thirty passenger-carriages, each weighing, on an average, *five tons and a half* skimming along the summits of the loftiest embankments, and on the edge of precipices, at the foot of which roll the broad and heaving billows of the ocean—or penetrating tunnels, whose darkness can scarcely be distinguished from the impenetrable gloom by which he is elsewhere surrounded—and searching with straining eye-*ball* for the signal that tells him he may proceed, or the gleaming blood-red light that forewarns him instantly to stay his course under peril of immediate and utter destruction.

Without Embarrassment.

"If an engine could go, *without any embarrassment,* through the *fourteen-inch wall* of a Camden engine-depot, as has been twice the case; if, in an ordinary accident happening to a luggage-train near Loughborough, the wagons overrode each other till the uppermost one was piled forty feet above the rails; if a train often has a momentum equal to that of a cannon-ball flying through the air, of some ten or twenty tons' weight; then a train like that described would pass through a row of houses, if placed in its way, like a musket-ball through a keg of butter; while, if directed by any accident against solid rock, such as is sometimes to be seen at the entrance of a tunnel, the result would be too fearful to conjecture. But we need entertain no morbid anticipation of such catastrophes."

Our forefathers saw wonderful things. But what can equal the notice posted in a Maine station in 1838, stating the "Boston Express would depart at two o'clock in the afternoon, *weather permitting!*"



SCALES THAT WEIGHED NOT.

BY SUMNER LUCAS.

A Story of a Million Dollars, a Coffin, a Red-Headed Lawyer, and a Thief.

IT was raining that night in Chicago when an automobile rolled up to the station a few moments before train time and three men alighted and hurried to the express-car.

All wore long rain-proof coats buttoned tight. They had pulled down their hat brims to keep the driving drops out of their faces. One man walked rapidly ahead carrying a suit case, and close behind him came the other two with their hands in their pockets on large caliber pistols.

In the suit-case was $1,000,000 in cash for a bank in a certain Western city.

That bank needed the money in a hurry—needed it desperately—for a line of frantic depositors, three blocks long, had besieged its doors for three days crying for their money.

The money was taken to the express-car and locked in the safe by the messenger, Jim Harrison. He did not know what was in the suit-case, and the three men did not think it necessary to tell him. They merely told him to lock it in the safe, and then handed him a ten dollar-bill on general principles.

Then they betook themselves to the sleeper. Soon after the train pulled out, they turned in for the night.

No one but the bank officials in Chicago and the three men in the sleeper knew what was in the suit-case, so this method of carrying money was thought by them to be the best way and the safest.

In the safe were also several shipments of currency, one in particular for $50,000 that another bank in the same town had ordered by telegraph as a precautionary measure. It had given the widest possible publicity to this shipment.

As the automobile pulled away from the station an undertaker's black wagon drove up hurriedly, its wet sides shining in the electric lights.

The burden taken from that wagon caused men to raise their hats even in the pouring rain. It was a coffin in a wooden box, consigned to St. Louis. It was placed in the same baggage-express car.

Accompanying the body was J. C. Jackson, a wealthy Chicago grain broker.

As Mr. Jackson entered the sleeper, he shook hands with two of the men who were the custodians of the money. The men said nothing—they were friends in a way—and all Chicago knew of the death two days before of Mr. Jackson's mother, and also knew that he was taking her body to St. Louis to place it in the family vault.

The train pulled out through the wet dismal night and silence brooded along the rails except for the jar and jolt and the occasional whistle of the engine which sounded into the very heart of the sleepless men back in the sleeper.

At daylight the Western city where the bank was located, showed through the dripping car windows and the three bankers, Cashier Morrison, and Mead and Smith of the Chicago bank, left the train and went forward to the express car.

Then came a thunder shock. The suit case containing $1,000,000 was gone! Gone also was all the other currency in the safe. Gone also was the messenger. There was nothing in the car but ordinary express matter, baggage, and the lone coffin in its wooden box.

This, in a nut-shell, is what Ruggles had to work on when the case was laid before him an hour later by the three bankers.

Mr. Jackson went on to St. Louis and

placed the coffin, now taken from the wooden box, in the vaults of the family undertaker until the funeral, which would take place the next day at three o'clock.

Before Mr. Jackson left the undertaker's parlors, he took one fleeting glance at the cold gray face under its waves of white hair through the glass of the coffin.

"That fool messenger has tried to get away with that money. He is an idiot. He will be caught before night, but how about the bank, meanwhile? What a fool! What a fool!" said Cashier Morrison, excitedly, while Ruggles, one of the sharpest young lawyers in Missouri, scratched his wiry red hair and twisted his long thin legs.

"There is nothing to be done till we get the messenger," he said quietly. "I think it will come out all right, probably before noon. Don't worry."

"Don't worry, man! That's very easy for you to say! It is not your money!" hotly replied the cashier, while the other two stood dumb and hopeless.

The loss was on Morrison, and it was little of their affair as they had come along merely as confidential guards. Still they were eager, also, to see the thief caught!

"No. It's not my money. You are quite right," said Ruggles. "But I happen to have every cent I have on earth in your bank and if it fails I will be financially ruined. So we are in the same boat.

"Hallo, my boy! What news?" he added, as a messenger handed Morrison a telegram.

Morrison read it at a glance, then yelled: "They've got him! They've got him! Caught him in his own home right here in town. Hurry! Let's get to police headquarters. It is only six o'clock and we have four hours yet till the bank opens!" The four men, Morrison, Mead, Smith and Ruggles, went to police headquarters. Here they found the messenger, Jim Harrison, wild-eyed and dazed, shivering with fright.

Morrison would have leaped upon him with clutching fingers but for the restraining hand of the chief of police.

"Give me that money! Give me that money! Give me that money!" gasped Morrison as he struggled with the chief and glared at the shrinking messenger.

"All of you please leave the room for a moment," said Ruggles quietly. The chief insisted, and Ruggles and the messenger were alone.

"How about it, my boy?" asked Ruggles. "Have a cigar? Oh, yes. Better take one. That's right. Now tell me all about it."

Messenger Harrison looked at Ruggles for several moments like a frightened girl, then calmed down as Ruggles continued to smoke slowly and to look out the window.

"There—there is—nothing to tell," Harrison ventured in a choking voice. "I—I made—I made my run as usual; and when we were just pulling in here, I saw that the money was gone, also that suit-case those men gave me—"

"What was in it?" asked Ruggles, casually.

"I—I don't know. I was talking about the money. That is gone. It was there only a little while before. So I don't remember much clearly after that. I know I unfastened the door and jumped out as we slowed up; and I remember being home; then they came and got me," halted the messenger.

"You unfastened the door of the car? Was the money there at your last stop?" questioned Ruggles, easily.

"Yes. It was all there. I looked to see after we pulled out from the last stop and everything was all right. There was no one else in the car. That is what frightened me so. Nobody but a—a—gh—*ghost* could have done it—you know—oh!" the messenger collapsed in a faint.

It took the police surgeon half an hour to bring Morrison out of his faint.

"The unhung thief! He'll be lynched when the news gets out!" raged Cashier Morrison.

"The news won't get out. You keep still if you hope to get that money back. Not a whisper, remember, to any one. That boy did not take it. He is telling the truth," said Ruggles, then he related to the others what the messenger had told him. Morrison at first scoffed angrily, but as the others seemed doubtful, he slowly quieted down and assumed a puzzled expression.

"If you'll leave this matter to me," said Ruggles, "I'll get the money and the thief, but just when I cannot say. You gentlemen attend to raising more money for the bank. You have three hours yet and there is a good machine at the door that can do seventy miles an hour. One hundred thousand dollars will hold off the run to-day if you pay out slowly from one cage, and meanwhile you can get more money from Chicago."

Then Ruggles went to breakfast while

the other three acted on his suggestion about raising the money at a nearby city to tide over the day. Eventually the bank was saved. About noon that day, the run suddenly melted away. The messenger was kept locked up under the care of three physicians, nobody was allowed to see him save Ruggles—and Ruggles did not go near him.

That morning about two hours later, Ruggles took a small suction carpet sweeper and went in an automobile to the yards where the express car was side-tracked.

The contents had been transferred to another car, as the car always ended its western run, making the return run from that point to Chicago.

Ruggles, with his own hands, carefully swept the floor, the inside of the safe, and everything else in the car. Then he placed these sweepings in a bottle which he sealed and labeled.

This done, he picked up a part of a plug of chewing tobacco, looked at it for a minute, smiled, carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief, put it in his pocket, and returned to his office.

On the way he stopped at Harrison's home and after a search of the messenger's room, he took a sheet off the bed, cut a hole in it the size of his two hands, and used the bit of cloth to wrap up several pieces of dried chewing gum he found in the waste paper basket.

Mrs. Harrison, the messenger's young wife was too worried over her husband's apparent trouble to notice Ruggles's absent-minded way of getting a piece of cloth in which to wrap the gum when he might have used a piece of paper just as well.

However, Ruggles did see the messenger once more that day. He called about noon to ask about his health and to bring him some fruit, a few cigars and some chewing gum.

"Thank you," murmured Harrison, "I don't use tobacco. But I'll take the gum."

Ruggles stalked from the police station in a brown study. Then he turned back and again questioned Harrison:

"Did you for a single moment leave the safe between the last stop and the stop here?" he asked.

"Why—er—no. Yes, I did, too. I was in the wash-room for, perhaps, ten minutes getting cleaned up as we were running in," the messenger remembered.

"That boy is telling the truth," muttered Ruggles to himself. "The thief was in that coffin. I'm going to St. Louis." Ruggles did go to St. Louis. He called on Mr. Jackson and delicately made the request to see that the body in the coffin was really a corpse. Mr. Jackson was inclined to be indignant, but a natural worry led him to accompany Ruggles to the undertaker. There they looked at the thin gray face under the white hair of Mr. Jackson's dead mother.

The dead was left alone in the undertaker's room with other silent dead, and Ruggles left St. Louis sadly puzzled.

He returned to his home city, and was sitting moodily in his office by nightfall.

"Let's see," muttered Ruggles, time after time, "perhaps Morrison and the messenger stood in with each other and are working a game. I don't like the excessive way Morrison has of wanting to caress the messenger every time he sees him, by trying to choke him to death. Looks a bit over done.

"Then, too, how do I know if there was a million in that suit case? Have only the word of three men for it, and they might steal it between them, with the messenger's aid. But there is the other $50,000 package. That is gone also.

"Harrison says he is sure the car was empty, except for himself, at the last stop; that the doors were fastened tight from the inside till he himself undid them to get out before the train stopped as it pulled in here.

"Jackson and his dead mother are above suspicion, for I've seen the old lady's face myself. Well, it will all come out in the wash, for it is a scientific impossibility to maintain a lie indefinitely, either verbal or acted." Then Ruggles went to sleep.

The next day he took the train for Chicago. With the aid of the police and liberal use of tips he secured a record of all the jewelry, fur, and automobile sales for that day—and for every day to come until he was done with such information. At two o'clock that day he received a telegram from the railroad authorities saying that three pieces of hand baggage were also missing from the express-baggage car. The owners had presented checks for them, but the baggage was not in sight.

Again that night Ruggles sat long lost in thought. Finally he shook his red head, and went to bed. Next morning, on looking over the paper, he read that the funeral of Mrs. Jackson had been postponed for two days because the ship on which her daugh-

ter was expected from Europe had been delayed one day in reaching New York because of an accident to the engines.

Then he took up the list of the sales—telephoned to the police as soon as made—and centered his attention on three in particular.

"Ten thousand dollars worth of diamonds, dark man, small, looks like Italian, speaks with accent. Seal skin cloak, seal-skin overcoat, silver gray fox muff, nine hundred and fifty dollars. Also small dark chap with an accent, and a woman with him this time. And what's this? French car, twelve thousand dollars, to the same chap! My dear sir, I'm sorry to annoy you but we'll have to find where you got all that money. Maybe you are all right—and maybe not. We'll see."

With a search warrant, Ruggles and three officers in plain clothes suddenly swooped down on the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. P. Jaun Románda in one of the best of Chicago's hotels.

They found only quantities of expensive clothing, furs, new baggage and cigars.

However, Ruggles took with him the lower sheet from the bed. In the pocket of a sweater he found a small metal tobacco tag. From the piece of the plug he had found in the express car, the tag had been extracted. The find fitted the place exactly.

"I'd give a dollar for a look at that chap's teeth," Ruggles remarked to himself, but to the officers he said nothing. "A million is a whole lot of money, and if these fly cops know too much they may sell out to the other side."

Then he said to the officers, "There is nothing doing here. Let's go. Sort of a wild goose chase. Call it off and forget it."

Ruggles went straight to his hotel and was alone for two hours. At the end of that time, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he telegraphed to his home city to the chief of police:

> Quietly search town and see if a small, dark Italian has been seen there since the robbery. Also locate his room and seal it tight till I get there. Keep Harrison alone.
>
> RUGGLES.

Then he swore out a warrant for the arrest of one John Doe, alias P. Jaun Romanda. Within an hour that sputtering little game-cock and his wife, were in separate cells in Chicago police headquarters. Romanda, however, had the best lawyers that money could hire, and was soon free.

His freedom lasted five minutes only. He was rearrested by the United States officials as a European criminal who had no right in the United States. This charge held fast in spite of lawyers and ready money, yet Romanda demanded a hearing and promptly got it next day.

He demanded to know the evidence that connected him with the express robbery.

Ruggles laid it on the table in the shape of several pieces of cloth and some small bottles.

"If your honor, or any one whom your honor will appoint, will examine these pieces of cloth he will see on them scales from the human skin. I have here a microscope of ten thousand power. I also have a sample of the dust taken from the express car, from the room this man occupied in this city, from a room he occupied in the city where the robbery was discovered—when he was operating under a false name—and I have also a sample of the dust taken from the attic of the home of Mr. Jackson. The samples all show the same scales from human skin.

"Of course there are many other scales from other human skins, but the scales from this man Romanda's skin are in all the bottles and on all the pieces of cloth.

"We have looked up his record by cable, and we find that he is one of the cleverest convicts that ever escaped from an Italian prison. He is a cabinet-maker by trade, and the son of a wig-maker. He is small in person, you notice, and is highly educated in science.

"In his rooms I found this old sweater, which is the one he wore on the day of the robbery. There are shreds of black silk on it. These traces of silk you may see for yourself under the microscope, your honor. They are the same kind of silk that coffin makers use to line coffins. The coffin in which was supposed to be the body of Mrs. Jackson, really contained this criminal. It was his method to get into the express car."

"Your honor! I protest against any such nonsense being given in this court as evidence against my client, Mr. Romanda. It is utterly idiotic! A man could not live ten minutes in a coffin with the lid screwed down, and that coffin was inside a strong plank box with the top fastened down with screws! It is absurd, your honor!" thundered the lawyer for the Italian.

"How about that, Mr. Ruggles? The coffin was not disturbed apparently, and you

do not claim that this man had any accomplices, do you?" asked the judge.

"No, sir," answered Ruggles, calmly. "As I have said, this man is a cabinet-maker. We expect to show how he entered the house of Mr. Jackson the night before the body of the old lady was shipped, how he tampered with the clasps of the coffin so that even if the lid was screwed down tight it could be lifted from within, clamps, screws and all in one piece.

"We also expect to show how this man very cleverly bored holes in the outer box just where the screws would go that held down the lid, and how he inserted corks in these same holes, the corks being concealed by a thin shaving of wood glued down. In other words, when the coffin lid had been screwed down tight, and when the coffin had been put in the box, and the lid screwed down tight, both lids could be lifted off by a live person inside the coffin. And that is just what he did.

"The body of Mrs. Jackson never left Chicago, and we found it last night concealed in the attic of Mr. Jackson's home. The head was shaved, also the eyebrows and eyelashes, and a wax cast had been taken of the face and throat. We even found the brushes he used to paint his wax face.

"We have located the store where these were bought this week in this city. We have witnesses who recognize this Italian as the man who bought them. He was wearing this sweater at the time. Also, he was short of money during the past month he has been in Chicago, till three days ago. Since then, he suddenly has thousands to spend. We expect to prove—"

"Just a moment, please, Mr. Ruggles," interrupted Romanda's lawyer. "Can I and my client have a short private talk with you—with the court's permission, of course, your honor?"

The judge was willing. Ruggles, Romanda and his lawyer were taken to a private room.

Romanda confessed. He told where the suit case with its $1,000,000 was hidden in a certain safety deposit vault in Chicago, and with it the package for $50,000.

Some $30,000 already spent for jewels, furs, and automobiles, which were returned to the dealers and the money regained from them, was not in the box, but all else was there and safe.

The Italian took a twenty-year sentence for robbery in America rather than go back to Italy and face death for killing two prison guards.

"I hear about the fifty-thousand dollars," Romanda said during his confession. "I hear about the death of Mrs. Jackson and I hear they ship body in same car. I find that out. I plan to get in coffin and at right time get out and kill messenger, take fifty thousand dollars and jump off. I make entrance to Jackson house. I steal body in night and take it to attic. I shave head, make wax face, put on hair and dress. I fix coffin and box lids. I get inside with oxygen in metal case to breathe by, like coal miner. I put wax mask over my face. I breathe oxygen when lid is screwed down, but only for half an hour going to the train. I also have with me a small steel jack-screw to raise lids. I do so on train and watch messenger all night through crack under lid of coffin box. He go in wash room. I get out of coffin, put in three pieces of baggage to give weight, arrange wax mask again and fasten down lids. Then I take suit case and money package. I know money in package, but have no time to see what is in suit-case—but I take it anyhow. I hide behind trunk."

"But how did you get out of the car?" Ruggles asked him.

"Messenger go from wash-room to safe. Look in. Go crazy. Look all around very quick. Look at coffin, open car door and jump off. I jump off too, in few minutes. Train is beginning to stop. I walk up street like any passenger, and take room in small hotel. Then come to Chicago. No hide No one suspect me there. Look everywhere but under their nose," and Romanda laughed scornfully.

Then Ruggles sent this telegram:

Release Harrison. Money found.
RUGGLES

In telling the story, Ruggles said:

"The scales from no two human skins are alike. The method I used was like following a fox that had stolen a chicken, I merely looked for feathers and fox hairs when the tracks failed to show. As soon as I had compared that sheet from Romanda's bed with the dust in the express car and safe, I knew I had the right man. The rest was merely a matter of detail. That man's fate balanced in scales too small for the unaided human eye to see, but the microscope made them clear."

The Spree of Old 7269.

BY E. C. HOPWOOD.

An Ohio Locomotive, with All Its Energy Behind Its Mighty Drivers and No Hand to Hold It in Check, Careers on a Mad Joy-Ride.

OF all the adventures with wild engines that railroad men of the Middle West recall, there is none more thrilling than the runaway of the 7269. Cut loose from its passenger train in a collision at a crossover, its engineer and fireman hurled to the ground, the heavy locomotive ran for miles through the network of railway tracks in the heart of Youngstown, imperilling lives and property, until it was halted by a switch-engine that inadvertently happened to be in its way.

It was a few moments before 7.30 o'clock at night when the first of the series of remarkable accidents occurred. Westbound Pennsylvania passenger-train No. 215 was waiting for its signal to proceed at what is known as the Crab Creek crossing of the Erie Railroad, a short distance east of the city. At this point the tracks of the Erie, the Pennsylvania and the B. and O. interlace, and there is no little confusion of tracks, switches and crossovers. An engineer named Cummings was in charge of the 7269 which was pulling the passenger-train.

No Time to Stop.

Cummings received his signal to go ahead and the heavy train moved down to the crossover. It was running perhaps fifteen miles an hour when it reached the Erie tracks.

Just as No. 215 was squarely on the crossover, a drag of cars was pushed out of the Bessemer yard of the Republic Steel Company. It struck the passenger-train between engine and tender, cut the coupling and hurled Engineer Cummings and his fireman to the ground before they had time to stop their engine. The rest of the train came to a sudden standstill, but the great locomotive sped on down the track, with no man's hand to control it. The shock of the collision had thrown the throttle wide open, and with every turn of her drivers the old 7269 went faster and faster. There was no longer a heavy train to hold her back or the steady hand of Cummings to turn her power to service rather than destruction.

Into the City's Heart.

Scattered here and there in the yards, scores of men were at work and shifting engines were busy on the sidings. With hot coals glowing through the cracks in the fire-box, which had been broken by the force of the collision, and a cloud of sparks pouring from its stack, the runaway engine dashed through the yards. The men on the shifting engines could only cling to their seats and hope that the track was clear, while those on foot scattered wherever they could for safety.

Workers in the steel mills which line the right-of-way at that point heard the unfamiliar roar of the runaway and ran to the fences. They caught a glimpse of a swaying engine, obscured by a cloud of hissing steam and spouting fire, but even before they could make out what had happened, it was out of their range of vision and rushing straight into the heart of Youngstown.

Under the Market Street viaduct which

crosses the tracks the wild locomotive dashed at a terrific rate, witnesses of the engine's escapade estimating its speed at from seventy to ninety miles an hour, though it is probable that the lesser of these estimates is somewhat exaggerated.

When the engine passed beneath the viaduct, it was rocking violently and seemed to be in danger of jumping the track. It was here that the cab, loosened by the shock of the collision and the constant swaying, was shaken off and fell in a heap beside the track. As it did so it jerked back the whistle-cord and a shrill, uncanny scream rang out until the rope parted. A horse and buggy were on the Spring Common crossing and a crowded street-car had stopped but a few yards from the track, when, with a roar and a flash the runaway engine shot by. It missed the horse and buggy by a few inches, and it was a mere chance that the car was not on the crossing at the time.

A Freight Ahead.

The usual evening crowd had gathered at the Pennsylvania depot to await the arrival of train No. 215. About the time it was due they were amazed to see the 7269 bearing down upon them, breaking all running-rules of the Youngstown yards. The headlight was swaying from side to side, and steam hissed from the battered boiler, as the heavy locomotive took the curve at the station, her drivers biting into the rails and throwing out a steady stream of sparks.

Though it had not been many minutes since the passenger-train was cut in two at the Crab Creek crossing, messages were flashing all along the line for every one to look out for the runaway. One of these came to Telegraph Operator Ormsby in the B-Y tower at Mosier, in the outskirts of Youngstown and sent the color flying from his face. A freight-train had just passed the tower, and Ormsby knew that unless the wild locomotive was stopped the caboose of the freight-train would be telescoped and the crew would in all likelihood be killed or injured.

He ran from his office to a switch leading from the main line to a cinder dock along the river, and with all the speed at his command he threw the lever that would either dump 7269 into the river or hurl her from the track.

The runaway engine never reached the switch, however. At the Austintown crossing a yard engine was leaving the upper Carnegie mills with a drag of cars, similar to the one which had turned loose the 7269 on her wild career. The switchman was in his shanty watching for number 215 which was about due and had the semaphore set for the switch-engine to clear the crossing, when suddenly he saw the locomotive come staggering down the track.

If Engineer Cummings's hand had been at the throttle, the block would have served its purpose. To old 7269, however, it meant nothing. She shot past the block and the switch shanty and crashed into the switching engine with a roar that Operator Ormsby heard as he stood sweating at his switch at the B Y tower.

The yard engine was struck in the side, hurled from the track a distance of forty feet and turned half around. The engineer and firemen were thrown from their engine by the shock, but neither was fatally hurt. Old 7269 jumped the track, righted herself, and, running a short distance along the ground, stopped within twenty feet of the yard engine she had wrecked.

The switchman had run out of his shanty and was not thirty yards away when the locomotives came together. Showers of gravel and fragments of iron fell all about him, and he was knocked down by a heavy piece of packing from one of the boilers, but escaped with but a few slight injuries.

Called for His Engine.

The crowd of men and boys who had been attracted by the news of the first accident, found Engineer Cummings cut and bleeding, running uncertainly down the track after his runaway locomotive. He was crazed for the moment and called continually for his engine. After he had been cared for at the hospital and his mind had cleared he said that he was conscious of but one thought after the crash at the Crab Creek crossing, and that was to get to his engine and stop her at any cost.

Thus the "Spree of Old 7269," as railroad men call it, terminated more fortunately than might have been expected. How it was possible for the great engine to make such a run through the maze of tracks and yards of a busy railway city without the sacrifice of a single human life, those who are familiar with the accident find it hard to explain.

THE AERIAL MAIL.

BY LYDIA M. DUNHAM O'NEIL.

Surly Simmons Declared that "Old Black Lulu" Was the Only Thing on Wheels — and He Meant It.

"BY and by, Surly, they won't need you nor your Lulu any more. They'll have air-ships to carry the mail an' express, an' then it's 'Old Black Lulu' to the scrap-shop an' you to Highland Park, Surly Simmons. An' I'll be sittin' in one o' them air ships, all dressed up in goggles an' gloves an' things, steerin' the aerial mail an' lookin' tony. Aw, say now, Surly! That bolt like to clip me on the head. Don't be so reckless, throwin' things around like that. As I was sayin'—"

"Shut up, you thick-head, you! You couldn't steer a hand-car. An' there won't be no aerial mails in my time, cub. Let em run all they like when I'm under the sod—but not in my time."

But Surly was perceptibly disturbed by the idle banter to which he was being subjected daily. "Old Black Lulu," officially known as Engine 1448, was his darling. He abhorred electric locomotives, automobiles, gasoline launches, air-ships — anything and everything that was not run by steam-power.

"Old Black Lulu" was good enough for him, he said. "Old Black Lulu" and the "drag" of express and mail cars she carried were good enough for anybody.

Simmons did not know that the big trunk-line was already contemplating the building of a few air-ships for the purpose of conveying mail and express, or his mind would have been still more troubled. It was rumored that the Continental Air-ship Company was in the process of formation, and a continental air-ship line would mean more speedy delivery of mail and express, cheaper rates, and, therefore, considerable pecuniary loss to the railroad company. This threatened competition must be met and defeated; so, while Simmons growled and swore, the railroad company planned and experimented.

By and by there came a young Englishman from the other side of the Atlantic, with a little money in his pocket and a grim determination to earn more — much more. By night he dreamed of cogs and wheels and screws and propellers and dynamos and ohms and volts and the wings of birds; by day he worked on these dreams and made them come true.

He didn't want to become famous; he wanted to marry. But he hadn't sufficient money, and no influential friends.

One day his dreams and his labor came to an end. That was the day that his small model of the Fenimore-Stokes air-ship was finished, tested, and found perfect.

Then Fate brought him into contact with Hendricks, the recently elected president of the Never-Mind-What Railroad Company. Hendricks wanted an air-ship, and Fenimore-Stokes wanted money. Each supplied the other's demand. Fenimore-Stokes sold his patent outright, and went home to Merrie England and his sweetheart.

Hendricks went his way, rejoicing in the knowledge that he had secured the means to combat the Continental Air-ship Company, which was still non-existent.

The Never-Mind-What Company built two large air-ships after the pattern of the Fenimore-Stokes model, and then hastened to build more, because, firstly, the Continental Air-ship line had become a reality; and, secondly, because of two daring mail and express robberies, which occurred only four or five weeks apart and defied solution.

Five mail-clerks and three express-messengers had been found dead in their cars, with their skulls crushed. A sixth mail-

clerk died without regaining consciousness, and a fourth express-messenger became so hopelessly insane that no clue could be obtained from his confused, incoherent speech.

All the most valuable express packages were missing, boxes broken open, and safes dynamited. In the mail-cars not one registered letter or parcel had been overlooked. In both instances, No. 3—drawn by "Old Black Lulu," with Surly Simmons at the throttle—was the train selected by the marauders. It hurt Simmons more than any one knew, but that did not mend matters.

The N.-M.-W. Company decided then to convey express and mail by means of the Fenimore-Stokes air-ships; so they broke a bottle of wine over the gray metal body of the first man-made bird and christened her the "Registered Mail." The second they named the "Chicago Express."

When he heard of it Surly Simmons broke two bottles of wine over "Lulu's" black nose, saying to her: "If you ain't worth two o' them flying-machines, then you can't run two miles in four minutes."

"Lulu" assuredly could run two miles in four minutes; but she sighed, nevertheless, and her iron heart throbbed convulsively.

The "Registered Mail" made three trial trips between her terminals—New York and a town half-way between the Eastern and Western coasts—safely and speedily. On the fourth day she started West with her first cargo of express and registered mail at the rate of three hundred miles an hour.

Only recently had the air-ship been utilized for practical business purposes, and heretofore two hundred miles an hour had been the maximum average speed attained. In the matter of speed, as well as safety and simplicity, the Fenimore-Stokes model had proven superior to all competitors. The aviator in charge of the "Registered Mail" boldly asserted that the ship was capable of twice the speed at which she was permitted to travel, but the N.-M.-W. Company was content with three hundred miles an hour—content to run two daily air-ships—the "Mail" and the "Chicago Express."

Side by side stood "Old Black Lulu" and the "Registered Mail." Side by side stood President Hendricks and Engineman Simmons. The old engineer was no longer surly, but sad. He spoke in a voice half choked with sobs:

"Your pa wouldn't 'a' done it, Mr. Hendricks. Your pa was a railroad man from 'way-back, an' he wouldn't 'a' done it. You can fire me for that if you like. It's said, an' I ain't a goin' to take it back."

His intense sadness and resentment were almost comic. Hendricks laughed a little and tried to "jolly" the old engineer, but Simmons was in no mood for jesting.

He turned away, oiled the 1448, wiped her carefully with a handful of clean waste, and polished her as vigorously and unconcernedly as if the "Registered Mail" were no more than a summer shower.

But Hendricks heard him murmur once or twice: "They don't want us any more, 'Lulu.' They don't want us any more."

By and by Simmons walked over to the air-ship and examined her carefully. "No chance of a break-down, I s'pose?" he queried hopefully.

"No chance whatever," smilingly answered the aviator. Simmons looked about to see if there was anything with which he could tamper—a bolt he could loosen, or a screw he could remove, but there was nothing. Besides, he would have been detected.

"'Lectricity, too," he growled. "Gasoline was bad enough, but 'lectricity!"

He turned away, and climbed into the cab of the 1448. He carried baggage and passenger-coaches for the first time in many years, and a feeling of shame stole over him as he gazed at "Old Black Lulu" and the string of cars behind her.

It had all come so "sudden-like." Only a few days ago, it seemed, air-ships were only toys at which he had laughed. Yet one of those toys had supplanted his "Lulu"—and there she stood, flaunting her triumph in his face—the blue-gray hulk three times as large as the largest car he had ever hauled and carrying his precious freight—his express parcels—his registered mail!

"Old Black Lulu's" days of glory were over—and so were his! Alas, how bitter!

No. 3 counted off the miles as she always had. "Old Black Lulu" puffed and whistled, and clicked, and pounded over the frogs, just as she always had—and, by and by, she started to sing a crazy little song of her own composing:

They don't—want me—any more—
They don't—want me—any more—

Simmons heard and understood—and answered:

"You're right, old girl. They don't want you any more. 'Lulu' to the scrap-shop, an' me to Highland Park."

In a short time they passed the ninetieth mile-post, and Simmons began to look for the "Registered Mail." Somewhere along the line she would cross the N.-M.-W. tracks, headed directly West. She had no signals to heed as "Lulu" had, no curves to take, or hills to climb; she had it so easy—all plain sailing for her.

She would cross the N.-M.-W. tracks at the bridge, and sail away out of sight before No. 3 could—

"The devil!" The captain, or motorman, or whatever he called himself, had told him there was no possible chance of a break-down, and yet—

The "Registered Mail" was wabbling—swaying—swinging! She was going to drop! Some one had blundered. Simmons was not the man to let a golden opportunity pass. Not he! Swiftly he calculated the distance to the point where the "Registered Mail" would fall, and swiftly he jerked the throttle open wide. Then he "hooked her up"—gave her "the short stroke," and she responded.

"'Lulu!' 'Lulu'!" he cried. "You go to do it, old girl! Work hard now—hard, hard, hard! 'Lulu,' old girl, do your blamedest! Go it, 'Lulu'!"

The short stroke won the day for "Old Black Lulu."

Simmons leaned out of the window and watched the air-ship anxiously.

Down—down—down it dropped, and "Old Black Lulu" plowed into its shiny body just as it struck the bridge. They plunged into the river together—the "Registered Mail" and her crew, and "Old Black Lulu," with part of her "drag." Simmons still sat on the leather-cushioned seat, his greasy, sullen face transfigured by a triumphant smile.

"Old Black Lulu" was never sent to the scrap-shop. She lies there, at the river-bottom, still "hooked up," covered with mud and victory. And Surly Simmons never went to Highland Park, for he lived just long enough to say:

"They can run all the aerial mails they like when I'm under the sod—but—not in—my time. No. 'Lulu'—old girl—not—in our time."

PRESERVING TIES WITH CREOSOTE.

IT is interesting to note the increasing use of creosote for treating ties in this country. The process now largely in use is the Rueping method, commonly known as "empty cell impregnation" whereby it is expected that a uniform distribution of creosote can be made throughout the timber in small quantity, thereby greatly reducing the cost of the materials used, as compared with the full treatment with creosote, when the timber is allowed to take in as much of the material as it can hold. By this old method of creosoting, the timber is first subjected to a vacuum, so that, when the impregnating fluid is forced in, it remains there, filling the cells. By the Rueping process, the timber is first put under air pressure sufficient to fill all of the cells of the wood with air, and then the fluid is forced in at a higher pressure, so that, after this pressure is released, the expansive force of the air throughout the interior of the timber will expel part of the fluid from the cells, thereby leaving the walls of the cells merely painted with the creosote, so to speak, instead of filling the cell cavities. This is the theory of the process, and from the fact that a much smaller quantity of creosote is used than is the case when the ordinary process is worked, the facts seem to substantiate the theory.

In former years creosote was not seriously considered by railroad managements, owing to its high cost. Now, however, the Rueping creosote process is widely used throughout the country, both East and West, and this progress has come about within the past six years. In 1904, at the St. Louis World's Fair, the government exhibited a tie-treating plant, and at that time the Rueping process was just beginning to come into notice. At that time about the only processes that were being worked extensively in this country for treating railroad ties were the zinc chloride and the zinc tannin methods. Now, however, most of the roads which were then treating with these cheaper methods have gone over to the use of the Rueping process.

As stated at the recent roadmaster's convention by an official of that road, the cost of treating inferior pine ties with creosote (Rueping) is twenty cents. The cost of zinc chloride and zinc tannin treatments in years past has ranged from eight to sixteen cents per tie, but usually ten to twelve cents. Of the zinc chloride processes the straight zinc chloride is logically applied to timber in dry climates, where there is but little water to leach out the salts, and the zinc chloride with glue and tannin should be used in climates where there is the usual amount of rainfall. Both of these processes, when properly applied, have given results well worth the while and have effected important economies in the consumption of tie timber to maintain track.—*Railway and Engineering Review.*

HELP FOR MEN WHO HELP THEMSELVES—NUMBER 36.

MINIMIZING THE COST OF OPERATION.

BY JOHN WALTERS.

Perplexing Problems That Have Been Solved by the American Railway Association, and Others That Are Taxing the Ingenuity of the Traffic Department.

FTER all, the one supreme railroad problem out of which all other problems arise and for whose solution only the rest are studied, is, how can dividends be earned?

For the answer to this question the stockholders look to the traffic department. Other branches of the service by wise economy may save money, but only the traffic department earns money, or rather handles the receipts which the concerted efforts of all departments earn.

Naturally, the management bestows particular attention upon the traffic department. If comparisons are not too odious, it may be said that the ablest men are generally sought for this branch of service, and as the difficulties are generally proportioned to the prize, the problems with which the traffic men must grapple are at least as formidable as those which confront the experts in maintenance and operation.

As in the case of everything else connected with a railroad, the magnitude of traffic problems would make them difficult if nothing else did. There were in the United States on December 31, 1907, 1,985,137 freight-cars belonging to the railroads, but including the cars owned by other corporations, such as the refrigerator-cars owned by the beef trust and the big brewers, the total was 2,083,976. The average daily earnings of each of these cars was $2.05.

This was far from satisfactory to the railroads, and during car famines such a showing was still less satisfactory to the shippers. The great difficulty is to keep the cars moving. The railroads get a movement averaging from twelve miles per day per car on single-track lines handling low-class traffic, up to thirty-eight miles a day per car on roads having two to four tracks and handling a large proportion of high-class traffic. In other words, the railroads obtain but from one to three hours' service out of their entire car equipment in each twenty-four hours

Freight-Car Movements.

The average mileage of all freight-cars in the United States for the year 1905 was 24.8 miles per car per day. In 1906 this was increased to 25.7 miles per car per day. In December, 1907, the average had dropped back to 23.9 miles per car per day. The world's record for freight movement is held by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which in the week ending September 28, 1907, handled 41,332 cars, and in twenty-four hours on September 29, 8,630 cars. On the latter

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date the movement was equivalent to sixty cars a minute passing a given point.

As an average of 150,000 cars a day are loaded in the country, an increase in movement of a single mile a day for each car would be equivalent to adding 80,000 to 100,000 new cars to the available equipment. That number of cars would cost approximately $100,000,000. How to get this increased movement is a problem so important that the American Railway Association, composed of the higher executive officers of the railroads, has appointed a committee on car efficiency to study it.

How Cars Are Delayed.

One great trouble is that the average man to whom a car of freight is consigned feels that he has an inalienable right to use that car as a warehouse in which to store freight, until it suits his good pleasure to remove it, if it takes all summer. Theoretically the railroads protect themselves against abuses of this sort by charging demurrage when a car is not unloaded within a given time, but if in practise they attempt to collect demurrage the consignee protests that he is downtrodden and routes all his shipments over the competing road forever after.

On the other hand, if the railroads do not get their cars released by enforcing the demurrage rule, other shippers who are waiting to get those cars to load complain to the State railroad commission that the companies are playing favorites in the distribution of cars, and the result is more laws the following winter. From all of which it may be gathered that the committee on car efficiency has its work cut out for it.

However, the task of the committee on car efficiency is simple when compared with the heart-breaking problem which confronts the American Railway Association's special commission on the interchange of freight-cars. The magnitude of the question may be judged from the personnel of the commission. It was appointed in April, 1908. It consists of President James McCrea, of the Pennsylvania; President Lucius Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine; President W. W. Finley, of the Southern Railway; and President Howard Elliott, of the Northern Pacific.

Getting Back the Empties.

If no shipment ever went beyond the rails of the road on which it originated, the special commission would never have been called into existence, but as car-loads and train-loads go to all sorts of places and often move over a number of railroads to reach their destinations, complications then arise.

No one but the railroad pays for the hauling of an empty car about the country at a cost close to that of moving a loaded one. Under these circumstances the line upon whose tracks the car is unloaded would like to have it reloaded with another cargo before sending it back home.

As an inducement to keep the empty car from waiting too long for a return load the railroads have agreed to charge each other fifty cents a day for a car that is kept away from its home road. If the per diem charge was too small, the little roads would find it more profitable to retain the cars of the larger lines for their own use and pay the per diem rate, but if it is too high the little roads are threatened with bankruptcy.

Some of them have found fifty cents a day a ruinous price in these days of low rates. In any event, the arrangement is unsatisfactory all around. The big roads want their cars, for they generally have use for them, and they don't care to pay the per diem charge for cars of another line when they have plenty of their own if they could only get them.

Creators of Traffic.

In April, 1907, only fifty-four per cent of the freight-cars in the United States were on the roads to which they belonged. This condition was so unsatisfactory that a special effort was made to get cars back home. By the following December, sixty-four per cent of the cars were on their home roads, but to accomplish this result an unnecessary and profitless movement equivalent to hauling one car nearly five thousand times around the earth at the equator was required.

It costs a lot of money to haul an empty car 117,287,407 miles, and the expense cannot be collected from shippers, but must be taken from funds that the railroads would prefer to devote to some other purpose, and all the great home movement of 1907 amounted to was practically an even exchange of cars.

None of these things, however, constitute the crowning grievance of the traffic department. Every railroad in the country has as one of its most valued employees an industrial commissioner, whose duty it is to

make ten car-loads of freight grow where there was only one before.

When he has accomplished this by persuading capitalists that fortunes are to be made in manufacturing along his line, and then locating them at points where they cannot ship over a competing line if they wanted to, besides giving the farmers in his territory post-graduate courses in their own business, it becomes the privilege of the general freight-agent to retain the traffic thus created if he can, and of the general passenger-agent to round up the passenger traffic that follows in its wake, if possible.

It costs a pretty penny to keep up this work of creating traffic, but it comes the nearest to being paid cheerfully of any money from which a railroad company parts.

Short Hauls That Cost Dearly.

New York's dray bill is $35,000,000 a year, a large part of which is practically so much money thrown away. If the traffic manager could find some way to save part of this, his patrons would have just that much more money, time, and energy to devote to useful production, which in time would benefit the railroads. Another direct intentive to simplify traffic conditions in the metropolis is a little item of $50,000,000 a year which represents the cost of lighterage and car-floats for the railroads.

In Chicago, where conditions are not nearly so inconvenient and wasteful as in New York, a freight-tunnel system thirty-four miles long was built under the wholesale district, at a cost of $15,000,000, in which 30,000 tons of freight can be handled daily at an enormous saving.

In St. Louis the famous Cupples Station, a central station which meets the warehouse and shipping requirements of the city's great trade with the Southwest, saves $4,000,000 a year. Instead of hauling freight to a score of widely separated freight-stations scattered through the most inaccessible portions of the city, all merchandise is sent to Cupples Station.

Here, in a series of buildings covering thirty acres, and well provided with spurs, switches, and hydraulic lifts, two thousand expert freight-handlers handle a business aggregating a hundred million dollars a year without any expense at all for cartage. Freight is unloaded from the car on trucks, which are run onto hydraulic elevators and shot up to the floor-space allotted to the consignee in wonderfully fast time. Each road has its scheduled hour to take away and deliver cars, and the shipments are assorted and handled by the station force to conform to this schedule.

Switching by Gravity.

Even after a car is loaded, it does not cease to cause trouble and expense, aside from its actual movement on the road. The problem of switching has been the subject of much learned discussion at recent railroad conventions.

Most big railroad yards have a hump nowadays which does by gravity what the switch-engine would otherwise have to do at a vast expenditure of time and fuel. The hump is nothing more nor less than a little artificial hill, from the summit of which the tracks lead down at a grade just steep enough to make a car run nicely to the farther end. Once a switch-engine gets a train on the hump, it need only give each cut the slightest of kicks, and the cars will then run by gravity wherever the switch-tender sends them.

This is fine as far as it goes, but the scheme isn't perfect. If the grade is steep enough to make a car run ten miles an hour by its own momentum, which it must do if the hump is to do its work economically, each cut must have a rider, who, by using the hand-brake, prevents it from running out at the farther end, or smashing draw-bars on other cars. The speed with which a train can be classified, therefore, is limited by the number of riders available and the zeal they display in getting back to the hump for fresh cuts.

Powder Magazines on Wheels.

A switchman will run when necessary; but when it comes to walking while on duty, he is no match for Dan O'Leary. So railroad officialdom is racking its brain for some scheme that will make him step lively. In the Lake Shore yard at Collinwood, Ohio, where a tremendous volume of traffic is handled, a trolley-car has been installed to carry the fifteen riders back to the hump. The car travels eighteen hundred feet, and so saves the work of three riders, or, say, six hundred dollars a month on both night and day tricks.

This is worth while, but still there is time lost waiting for the trolley-car. So the

New York Central will improve upon this plan by installing a moving sidewalk to carry riders back to the hump in its big Gardenville yard on the outskirts of Buffalo.

Of all the problems that any department of the railroad has been called upon to solve in recent years, that connected with the shipping of explosives is the most interesting. Perhaps it is just as well that nervous passengers do not know that an average of five thousand cars of the most dangerous and deadly explosives are in transit somewhere on the railroads of the United States every day in the year.

Accidents were frequent enough to worry railroad executive officers, but did not spur them to action until May 11, 1905. On that day a freight-train entering the outskirts of Harrisburg was flagged. The engineer applied the air-brakes so vigorously that the long train buckled, throwing two cars from the middle of the train onto the west-bound passenger tracks. A passenger-train which came along a moment later dashed into the two cars.

They were loaded with dynamite, and in the explosion that followed twenty-three persons were killed and a large number injured.

Warning the Shippers.

As a result of this accident, the Pennsylvania Railroad undertook to safeguard the shipment of explosives over its own lines. After two years it became evident that the work, to be successful, would have to be national in scope, so the subject was referred to the American Railway Association for action.

The result was the organization of the bureau of explosives of the American Railway Association, with Major B. W. Dunn, of the United States army, in charge. Fourteen inspectors were appointed, and the work of educating manufacturers of explosives in the rudiments of their own business, and of training the one hundred and sixty thousand railroad men whose duties include the handling of explosives to look out for cars in bad order, was begun.

At first the manufacturers refused to have anything to do with the bureau of explosives, or to allow its inspectors on their premises, on the ground that the bureau was organized in the interest of the powder trust for the purpose of driving the smaller fry out of business.

So Major Dunn concentrated his work of inspection on cars in transit, and set systematically about gaining the confidence of the manufacturers. The conditions discovered were almost incredible. Of 178 cars of explosives in transit, 99 were found to be in a condition that would permit accident, and 127 failed to comply with proper regulations in some respect.

Some Terrifying Discoveries.

For instance, one car containing over two tons of dynamite had cracks in the sides, roofs, and ends through which sparks could enter, and the packages were loose, so that they could and did slip and slide about the floor. Besides this, some loose iron pipe and wire cable were loaded in the same car. When two pieces of iron smeared with dynamite are knocked together, something is going to happen.

Another car, containing 6,850 pounds of dynamite, had loose boards and cracks and doors ajar for the admission of sparks. Nails and bolts projected from the floor, the king-bolt sticking up half an inch. The boxes of dynamite were loose and sliding about, while one box had its lid knocked off and the dynamite exposed. To make it more interesting, blasting-caps and fuse were loaded with the dynamite. In still another car, containing 10,000 pounds of black powder, some kegs were broken and the powder was strewn over the floor, while big cracks in the ends and over the doors gave free access to stray sparks, of which there is always a bountiful supply in the neighborhood of a locomotive in action.

When diplomacy at last gained entrance for Major Dunn's inspectors to the factories, it was found that 47 out of 141 failed to comply with important regulations, while 119 of the 583 magazines examined were found to have dirty floors stained with nitroglycerin, and in fine condition for an explosion.

In 59 of them, packages of high explosives were found in a leaking and dangerous condition.

At last, on January 17, 1908, Major Dunn succeeded in getting the manufacturers to attend a conference.

An Object Lesson.

As soon as he got them together the major marched them all down to a railroad yard, where cars with dummy packages represent-

ing dynamite were knocked about by the switch engine just as cars handled in the ordinary routine of business. After an hour or so of this the cars were opened, and the manufacturers were invited to examine the condition of their contents.

What they saw made them quite willing to comply with the rules that had been formulated for loading and staying packages of explosives and other regulations conducive to safety.

Yet, in spite of the work of Major Dunn's staff, there were 17 accidents to explosives in transit in 1907, which killed 31 persons and injured 78, and caused the loss of $544,161 worth of property. In the same period there were 66 accidents in factories for the manufacture of explosives, in which 101 persons were killed, 62 injured, and property worth $279,400 destroyed.

There can be no doubt, in view of the revelations made by the inspectors of the bureau, that many, if not most, of those accidents, both in factories and in transit, could have been prevented by the observance of reasonable precautions. In view of the fact that their own property, as well as human life, was in danger, it is certainly amazing that all possible care was not exercised without the intervention of the railroads.

Yet manufacturers of explosives are only one of the many classes of shippers with which a railroad has to deal.

Altogether, it would appear safe to venture the assertion that railroad executives have something to think about besides pay-day.

When the Despatcher Forgot.

BY F. ELWOOD.

A Collision That Was Caused by the Man at the Key Taking a Long Chance, and His Consequent Failure To Rectify His Breach of the Rules.

TWO smashed mogul engines, a dozen or more freight-cars damaged, traffic seriously delayed, one employee killed and five others injured—this was the result of a violation of the company's rules by the despatcher failing to "transmit train orders simultaneously to all concerned."

Conductor Harry Kiminsky was in charge of the fifth section of train No. 19, of which I was the engineer, on the south and north division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, running between Birmingham and Montgomery, Alabama. Leaving the former city that night we were given our running orders as was usual, together with instructions that "extra 872 north had the right-of-track to Longview over 5th No. 19, engine 861." With others, this order was issued some time before our departure.

North of Longview there was a very heavy grade, and as the company had just finished a new route, circling the mountain, special orders had been issued stating that the new route was to be opened as the south-bound main line at ten-thirty o'clock that night. Up to that hour, no train was permitted to use the new track without written instruction from proper authority.

As we had no such instructions, arriving at Suluria, the north end of the new grade, we kept to the old main line, leaving that station at 10.05. While the 861 was laboring with her tonnage and slowly rounding a sharp curve at the edge of a high cliff, I was horrified to see a headlight flash suddenly into view.

It was soon so close that I could easily read the figures 872 on the number plate of the fast-approaching locomotive. I yelled at my fireman to look out, but there was no time for either of us to jump, and the engines came together head on with terrific force.

During the short period after seeing the

opposing engine, my mind moved very rapidly. I tried to figure by what right the extra was there and whose fault it was. I thought of my home, of my wife and family, and wondered what in Heaven's name would be my fate.

All I remember when the crash came was a severe blow on the head that threw me into a daze. I could feel the hot, escaping steam, though for the time being I was unable to realize my perilous condition.

In a few minutes, however, I regained full consciousness, to find that I was pinned in the corner of the cab, bruised and bleeding, and apparently unable to escape, as there was no room to open the front cab-window, the tank being jammed tight against the boiler-head.

My first move was to stop the escaping steam. By its peculiar odor I knew that some connection to the lubricator was broken, and was fortunate enough to locate it in the dark and shut it off. This remedied, I crawled up on top of the boiler so as to make room for opening the front cab-window.

By this time my conductor reached the engine, and called up to find out whether the fireman and I were still alive. One look convinced me, however, that my unfortunate companion had been killed and was buried under the wreckage.

Tony Feagan, the engineer on the other engine, and his fireman had jumped, the former striking a large boulder and breaking a few of his ribs, while the fireman escaped with a few bruises. It was two months before I could resume my duties; Engineer Feagan was off much longer.

Our train had passed Suluria, and the operator had reported us by, when the despatcher called and asked him if 5th No. 19 was using the new track. Upon receiving the information that we were not he instructed the operator to go out and listen and report at once if he heard the impact of the collision.

He immediately ordered out the wrecker, knowing that nothing short of a miracle could prevent an accident, as extra No. 872 had already passed Longview, having gotten orders to Suluria over 5th No. 19, the tissue reading, "5th No. 19 will use new main line from Suluria to Longview."

It developed during the examination as to the cause of the accident that the despatcher on duty, not being able to get the operator who had previously taken our running orders, and the one giving extra No. 872 rights to Longview, issued another order to extra 872 north conferring rights to Suluria over 5th No. 19, trusting that he would remember to have this last order added to our original orders when we called for them.

He took a chance, disregarding positive instructions, and issued the order to the extra, forgetting to have it added to our other orders when they were delivered to us.

At first there seemed to be a disposition to put the blame on the operator, and an effort was made to make him admit that he had been instructed to make this addition to our orders, but this he refused to do. He looked his questioners squarely in the face and said:

"This is a case of homicide in a way, and I am in no way responsible. I have nothing but my home, but I will sell it that I may raise funds, if necessary, to fight this case in court, rather than have the blame fixed on me. I never received any such order for 5th No. 19." These are his exact words, as nearly as I now recall them.

He was exonerated and put back to work shortly afterward, but the despatcher was dismissed from the service, it being decided that even though he sent the order, as he claimed he did, he had grossly violated positive rules by not transmitting simultaneously the order to all concerned.

The Rollicking Trolley-Riders.

BY JACK SILVERTON.

ALL the good stories of railroading are not necessarily confined to the big steam lines. Now and then we get some live ones from the electric-railway men who often have experiences quite as interesting as those of the fast passenger and freight trainmen. Their work is not so full of thrilling moments and deeds of daring as that of the regular railroad men, nevertheless it is livened at times by incidents that give one a sort of live wire tickle

Some Little Comedies of Street Railway Life in the West in Which the Unexpected Took the Leading Part and Fate Played Some Odd Pranks Upon Her Victims.

CHARLEY CANNON worked for years as a brakeman for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad—out of Denver—without a single mishap. Then came the day, up on one of the worst grades in the Rockies, when his freight left the track and turned handsprings all the way down into the valley.

While the freight was somersaulting down the mountain, Cannon found himself lying in the snow, so badly smashed up that wreckers had to carry him back to civilization.

When he recovered, he said to his wife: "I'm through braking. It's too hazardous a profession. I'm going to learn to be a motorman and get a job on a trolley line. Who ever heard of any electric railroader getting smashed up? No one ever gets hurt on a trolley line excepting the passengers who get off backward."

Soon after this declaration, Cannon heard that Salt Lake City wanted some new motormen. Forthwith, he bought two tickets to Salt Lake, and, with Mrs. Cannon, for the first time in his life, traveled on the D. and R. G., over the Rockies, as a passenger.

Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City, he went straight to the car-barn of the Utah Electric Railway Company, qualified as a motorman, and was told to find a uniform and get on the job quick.

For a whole year Charley Cannon ran big suburban cars from the Rio Grande Depot out to Fort Douglas, and daily he gloated over the fact that now that he had stopped braking he couldn't possibly get smashed again.

Trouble on a Trolley-Car.

Then came that memorable night in November, 1908, when his car, on its way from Fort Douglas to the Rio Grande Depot, struck a down grade where the motormen usually coasted at about thirty-five miles an hour. Cannon was going at the usual rate when the car suddenly hit a rock, leaped from the rails, and turned completely over, finishing its cavortings by landing on its back.

The forward platform of the car rested on one side of a small creek, while its rear platform lay on the other, thus forming a bridge. Within, twenty-three passengers, lying in a mass on the ceiling of the car, squirmed and struggled and wiped their feet on one another, all bent upon getting out of the wreck at the same time. Not a single one of the whole twenty-three escaped without injury of some kind.

Conductor Hansen found himself lying under five men who had been standing on the rear platform, suffering from a badly bruised leg. He allowed the five men to walk on his face until they succeeded in getting off the ceiling of the platform. Then he arose and began the heroic work of assisting swearing men and praying women out of the car.

A Misplaced Motorman.

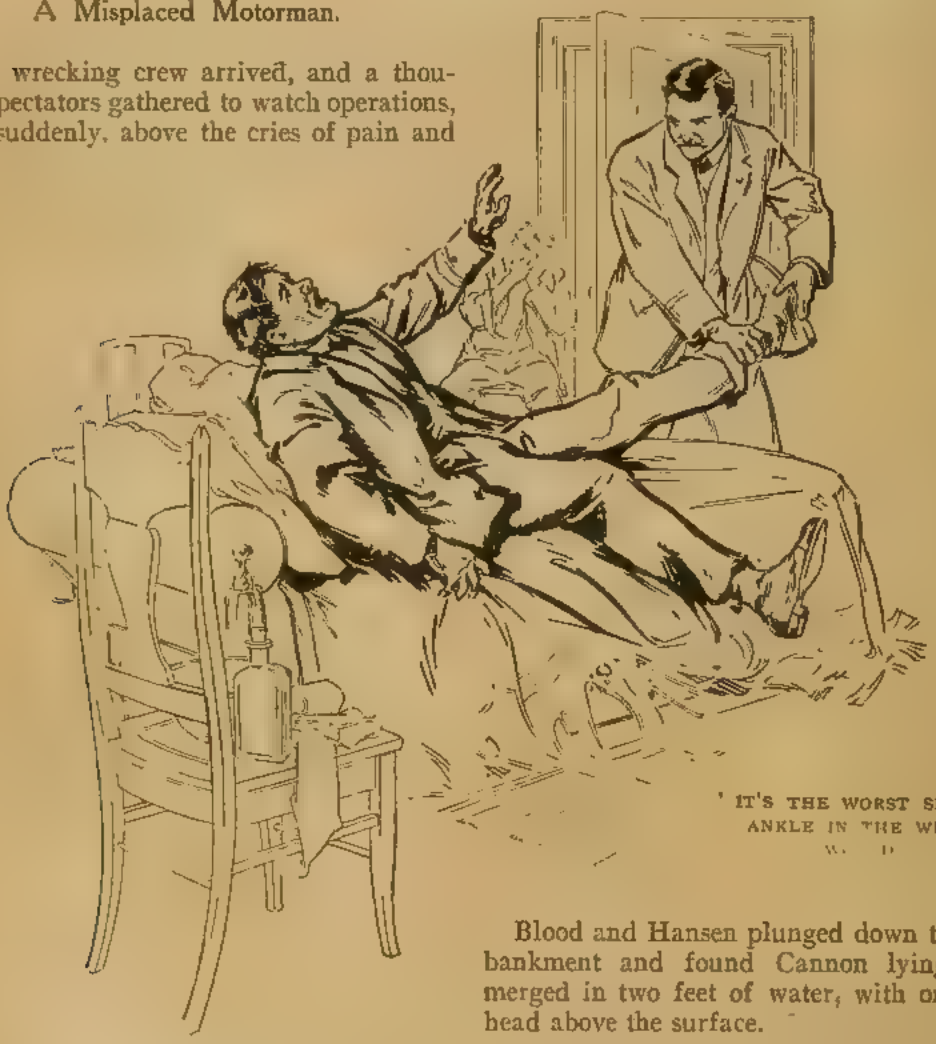
The wrecking crew arrived, and a thousand spectators gathered to watch operations, when suddenly, above the cries of pain and the screams of the lady passengers, a penetrating voice was heard crying: "Where's the motorman? Where's Charley Cannon?"

The speaker was William Blood, a railroad conductor, with a run out of Salt Lake on the Salt Lake, Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad, who was an old-time comrade of Charley's. In answer to Blood's question, a voice from the darkness down in the bed of the creek, directly under the car, cried:

"Have you got all the women out?"

Blood thereupon looked at Hansen, and the trolley conductor looked at the steam railroader. Then, in unison, they both cried: "It's Charley Cannon! Yes, the women are all out."

"Well, then," yelled Charley, from beneath the car, "you fellows come down and get me. I'm tired of lying in this ice-cold bath."



"IT'S THE WORST SPRAINED ANKLE IN THE WHOLE W... D"

Blood and Hansen plunged down the embankment and found Cannon lying submerged in two feet of water, with only his head above the surface.

Rescued by Conductors.

"Are you hurt?" the conductors asked.

"I can't move by my lonesome," the motorman replied.

So the two conductors waded into the stream, lifted Cannon out of the water, and dragged him up the bank. Four volunteers then carried him over to Conductor Blood's house, which happened to be near the scene of the accident.

Two or three other victims had already

been taken there before Cannon arrived, turning the house into a temporary hospital.

While the injured motorman lay awaiting the coming of an ambulance, Conductor Blood came in.

"Where are you hurt, old man?" he asked.

"There," answered Charlie, pointing to his left foot. "It's the worst sprained ankle in the whole world."

What the Surgeon Found.

Blood took hold of his friend's left ankle and looked mightily puzzled. He then squeezed the ankle good and hard, saying, with a humorous twinkle in his eye: "Does this hurt you, Charlie?"

"Hurt?" answered Charlie. "It's perfect agony?"

Just then the ambulance arrived. Cannon was put into it and was soon on his way to the hospital, with his feet close to the seat on which the medical student, on guard at the rear of the vehicle, was sitting.

"You say you sprained your left ankle?" the student asked. "Look here, now," he added. "Does this give you pain?" and he squeezed the motorman's left ankle as vigorously as Blood had done.

"Pain?" yelled Cannon. "Why, I'm nearly fainting from the torture of it." Whereupon the medical student's smile grew until he couldn't help laughing out loud.

At the hospital Cannon was placed on a cot, and soon the surgeon came and made an examination of his injury.

"It's my left foot, doctor," he said. "That left ankle is sprained something terrible. I'm sufferin' from that sprain worse'n I did in that freight wreck of mine in the Rockies on the D. and R. G."

The surgeon looked at him sharply, and then he, too, smiled and proceeded to bind up the other foot.

Mixed in His Understanding.

The next day Conductor Blood of the Salt Lake-Los Angeles Route, and Conductor Hansen of the wrecked trolley-car, happened to meet at the hospital, whither they had come to inquire into the condition of the victims of the disaster of the previous night.

The surgeon who had dressed Charlie Cannon's foot greeted the visitors by saying:

"Queer case, that of Motorman Cannon. I've seen cases like it before, but never one so pronounced as his. He imagined he suffered from a sprain in the left ankle, though such a thing was absolutely impossible."

"Yes," put in Blood. "I made the discovery myself while Charlie lay in my house last night waiting for your ambulance."

"Why, whatever do you main?" asked the electric railroader. "Why do you say it was impossible for Charlie to suffer from a sprain in his left ankle?"

"Because he hasn't any left ankle at all," replied Blood.

"Quit your kiddin'," expostulated the trolley conductor.

"You mean to say you've been trolleying with Charlie Cannon for a whole year, Hansen, and didn't know he hadn't any left ankle?" retorted Conductor Blood. "Why, after Charlie's smash-up in that D. and R. G. accident over in Colorado, his left leg was amputated below the knee. His left ankle is made of cork."

From Trolleyman to Tourist.

One morning in May, 1907, two attachés of the Kansas City Union Station, both of them sufficiently prominent to have their names emblazoned on certain doors not far from the concourse, were standing by a slot-machine enjoying an after-breakfast smoke, when Charlie Kelley came up.

"Making my last run to-day, gents," he said. "I'm leaving here to-morrow for New York to sail for Europe."

The officials were dumfounded.

Kelley wore a uniform so faded that one was in doubt as to whether its original color was blue or green. On his cap was a sign advertising the fact that he was conductor for the street-car company of Kansas City, his particular run being on the line that hauled passengers to and from the union station.

"Break it to us easy, Charlie," said one of the station-men. "You mean to tell us that you, a man who hasn't spent a cent for anything except necessities for so long as we can remember, are going to blow yourself to a European trip?"

"Yep," answered Kelley, "and my wife is going with me."

"You must have a pot of money," said the other station-man.

"Ain't sayin' how much," replied Charlie,

"but it's enough to see the old country first-class, that's sure."

To appreciate the romance of the trolley rails in which Charlie Kelley played the hero, we must go back to the day in May, 1901, when he first pulled the bell and rang up fares on a Fifth Street car. That morning, as he passed a certain house on Fifth Street, he saw a young girl standing in the front door.

How Kelly Won His Bride.

Thinking that she wished to catch his car, Charlie beckoned to her. She waved a white hand in response, motioning him not to stop.

The next morning he saw that same girl standing by her front gate. This time Charlie smiled. The girl returned the smile, and Charlie caught a glimpse of a dimple that aroused in him a wondrous admiration for its owner.

The following morning, when Charlie's car approached the house, the girl stood by the curb and beckoned to the motorman to stop. He helped her aboard, his heart beating at a dangerous pace and the blood suffusing his face to such a degree that he seemed threatened with apoplexy.

Charlie finally learned that his divinity's name was Nina White, and after she had ridden on his car about six times a week for two weeks he mustered up enough courage to ask if he might call at her house on his evening off. Then, on the last day of the merry month of May, Nina White became Mrs. Charles Kelley.

The honeymoon was still shining, when one day Charlie asked his wife what she would like more than anything else in the world

A Street-Car Strategist.

"A trip to Europe like our neighbors next door have just made," she replied.

"How much did it cost them?" asked Charlie curiously

"Three thousand dollars."

He thought a moment, and then cried: "Nina, you shall have that trip to Europe."

Mrs. Kelley protested. She said she had mentioned it only in fun, and declared that for them to raise three thousand dollars was as absolutely impossible as for her to raise the roof of their house with her bare hands. But Charlie insisted there was no such word in the dictionary as "impossible," and thereupon outlined a plan by which they could quickly accumulate the necessary three thousand dollars.

"We'll save it," he said. "From this minute we'll begin saving every penny."

Soon after that, Charlie's street-car comrades noticed that he no longer smoked cigars. He seemed terribly fond, now, of a corn-cob pipe. Also, they noticed that he ceased patronizing the soda-water fountain and the moving-picture show.

Months, years passed, and Charlie never would get a new uniform till the old one had been mended and patched to the limit of the cloth's endurance. Meantime, living the simplest sort of a life, he became the most robust and healthy street-railway employee in all Kansas City. His wife also grew rosier, and they both wore smiles that a Kansas cyclone couldn't tear off.

It was on the last day of May, 1907, when he had been married just six years, that Charlie Kelley came to the two station-men at the union station and for the first time revealed the secret of his life, namely, that he and his wife were going to Europe.

Back from Abroad.

Six months passed. Then, suddenly, Charlie reappeared to the station men at the union station, wearing the same old faded uniform and smoking the same corn-cob.

"Hallo, Mr. Rockefeller," cried one of the station-men. "You're back, are you? Tell us all about it."

Charlie told them that all he saw in Ireland was rain, and that in Paris he ate ice-cream three times a day, and added: "I'm going right up to the car-barn now and ask for my old run."

"What! A rich man like you going to conduct a plebeian street-car?"

"Yep. I've got to. I'm broke. Spent in six months all that I saved in six years and am darned glad of it. So's my wife. We bought something with our money that no one can ever take away from us."

When the Foreman Got Busy.

One bitter cold night in February, 1910, at the Kansas City, Kansas, street-car barn, Foreman Hovey was hugging the red-hot stove when his telephone bell began ringing so wildly and so alarmingly that Hovey upset his chair in springing up to heed the call.

"Hallo, Mr. Hovey!" said a breathless

voice at the other end of the wire. "This is Arthur Haskell, motorman on car four-nine. My conductor is lying on the floor of the car, dead to the world. What shall I do?"

"Where are you?" asked the barn foreman.

"Near the Missouri Pacific Railroad Station."

"Wait right there, Haskell. I'll send some one to take the dead one off your hands."

Foreman Hovey then asked central for a number.

"That you, Coroner Davis?" he said, when the connection had been made. "Go right down to the Missouri Pacific Station. A conductor of ours has dropped dead. "You'll find him lying on the floor of car four-nine."

Hovey then called another number, and cried: "Is that Daniels' undertaker shop? Hallo, Mr. Daniels! One of our conductors is lying dead in his car at the Missouri Pacific Station. Go right over with your dead wagon, please."

Fifteen minutes later two vehicles were rushing at fire-engine speed toward the Missouri Pacific Station. One was a buggy with a galloping horse; the other, a long, black, sinister-looking wagon, with its two horses cantering like mad. Both vehicles dashed past the Mop Station and on down the road, beside a spur track, till they came to a lone trolley-car.

Out of the car, as the two vehicles came to a halt beside it, stepped a man who shivered pitifully as he cried between chattering teeth: "Who's here?"

"I'm Coroner Davis," said the man who had jumped out of the buggy. "What happened to him? Apoplexy? Heart-failure?"

"I'm Daniels, of Daniels & Comfort, the undertakers," announced the man who had jumped down from the long, black vehicle. "This is our dead wagon," he added. "With the coroner's permission, I'll take the dead conductor off your hands."

As Motorman Haskell listened to these words he stopped shivering, his teeth stopped chattering, his eyes bulged, and he gasped: "Who sent you here?"

"Hovey, the foreman at the car-barn."

"Well, then, you two go right home out

SHE WAVED IN RESPONSE, MOTIONING HIM NOT TO STOP.

"THANK YOU, MADAM," SAID THE KID, CHIVALROUSLY, ACCORDING TO THE RULES

of the cold. Hovey's the limit. I didn't say nothing about the conductor being dead. I merely said he was dead to the world. Come into the car and see for yourselves."

The coroner and the undertaker followed the motorman into number four nine.

"Well, where'd he get it?" asked the coroner, looking sheepishly at the prostrate form of the conductor.

"Yes—where in this dry State of Kansas did he get it?" put in the undertaker

"Say, misters," said Motorman Haskell, "you come over with me to the railroad station. I want you to call up that car-barn foreman and let me hear you tell him just what you think of him—for getting you out of bed on a cold night like this and sending you down here on a fool's errand."

Captain McCulloch, a Confederate veteran and a Southern gentleman of the old school, is the president and general manager of the United Railways of St. Louis. He wrote a "Manual of Good Manners" for the guidance of conductors on his lines, and had it printed and posted in conspicuous places at all division-points. It included several rules which he wished conductors to observe especially in regulating their attitude toward women passengers.

"While giving courtesy to all men," the rules read, give chivalry to all women. Be patient. Do not lecture, scold, nor make the sharp retort. Keep silent, notwithstanding there may be provocation.

"Do not offend any woman by word or act," the rules continued. "Do not lay your hands on a woman except to save her from injury. Do not have a woman arrested. Do not contradict her. Do not in any way offer her an indignity."

Now, when most of the Southern trolley-riders in St. Louis read these rules on the big placards at division-points, they knew that a Southerner, suh, had written them, and that a liberal construction might be put on them. When a certain St. Louis United Railway conductor read them, however, he recked not that they were penned by a chivalrous soldier from the South. He merely understood that they were the commands of Captain Robert McCulloch, the boss.

He, with all the other conductors, liked the boss down to the ground, because the boss always gave everybody a square deal. Therefore, the conductor in question, who was known to his fellows as the "Kid," resolved to do his best to observe all the rules in the "Manual of Good Manners."

One day, not long after the issuing of the manual, the Kid's car was boarded by a woman possessing the amplitude of proportions of a leader of suffragettes. She insisted upon standing on the back platform.

"Pardon me, madam," said the Kid for the second time; "but will you have the goodness to step inside?"

"How dare you speak to me like that!" screamed the woman, and she swatted the Kid a goodly one on the weather side of his face, reddening his cheek to the hue of a boiled lobster. After which the lady stepped inside.

When she reappeared on the back platform to leave the car it was manifest that her emotion had in no wise abated, for she again screamed, "How dare you!" and again she swatted the Kid, this time on the lee side of his face.

"Thank you, madam," said the Kid chivalrously, according to the rules—as he helped the lady of ample proportions to alight from the car.

"Why, conductor, that was an outrage!" expostulated one of the men passengers. "Why in thunder didn't you have her arrested?"

"Arrest her?" replied the Kid. "Read these rules." He produced a pocket edition of the "Manual of Good Manners."

Obeying the Rules.

"Doesn't Captain McCulloch say here," he continued, pointing to the rule, "that we're to keep silent, even under provocation? Doesn't he say we're never to cross a woman in any way, and, above all, never to arrest her? No, sir; if a woman commits murder on this car she can't get arrested, except over my dead body. It's against the rules. Besides, a scene like that which you just witnessed is part of the day's work.

"The true interpretation of chivalry is that when a woman biffs you on one cheek, turn to her the other cheek to be biffed, and then, more in sorrow than in anger, give the motorman two bells."

When Captain McCulloch heard of this incident he said: "That boy is a gentleman, suh. I'm proud of his display of chivalry."

Not long after that the clerk of the lost and found department came to Captain McCulloch with a handsome hand-bag which he said had been found in one of the cars.

"It looks like it belongs to some millionairess," he said, "and it feels as if it might be full of dough, so I thought it best, captain, to bring it to your personal attention."

"Who found this reticule, suh?" asked the president and general manager.

"The Kid, sir."

"Have the goodness, suh, to bring him here when he comes in from his run."

Accordingly, a little later, the Kid was ushered into the presence of President McCulloch.

The Kid Makes Good Again.

"You found this reticule, conductor," said the captain, "and I congratulate you, suh, upon your honesty, as I have before complimented you upon your chivalry. I take it for granted that you, suh, knew that this bag contained hundreds of dollars in cash."

"Yes, sir; I opened it," answered the Kid.

"Do you happen to know, suh, who left it in your car?"

"Yes, sir. She was a stunner."

"There, there, suh! Do not speak so of a lady. What sort of a woman was she?"

"A ripper, sir. A peach."

"Yes, yes; I know. You would be able to identify her, should you again see her, suh?"

"Among a million, sir."

The next day a handsome woman, superbly gowned, appeared in Captain McCulloch's office at headquarters.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you sent for me," she exclaimed. "I would have let that bag go and let the finder have the money. I would have said nothing about it, indeed."

"I found your address—the Hotel Jefferson—in the bag, madam," said the captain. "I learned from the contents, too, that you are from a certain mining town in Colorado where wealth is taken out of the earth a ton at a time. Nevertheless, it was my duty to notify you that the part of your wealth contained in this bag had been found; and it is your duty, now, to permit me to restore your property to you."

A Generous Reward.

"But that honest conductor!" the lady cried. "He must be rewarded." Opening the bag, she took out a roll of paper money and peeled off three one-hundred-dollar bills. "There!" she said. "Give him that."

"No, no, madam," the captain protested. "It is out of proportion to the amount restored. Besides, so much money will do that conductor more harm than good. I beg you to reward him with less, or, better still, merely with an expression of your gratitude."

"No, I insist," the lady retorted. "Here! You must permit me to give him at least—that," and she handed the captain a hundred-dollar bill.

"It is not within my province to protest further, madam, though I repeat—it will do the conductor more harm than good."

That night the Kid's eyes grew as big as saucers when Captain McCulloch, having called him in, handed him a hundred-dollar bill.

"Be careful what you do with it," cautioned the captain. "Put it quietly away, suh, controlling your impulses, and remembering that it is harder to stand up straight under prosperity than under adversity."

The next day came a letter written on the Hotel Jefferson note-paper. It was signed by the lady who had lost the hand-bag and addressed to Captain McCulloch. It read, in part, as follows:

"I am not satisfied with the reward I gave that very honest conductor. I beg that you ask him call upon me here at the hotel, this evening."

Late that afternoon, accordingly, the Kid was again ushered into the office of the president.

Too Much for the Kid.

"Suh," said Captain McCulloch, "the lady whose bag you found has requested me to transmit to you an invitation to call upon her at her hotel this evening. I cannot refuse the lady's request; neither can you. But I [illegible] you suh, that she means further to reward you.

"It would not be chivalrous for you to decline to give the lady the pleasure of giving money to you, suh, so I cannot insist that you refuse what she offers. What I do say to you, suh, is that if chivalry compels you to accept more money from this lady, be extremely careful as to your conduct after you leave the hotel. Remember, suh, what I said to you before about controlling your impulse."

Three days later a division superintendent dropped into Captain McCulloch's office to say:

"Lost one of the best conductors on my line."

"Who?" asked the captain.

"The Kid."

"Lost him? How, suh?"

"He's quit his job, and the last I heard of him he was still celebrating some good fortune—we don't just know what. Anyway, he's going round town spending money like a sailor after a cruise."

"Well, suh!" exclaimed the captain. "Ain't that just—a woman?"

"Woman!" replied the superintendent. "I said nothing about a woman."

"Yes, I know, suh. Nevertheless, we've lost one of our best men because of a woman's doggoned emotionalism!"

"Captain," the division superintendent cried with mock severity, "your own 'Manual of Good Manners,' sir, forbids you to speak that way of a conductor's sweetheart. I am profoundly surprised, sir."

The Girl in the Green Dress.

For a long time motormen and conductors in East St. Louis wondered why Sam Bix, the best-looker and niftiest dresser on the line, did not marry The Girl in the Green Dress.

Sam Bix was a motorman on the Alta Sita Division; and she—she was called The Girl in the Green Dress because she happened to wear that selfsame gown of green pongee at every dance given by the employees of the East St. Louis and Suburban throughout the entire winter social season of 1909-1910.

Sam himself said the dress made him think of "one of those green boxes of tobacco from Richmond."

"She never burned the tongue," he said, "and her airs were as graceful as the smoke that floated up from a pipeful of the said tobac."

When Bix Lost Out.

"Well, then, why didn't you marry her?" Sam was asked by one of his coworkers. "You sure kept company with her the whole season. You took her to all the dances up to that night we gave the ball for the benefit of the Cherry Mine sufferers. After that say, what happened that night, anyhow?"

But Sam Bix, the motorman, would not vouchsafe a word as to the cause of the estrangement between him and The Girl in the Green Dress. It was months before he at last volunteered the following:

"Well, you see, it was like this. That night, at that dance, I felt it in my bones that it was nip and tuck between me and me deadly rival, that rah-rah conductor that was as stuck on the girl as I was, only he was a strongheart and I guess I wasn't. You remember we called him the rah-rah conductor because he had been in college once as a dormitory janitor.

"Take me oath! On the night of that ball that we gave for the Cherry Mine victims, I knew it in me heart that I must win her promise to marry me or else the rah-rah conductor would open his yap and walk off with her.

"Well, she and me danced a two-step. Then off she glides into a waltz with me deadly rival. Gee! but it was maddenin' to see her smilin' at him the same way she smiled at me—as she waltzed in his arms round and round the ballroom.

"Then it came my turn for another two-step with her.

"'This time,' I says to myself, 'I'm going to pop the question for sure.'

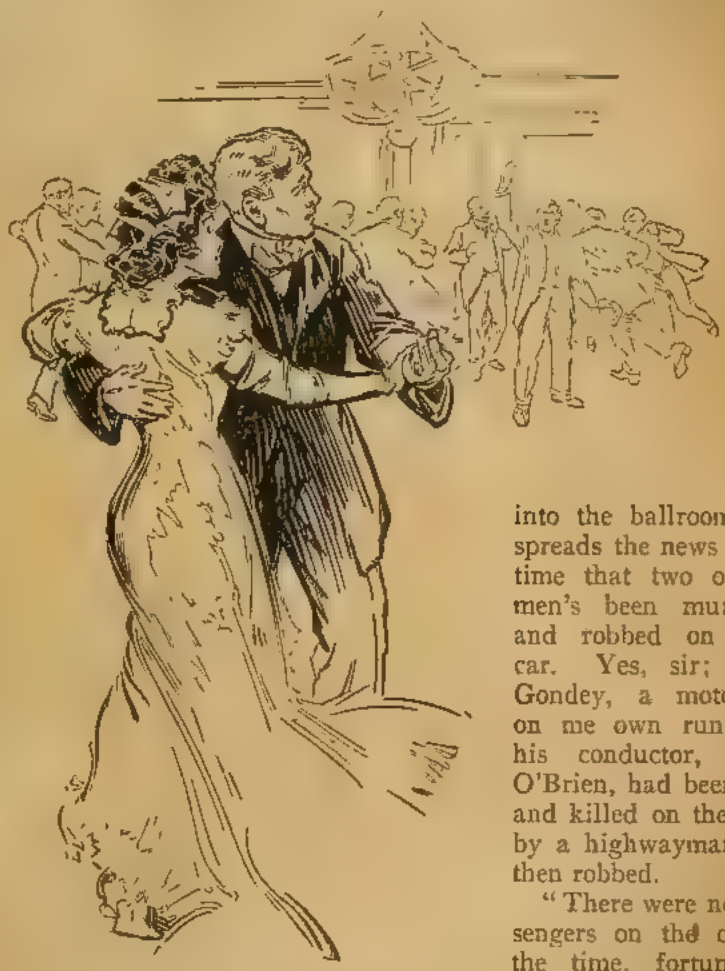
"But round and round we whirled, and me no nearer to the point of popping than at the beginning. And so it went on, she dancing first with me and then with me deadly rival, and me all the time tryin' me best to rake up the nerve to let out that I was dead stuck on her, and wanted that her and me should announce our engagement to marry.

"Well, midnight comes, and with it me own turn to do another two-step with her. As I starts in I resolves that this time I'll pronounce meself in the very first time around.

"You think I got the chance when I was plumb clean stronghearted and ready to talk business? Not on your life! Just as we got half-way round, and just as I begins the song and dance about her bewitchments and about wanting to enter into partnership in this here game of life, presto! the party broke up."

"Broke up? What for?"

"Well, our barn foreman comes rushin' into the ballroom and spreads the news in no time that two of our men's been murdered and robbed on their car. Yes, sir; Gene Gondey, a motorman on me own run, and his conductor, Mike O'Brien, had been shot and killed on their car by a highwayman and then robbed.



"OUR BARN FOREMAN COMES RUSHIN' INTO THE BALLROOM AND SPREADS THE NEWS IN NO TIME THAT TWO OF OUR MEN'S BEEN MURDERED AND ROBBED ON THEIR CAR."

"There were no passengers on the car at the time, fortunately, for the robber set the car going, and it ran wild for four miles into the outskirts of town.

"Well, sir, our barn foreman calls upon every man present at the ball to shake his girl and get into a posse to catch the assassin. Could I refuse to join 'em? Say, what you take me for? Gene and Mike were friends of mine, and I was for chasin' their assassin, and bein' in at the landin' of him. So, right in the middle of that two-step, when the music stopped for us all to listen to the news, I says to the girl, I says:

"'I must skidoo. But I ought to be

back in two hours. There'll be a few men left here—fellers that ain't in the railroad push. Will you wait here for me till two o'clock?"

"'Oh!' she says, expectant-like. 'What was it you were beginnin' to say to me, Samuel, a moment ago?'

"'Wait till two,' says I, 'and I'll finish that song and dance. Will you wait?'

"'Sure!' she answers. 'I'll wait till two.'

A Midnight Man Hunt.

"With that I hastens away and looks back and sees that rah-rah conductor—me deadly rival on the job. I mean that I saw him lookin' into the girl's eyes and playin' the talk game for all he was worth in the minute allotted to him before he had to join the possemen.

"'Wonder what he's sayin' to her?' I thinks. But just then he leaves her, and then the mob of us leaps to the chase, led by our barn foreman.

"We scattered all over East St. Louis—and finally I lost the bunch entirely and conducted the search on me own hook. Two o'clock comes. Gee! but I was sweatin' blood then. I was miles from that ballroom. 'Would she wait?' I wondered.

"'To Hail Columbia with the assassin!' I says to meself. 'I'm for beatin' it back to the ball.'

"Well, sir, I reaches that ballroom at exactly three—one hour late. Is the girl there? Not so's you'd notice her? Is any one at all there? Not so's you could see 'em—except the janitor, who was a friend of mine, and to whom I says:

"'Jim, did you happen to notice when The Girl in the Green Dress started for home?'

"'Sure!' Jim says. 'She left when all the others left.'

"'Alone?' I asks.

"'Well, now, Mr. Bix,' he says, 'in the jumble of confusion attendin' the departure of the parties, I can't be certain; but I do think that The Girl in the Green Dress was taken home by that conductor whom you all speaks of as the rah-rah. And, by the way, Mr. Bix, it was he who caught the man that killed those poor trolleyman to-night—Heaven rest their souls!'

"'Oh!' I exclaims. 'I had forgotten all about the assassin. So the rah-rah got the assassin, did he? Did you happen to notice what hour it was when the rah-rah showed up here?"

"'Sure, Mr. Bix. It was exactly two o'clock. I see him go to The Girl in the Green Dress with his watch in his hand, and I see him point to the watch and say something, lowlike, to her. She looks around at the door a moment—bless her heart!—as if maybe expectin' to see some one else come in. But, seein' nobody, she nods her pretty head to the rah-rah and takes his arm.'

"Well, there you are," concluded Sam Bix. "That rah-rah conductor had promised to be back in the ballroom at two. He was there on the tick, and I wasn't. The rah-rah was there with goods both ways, for he got both the assassin and The Girl in the Green Dress. Don't ever say posse to me. It makes me feel awful disgusted. That's why I'm still a bachelor."

RAILWAY MATHEMATICS.

THE porter was greatly perplexed. At High Polsover a lady with a lorgnette entered the train.

She was a middle-aged, tall, angular, tailor-made woman, and she looked sternly at the commercial traveler in the seat opposite through her lorgnette. Before seating herself she opened the carriage window, and sent it down with a bang. When the train arrived at Hilsdon Cross another woman entered the compartment.

She had fluffy hair, and an appealing look in her blue eyes. She sat down and glanced at the open window and shivered pathetically, then she looked at the commercial traveler.

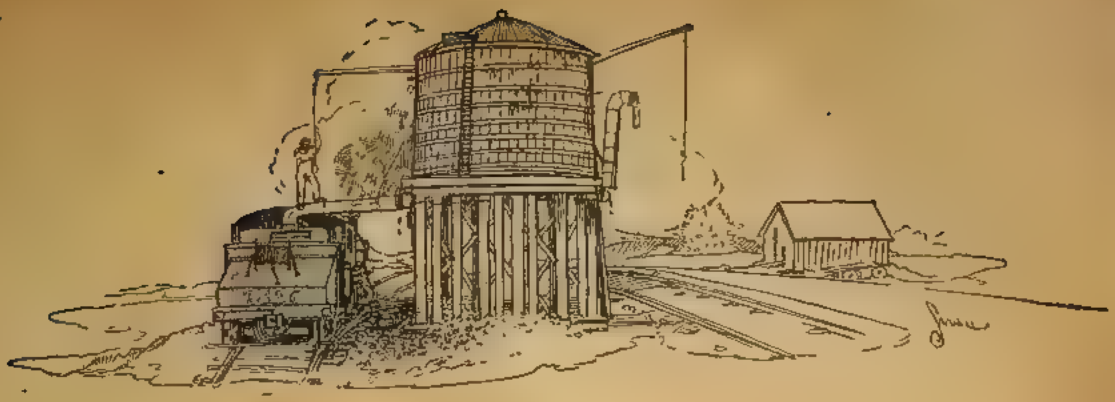
"I shall be frozen to death!" cried the fluffy-haired lady.

"If this window is closed, I shall suffocate!" cried the other woman.

The porter opened his mouth. He started to raise the window. Then he retreated. Dazed, he turned appealingly to the commercial traveler. Both the women also turned to the commercial traveler. That gentleman rose, passed by the ladies, opened the door to the platform, and went out, followed by the porter.

"And what, sir," said the porter, "would you say as 'ow I should do, sir?"

"It's quite simple," said the commercial traveler. "Leave the window as it is, open, till one lady is frozen to death; then close it and suffocate the other. I'm going forward for the rest of the trip."—*London Opinion.*



THE SIXTY-HOUR TRICK.

BY GEORGE H. FELLOWS.

The Particular Brand of Obedience that Caused the Frayed Nerves of Billy Stephens, Operator.

"WORKING days now, Billy?"

"Does it look like midnight to you? Get something done for your eyes if that's the best you can do with your lamps."

"Oh, you don't need to get so smart about it. I know it's daytime now, as well as any ham operator on this road; but when a man condescends to ask you a civil question, why can't you stand the strain long enough to answer it in a half-way intelligent manner? If your brains are too feeble, I'll put it this way—are you on the day trick now, or are you just working for your health?"

"Yes, I'm on the day trick, and I'm on the night trick, too; and if any idiot of a brakeman tells you it's for my health, send him to me."

"Is Jim laying off?"

"Sick, so he says."

"Did you work yesterday?"

"You bet I did. And the night before, and last night and to-night, and to-morrow, and so on for the next two weeks, unless he gets back, or this old half-baked excuse of a road hustles around and hires a few more operators."

"You've been on duty forty hours now, and no relief in sight yet!' Well, you're a bigger fool than I gave you credit for; and that's going some, Billy. Why don't you go home?"

"Maybe I wouldn't like to, Jim. Nobody knows better than I that I'm taking a long chance on getting into trouble; but old Hale says he hasn't got a relief man in sight, and don't know where he can spare an operator at any price; and I hate to be a quitter. Jimmy may be back in the morning, and I'll try and stick it out, but say: I'd give my next year's pay if I could lay right down now and sleep and sleep—oh, gee!"

Jim Barclay, conductor of train 95, looked the speaker over for two or three minutes before answering.

"Son, if I was on a passenger train due to go through your block about two to-night, I'd get off and walk. I don't object to being killed when my time comes, but I ain't wishing it to hurry none. If you've got any sense and want to save yourself from an interview with the grand jury and a few hundred ghosts in the near future, I'd advise you to go home and go to bed to-night, even if you have to lock the office and make everything flag through."

"Too much switching and other things

here, old boy, to talk about locking the office. This ain't no one-horse, country station and you know it. I haven't any particular desire to answer guilty to the charge of manslaughter, but I think I can stick it out another night, and then—oh, well, when morning comes, I'll think about it," and he slammed the lever over with an extra vicious bang, as he began setting the switches for the local to cross into the yard.

"MO" tower, as Billy Stephens had remarked, was anything but a one horse, country station. The amount of wire work alone would have deprived it of that title, while the work on a thirty-three-lever interlocking plant, assisted the operator in keeping his mind off his troubles, as Barclay had once expressed it.

The tower was situated near the center of the yards at Ripley, where incoming freights crossed from the main tracks to their place in the lower yards, and outward-bound trains also used the switches as a beginning of their run to Silverton, one hundred and twenty-four miles west.

The roundhouse and repair shops were situated on the outer edge of the yard tracks nearly opposite the tower, while the tower itself, perched high on its long steel legs, seemed to be keeping a careful watch on the numerous switch shanties and yard offices scattered promiscuously over the yards.

Suddenly the tower door burst open and flew shut again with a bang that equaled the noise of the levers as Pierson, the yard-master came puffing in.

"That west-bound coal drag has to run in for water," he puffed. "Just had the con on the phone from the lower yards. Look out for him, Billy."

Billy glanced at the clock. "How's No. 54? Pretty near ready to pull out, aren't they?"

"Guess so; in about ten minutes," the yard-master replied.

"Then your coal drag will have to shove his train in off the main, No. 32 will follow 54 as closely as the law allows; and say, tell him to step lively, please. He can't have the crossing all day; 39 and 41 are both on time. He can have about six minutes to clear after I give him the switches, and no more."

As the "Y.M." went out, Stephens shouted to him from the window. "Say, Al, tell Wilson to get a move on him, will you, please, or he won't be able to make the siding at 'Q' ahead of No. 32. She's right on the dot."

"All right, Billy, he'll be moving soon as he can try the air."

The local was clear now and the switches set for 54. Billy jumped to the table, took her orders and turned back to the levers to give 54 the block, just as two short blasts of Wilson's engine called for the right of way. Then followed a series of maneuvers, that would have done credit to a general on the field of battle, but which are only regarded as commonplace, in daily railroad routine.

No sooner had the caboose wheels of 54 rattled over the switches, than they straightened with a snap, and the signals dropped to clear just in time to avoid slowing 39, the fast mail. Red, they flashed again as the busy levers set the rails for the coal drag to back into the yards for water.

Clear again, just in time for 41, the fast passenger following 39, and clear the other way as 54 left the block beyond open for 32. Red again to protect 32 until she got out of the block, and then clear for the coal drag to pass on its way. Incidentally Billy Stephens received three messages for the "Y.M.," besides blocking the trains.

"No. 54 didn't get away quite quick enough. He's holding 32 on the block this side of 'Q,'" Billy remarked to Jim Barclay, who was still leaning against the rail at the counter.

"I suppose I'll hear from that, but I didn't see any better way to do it just then. They ought to be able to stand two minutes without busting a blood-vessel," and he turned to the table to send a bunch of messages the call boy had just left.

Barclay picked up his bucket and lamp and prepared to go home. "Well, son, I wish you good luck, but I can't see why you don't beat it before you put your foot in it."

Billy stopped calling a minute and swung around in his chair, looking thoughtfully at Jim for a few minutes before he said:

"I wish I could, but I can't see it that way. The rules say, 'Operators and signalmen shall remain on duty until relieved, unless otherwise ordered.' It hasn't been ordered otherwise, and that's a cinch. Of course I'm tired, but that can't be helped, the old man probably knows it as well as you do. The only thing I can see is to take a fresh grip and stick to it—'until relieved,'" he added as he turned slowly back to his work.

Barclay looked at him a minute, slowly shook his head, and passed out through the door and down the stairs.

"He's got grit," he murmured, "but it's a tough proposition he's up against and he's about all in. When a man's face gets the color of his, and his eyes look like that, I call it a mighty doubtful bet as to his keeping awake all night to-night," he thought to himself as he walked home.

In the tower, the day wore slowly on—switches, orders, messages, car reports—car reports, messages orders, switches, and the ever-present telephones. At times Billy wearily closed his eyes and drew a long breath as he leaned back in his chair for an instant's respite. Then as he felt the tempting slumber stealing on him, he would start up with a jerk and bend to his work with ever-tightening nerves. He must do it. He would do it.

Jim Allen would certainly relieve him in the morning and surely he could hold out till then. But oh, if he could only lay down and sleep an hour before the long night came on—the third of his "day's" work. No, there would be no sleep for him, "until relieved." He wouldn't dare! Once asleep, it would be all off. He must keep his eyes open, or give up.

But, pshaw! It was only a matter of fourteen or fifteen hours longer, and he could surely keep awake that long! Suppose, however, Allen didn't show up in the morning! Never mind, there would be time enough to figure on that later. Just now it was his business to keep awake.

"I want you to understand, Billy Stephens," he told himself fiercely, "that you are on the job, and you've got to keep awake. Understand? Just got to. You're not going to lay down on the job—not till you're relieved," and again he plunged into the work before him.

At five-thirty that afternoon he got the call boy on the wire and arranged for him to bring his supper "and Johnny, tell Mrs. Wiley to give me about two quarts of the strongest coffee she knows how to make, and not to put any milk in it. Tell her to be sure and make it strong." He shouted the word through the phone with so much energy that he nearly knocked Johnny off the chair at the other end.

The supper came in good time, and after eating, and drinking a liberal amount of the coffee, he felt very much better. Several times that afternoon he had taken time to dash cold water over his head and face, and now he repeated the operation. Then he brought out his pipe, filled and lit it, and leaned back in his chair.

Why, surely, he could stand another night. He wasn't any mollycoddle, and he was on the job to stay—"until relieved." The wires and trains were nearly quiet. It was supper hour, and Billy's thoughts drifted to his home in the East. His sister Nell, would be getting supper and perhaps planning a letter to him. He wondered how his mother was feeling

He must write her in a day or two. She was not very well when Nell wrote last and she was getting along in years. He must stick to his work and send her a nice present next month. Then things began to run together, and Billy started up with a guilty, half-thankful feeling.

"I almost did it then. I've got to watch out. Just about three seconds more, and your uncle would have been in the hay."

The door burst open behind him, and the next minute the conductor of No. 92 was asking for orders out. Billy stood up, stretched, bent over the key, and was at it again. The time passed quickly until about ten o'clock, as the familiar routine kept him busy. Every few minutes he drank sparingly of the black coffee, and again and again bathed his face with cold water. He was standing it pretty well he thought, and looked forward thankfully to the morning and his relief.

Then Jim Barclay came in to get orders out for his train.

"Well, how are you standing it, Billy?"

"Fine and dandy, Jimmy. Have a good sleep?" Somehow sleep was before his mind all the time.

"Yes, first rate. Feel like an air-ship."

"Always thought you'd fly away some day, Jimmy."

"Well, I didn't mean it just that way, though I do feel like it sometimes, when I'm breaking in one of those green brakemen. Say, did I tell you about the one I had the other day?"

"No, guess not. Who was it?"

"Denman was my engineer that trip, and when we got to "RX" we had to get in the clear for No. 18. You know that's a spur siding there. We had to pull by and back into clear. The station is in the way there, so Denman couldn't see my signals. So he told this new boy to get out on top and tell him what we said.

"Well, he waited and waited and waited, till he thought we must be tearing the switch to pieces and putting it together again. Then he began to listen, pretty anxious like, for 18's whistle.

"Every few minutes he'd holler up, 'What are they saying? Ain't they said anything yet?' till by and by the feller answers, 'They must be having some sort of trouble up there, I guess; they haven't said a word to me yet, but they seem to be fighting like the very dickens with their lanterns!' Now, ain't it a wonder I ain't killed some of these nights with men like that on the head end?"

Billy laughed at his old friend's story, and the dry, abused sort of air he maintained in telling it.

"Tell you what, Billy," he said as he picked up his lantern to go, "let's you and I quit. Resign to-morrow. Gee, wouldn't we leave this road in an awful hole, if two such good men as you and I quit all to once, or—simultaneously, as it were?"

"My conscience wouldn't let me do it, Jimmy, old boy," said Billy with a laugh, "not to mention Mrs. Barclay."

"You're right there, my boy!" and Jim closed the door behind him.

Levers and messages, messages and car reports, car reports and the telephones—the same old song, and the night wore slowly on. At one in the morning, Billy was fighting the fight of his life. The sweat fairly stood on his forehead at times in his effort to keep his eyes open and his wandering faculties at command. Up and down the floor he staggered, every few minutes; down in his chair, working a while, then to the bucket for another dash of water. Tired! He never had any conception before of what the word meant. He was almost ready to barter his soul for sleep.

At three, he sat down to clear up a pile of car reports which would take about forty minutes of sending. After that was over, the greater part of his night's work would be finished. He settled down in his chair, his eyes staring blankly before him, and began to call "AB—AB—AB—AB—AB—MO—AB—AB—AB—MO."

"I—I, AB," came the answer.

"HR," he began, and the drowsy, steady rattle of the instrument went on and on, as he turned sheet after sheet.

The window in front of his table looked down the tracks west from the tower, and glancing up occasionally he could see the faint glimmer of his home target through the hole on the reverse side of the lamp. It was set to red, for the yard engine was using the main track to switch on for a few minutes. After sending about half of the pile, he looked out to see a half-dozen cars that the yard engine had kicked out, standing on the main track.

What was that the instrument at his right was saying? — — — — "OS—OS, No. 11 by 3.21 A. M. A. G."

No. 11 coming and those cars standing on the main! He would have to get that yard crew after them right away, and give 11 a clear track. He started to get up and get his lamp. What! He couldn't move! He tried again, but he couldn't stir a finger. It must be paralysis.

He had read of people stricken that way.

The overwork and loss of sleep had been too severe a trial. Barclay was right. He had gone too far and put his foot in it. He tried again, straining every nerve. The sweat started from every pore. He must get up. He must clear that track. But no, it was only too true, not a move could he make.

He ceased his efforts and tried to think. He had given "RM," the next block, "Clear," after 21 had passed. "RM" would let 11 through without doubt. He tried to reach the other key, but he could not even move his fingers. He tried to shout. Perhaps he could attract some one's attention, though the chances were small, with all the noise of the instruments inside and the switch engines outside; but still, he would try.

He tried as though his life depended upon it, but not a sound could he make; not even a whisper. What an awful condition he was in! Was there no way out? His mind worked with the rapidity of lightning. He couldn't signal, he couldn't call, he couldn't stop them by the wire!

But pshaw! Why hadn't he thought of it? His signals were set red, and No. 11 would merely come to a stop and whistle for the signals. A waiting passenger train, whistling for signals, would soon bring help, and then everything would be all right. At least, all right as far as the road was concerned. He thought, whimsically, that they would have to find a relief for him then. His railroad days were over.

Hark! What was that? Number 11's whistle! They were making good time

evidently. Yes, there was her headlight coming around the distant curve! Well, it would soon be over, and there would be one less operator.

Why doesn't she slow up? His hair seemed to raise on his scalp! No. 11 was coming down the track at top speed and only a train's length from his signal! On it came! Was it a crazy man at the throttle, or had he been stricken as Billy had? Couldn't the man see?

Oh, for the power to move! To do something!

A hundred yards! Fifty! Now!!

Bang!!!

Billy found himself standing on his feet and trembling in every limb. The slam of the door behind the night yardmaster had awakened him.

"How's No. 11, son?"

"About on time, I believe, sir," he faltered out, and glanced at the clock.

It was three-twenty-five! He had been asleep six minutes! No. 11 was still twenty-three miles away! Thank God!

"Please get those fellows off the main for them, will you?" he said to Pierson.

"Off the main? Why, they've been clear of the main for twenty minutes. Were you asleep, son?"

"Perhaps I was, sir. I'm all right now, though."

He staggered to the levers and straightened the track for No. 11. When the signals were clear again, and all was O. K., he sank wearily down in his chair to discover that his key was wide open.

He had fallen sound asleep while sending to AB.

"BK, excuse me a minute, sorry kept you waiting," he faltered, and closed the key.

Six o'clock found Billy watching the street-cars from the tower window. Allen would surely show up this morning.

Was that he? No! Yes, it was! Billy Stephens felt a rush of thankfulness such as he had never felt before. His long day's work was over! Sixty hours! Sixty hours of nerve-racking work, and some of it the worst agony he had ever experienced in his life.

"Hallo, Jim, old boy. I'm mighty glad to see you. Just take right hold as if you worked here. I'm going home to bed now, and wo to the one who dares to call me till I wake up again," said Billy as he made a dive for his coat and hat.

"And say, Jim," he added, "just work till you're relieved!"

ANOTHER EAGLE-EYE HERO.

Engineer Petit, of the Wheeling, Swings Out on the Pilot and Snatches a Child from Track.

THERE are many persons who are inclined to regard the rescuing of a child from death beneath the wheels of an on-rushing locomotive as a wild dream of melodrama writers, but had any of them witnessed the heroic act of Charles Petit, an engineer on the W. and L. E., who risked his life recently at Coshocton, Ohio, to save a tiny girl who sat between the rails, their views on the subject would have undergone a decided change.

The only witness to the thrilling affair was the child's mother, Mrs. George Markley, who, glancing out of a window saw the child on the tracks and the events which followed in quick succession.

Mrs. Markley had left little Mary for a moment in a room in the house while she went up-stairs to dress.

The child stole from the house and walked out to the railroad where she sat down in the middle of the track. She sat there perhaps five minutes when the afternoon train due at Coshocton at 2.55, north-bound, came down the tracks.

Engineer Petit, whose home is in Cleveland, was in charge. He didn't see the child until he had reached the crossing at Seventh Street, scarcely a half block away. The whistle screeched but the child paid no attention to it.

Petit, seeing that he could not stop his engine in time to miss the child, left his cab and ran along the running-board at the side of the engine to the pilot. Holding to the pilot with one hand and bending his body far out over the tracks he swooped the child in his arms and, with a mighty grip, pulled both the child and himself safely to the engine pilot. He then rushed back to the cab with the child in his arms, applied the brakes and brought the train to a stop at the Orange Street station.

Mrs. Markley, the mother of the child, had glanced out of the up-stairs window just before the train hove in sight, and when she saw her child's plight she became helpless and nearly swooned.—*Coshocton Daily Age.*

THROUGH BY SUNRISE.

BY WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.

A Haughty Father Exiles His Son and a Villain Hurls Disgrace.

CHAPTER I.

Love by the Sea.

THE cottage was set high upon the most elevated part of the island, and the island —Copper-Clad Island the sailors called it—was off the Scottish coast where the waves beat high and the wind blows fresh and straight from the Arctic. The cottage was a humble one. It was as white as whitewash could make it, and wreathed with trailing vines.

On a chair under a giant tree in the spacious front yard sat a young man of marked appearance. He was handsome—but for the paleness of his face, and the sad expression of his eyes. That he was ill at ease was plainly evident. On several occasions he started, gave a glance toward the sea, and each time that he did so he breathed a sigh of keen disappointment.

Occasionally, he would glance toward the cottage, but no one seemed visible there. Then he would sweep the front stretch of ocean with his gaze.

The sun was just sinking, and even while its last rays lingered upon land and ocean, a black cloud was gathering in the northern sky. Observing this, a shadow passed over the face of this man, and he said:

"There is a storm brewing, and if so, Mr. Moreland may not reach us to-night. A storm brewing! Yes, for me and my loved ones, I *feel* that there is, and that its bursting will be terrible. Must I ever suffer this agony of mind? Why will he thus follow me? Is it not enough that I have retired from the world, and no longer bear his name? I would be happy with my wife and children, but for this dread which is ever hanging over me. If I could tell *her*, it might relieve me; but, no—I have deceived my wife, and I must endure *alone*."

He relapsed into silence again. He had not observed the approach of other parties. While he had been speaking, there emerged from the cottage a woman, leading by the hand two little girls dressed in white. Softly they came forward, as if to surprise the speaker; but his last words were heard, and the woman suddenly stopped, while an expression of anxiety passed over her face.

The children bounded to the man's side, and, in chorus, exclaimed:

"See, papa, we are ready."

The man arose to his feet, and fixing his eyes upon the woman, he appeared trying to read her thoughts. It was evident from her manner that something had affected her.

"Blanche, did you hear my words?" he asked.

"I did, Herman."

The answer was given slowly, and the woman appeared to dwell upon the last word, as if she would convey some especial meaning by doing so. This was observed, and the question asked:

"Did you hear me speak of having deceived you, Blanche?"

"I *did*."

"Why do you dwell upon that last word with such peculiar emphasis? There always has been a smile upon your face when you so addressed me. Will you explain?"

The woman came forward and encircled the man's neck with her arms. She gazed up into his eyes, while tears glistened in her own. Then, in a sweet and almost pleading voice, she said:

"Herman, for five years my happiness has been almost complete. I have tried to

make our home a pleasant one, although I may have failed in my efforts. Many times I have seen a cloud on your face, and I have sought to learn the cause, that I might share your griefs. Herman, you have some secret which you have kept from me, and—oh, heavens! I heard you say that you had deceived me. Look upon these children, Herman, our little twin cherubs, Blanche and Lillian. To-morrow will be their third birthday, and the neighbors will gather to greet us. Let us all be happy!"

"What has come over you, you act so queerly?" asked the man, with indifference, as if trying to avoid the woman's pleading.

"I will explain, Herman. Several times of late my attention has been attracted by the sudden appearance and disappearance of a stranger. He would pass my window, gaze in, but would not speak. I thought very little of the matter—not even enough to make mention of it to you. But "

"Go on, Blanche."

"But a few moments ago I was standing by my window, when suddenly I felt my arm grasped. I was somewhat startled, but still more so when a voice whispered my name. At the same time a letter was thrust into my hand. I turned and recognized the stranger; but he instantly disappeared behind the vines."

"Well, the letter?"

"I opened it, and the first words that my eyes fell upon were that I have been deceived by you."

"And you believed this?"

"No. I crushed the paper in my hands, and threw it upon the floor in my indignation. Then I reflected for a moment, and came to the conclusion that it was only worthy of contempt, as I fully believed that some malicious person, jealous of our happiness, had sought this means of marring it. Why either you or myself should have enemies, I cannot tell. At first, I thought I would not annoy you, even by mentioning the matter, but finally concluded to bring you the note. I have not read its entire contents."

"And yet you believe the charge?"

"I do not."

"Then—why this unusual agitation?"

"I will speak frankly. Could you have seen my face as I approached, you would have observed that my usual smile was there. But I heard your words. You spoke of having deceived me. Then it occurred to me that there might possibly be some truth in the assertion contained in the letter, and this thought nearly overcame me."

"Do you believe me in all I say and do?"

"I do, my husband; yet I tremble as I look at you now. There is something which tells me that a great weight presses upon your heart. Each day you are becoming paler, and more silent and thoughtful."

"Am I less affectionate than formerly?"

"Oh, no. You seem even to increase in tenderness. Can't you make me your confidant?"

"Blanche, my deception had been in simply withholding the secret of my life. But you shall soon know all. I am expecting our friend, Mr. Moreland, from Southampton this very night. When he arrives, then I will explain. In the meantime I want to see you smile again."

There was an unmistakable fervor in the voice of the husband as he spoke and pressed his wife to his bosom. Tears glistened in her eyes, but the sweet smile she wore plainly told the fact that her confidence, for a moment shaken, had been fully restored.

Fondly the father caressed his little ones. Darkness was coming on. The sky had become thick with clouds, and the moaning of the waters mingled with the bellowing of thunder. Entering the cottage, they proceeded to a sleeping-room up-stairs.

Seating himself, Herman Tillman opened the crushed note. He started as his eyes fell upon the handwriting, and there were unmistakable signs of indignation upon his face as he perused it. Then he said:

"Blanche, I will read you this."

"If it pleases my husband."

"Yes—it runs as follows:

> BLANCHE:
>
> It is best that you know the truth. Your husband is a robber, a forger, and a murderer. He is living in seclusion on this island to avoid detection and arrest. But his days are numbered. In a short time you will be alone, unless you will consent to accept the protection of one who loves you for yourself. I shall be present to-morrow at the celebration, and you may expect to witness important and interesting scenes.
>
> AVENGER."

Neither husband nor wife uttered a word for some moments after this reading. Then the mother arose, and, preparing her little ones, placed them to rest. During this time Tillman watched her with deep interest. She smiled, but it seemed to require an effort. She was deeply agitated, and trem-

bled visibly in spite of her efforts to prevent doing so.

At length she approached her husband and, tenderly embracing him, said:

"Herman, let us kneel and ask God's protection."

There was a loving confidence in the tones of that noble wife, and the scene was an impressive one, as both bowed before their Maker. The words uttered by Blanche were touching, and when the prayer was ended, there came from the husband's lips a responsive amen!

The wind had been increasing without, and the rain was falling in torrents. The crashing thunder pounded the heavens, and the lightning-flashes were almost incessant.

The dark form of a man emerged from among the vines, and paused under the window where the light was burning. Then he began to clamber up the trellis. In a moment he reached such a position that he could command a view of the interior of the apartment.

For some time he watched the proceedings of those within. He could hear their words, and they seemed to madden him. Slowly he drew a pistol from his pocket, raised it, and took careful aim. It was at the moment when the husband and wife knelt.

The arm which held the weapon of death was halted, as if the murderous act had been prevented by some unseen power.

In a moment after the villain reached the ground, and as he slunk away in the darkness he muttered:

"My plans are well laid, but I must be cautious. Maddened by that sight, I came near committing a rash act to-night. But to-morrow shall see my work advancing. I shall have gold. No longer will I be a poor man, but a gentleman of position.

"My tools are ready for my work. Poor simpletons, how easily they are deceived! I will go among them now, and see that they are ready for early action. Then to-morrow! For England and a happy life!"

CHAPTER II.

The Accuser.

THE following morning was filled with sunshine. Millions of dewy gems were glittering upon the vines and the flowers, the birds were warbling their glad songs, the waters of the channel shone like burnished steel in the sun, and many a white-winged vessel could be seen gliding over its bosom.

The Tillman family were early astir, and the little ones were clad in their robes of white. They knew it was to be a gala day for them.

Herman Tillman was paler than usual, but his wife appeared to be especially gay. That it caused her something of an effort was evident, but she had confidence in her husband. That some villain was making an effort to crush them, she felt sure, but she believed that he would fail.

For some time Herman had been standing by the window. Presently he turned to his wife and asked:

"Blanche, is it not understood that those who are to visit us to-day shall come dressed in holiday attire?"

"Such was the understanding, I believe."

"But what does this mean? Yonder comes a body of men, accompanied by a few women. There are no children with them! They appear to be excited!

"Look! Some of them are armed! What can it mean?"

Blanche Tillman clutched the back of a chair. Something unusual was taking place. She thought of the letter and the threats made against her husband.

Nearer and nearer came the men, and, at length, paused before the cottage. Tillman was called upon to appear. Advancing in a cheerful manner, he extended his hands to several with whom he was intimately acquainted.

They turned away. Murmurings burst forth from almost every lip. At the same time a threatening movement was made as if to seize him.

It was not strange that Tillman should exhibit a little agitation, or that his cheeks became a shade paler than usual. To the men, his agitation was a confirmation of that which they had already heard.

Blanche stood by the side of her husband, trembling, and the children clung to their mother in fright.

At length Tillman asked:

"Friends, what is the meaning of this? Your greetings are far different from what I expected."

"Let me answer you," exclaimed Peter Raymond, a severe-looking man, stepping forward.

"What does this mean, Raymond?"

"You see, friends, he knows me?" said Raymond

"Yes—yes," was the general response, and another threatening movement was made. Tillman met this with a proud expression, and, addressing Raymond, he asked:

"What have you to do with me? What is the meaning of all this?"

"It means that I have found you out! You murderer!"

"Murderer!"

"Yes, robber, forger, and murderer."

"You—you—"

"Take care!" yelled Raymond, interrupting. "I can prove what I say."

"Then do it—now," said Tillman.

Turning to those around him, Raymond said:

"Friends, I come among you as an avenger. Some years ago there dwelt in London a poor family by the name of Gorman. They had an only daughter, called Blanche. By chance this young and innocent girl formed the acquaintance of one she supposed to be an honorable man. But he was not. He was a villain of the deepest dye. Still he managed to win the love of Blanche, and made her his wife. I am speaking of the woman before you. Now let me ask her one question. Blanche, was not your father murdered in the streets of London?"

"Yes, oh, yes," was the trembling answer.

"Still another question. Did your mother die a short time after of a broken heart?"

"Yes."

"I will tell you the author of all this. Your father became acquainted with the true character of George Clifford, the person who now calls himself your husband, and who is known here as Herman Tillman. Your father was an honest man, and, meeting that villain in the street, upbraided him. Clifford killed him."

Blanche groaned in despair.

"Hear me further," continued Raymond. "Your mother died soon after, as I have said. You were alone in the world. Taking advantage of this, Tillman urged you to an immediate marriage. You consented, and became, as you supposed, the wife of an honest man.

"For a time you remained in London with your murderer husband, living in the utmost seclusion. The reason for this was, that a price was set upon the head of George Clifford. So closely was he hunted that after a time he came here for safety, and here I have traced him. Is not the fact that he has been living under an assumed name, and seldom seen abroad, a convincing proof that something is wrong?"

"It is," was the general response.

"Do you not confess, Blanche, that you were married to this man under the name of George Clifford?"

"Yes—yes," replied the poor woman faintly.

"Have you finished your story?" asked the accused.

"No. I have much more to say."

"Then say it."

"Friends, have you not, since the residence of this man among you, found at least three bodies upon the coast, with the appearance of having been murdered?"

"Yes," was the response.

"This thief, robber, forger, and murderer, came among you without the means of subsistence. He has not toiled honestly as you have done. Where has he procured his money? I will answer the question for you. When some passenger with treasure about him, escaping from a wreck, had managed to reach your island, this villain murdered and robbed him. I, myself, was on the brig Harvest when she foundered in the channel. I know that one small boat, containing six passengers and quite a quantity of gold, set out for this point. The boat was afterward found, but the men were never heard from. It was about this time that you discovered the bodies referred to—was it not?"

"It was."

"I charge this villain with having robbed and murdered them."

"You cheap liar!" cried Tillman, as he sprang upon his accuser. He was seized and prevented from doing Raymond an injury. In a few moments, however, he became more calm, and said:

"Go on, Raymond. Have you anything more to say?"

"Last night, during the storm, an old man landed upon this island. He had come from Southampton, as a passenger. His name was Moreland, and we learned from the captain of the vessel that he had a considerable amount of money with him."

"I know Mr. Moreland, and he will give the lie to your story."

"You see, friends, the evidence is coming in, if anything additional was required.

He confesses to have known the murdered man!"

"Murdered!" repeated Tillman, in surprise.

"Oh, we are aware of all. Well, I was passing along when I heard cries for help. I hastened to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. I was just in time to see a form disappear in the darkness. But I found an old man struggling in the agonies of death."

"Was it Mr. Moreland?"

"Notice his pretended surprise, friends. Well, I bent over the dying man. He grasped my hand and said, faintly:

"'I have been robbed! Heaven have mercy on me—I saw the face of my assassin—his name is Clifford—George Clifford.'"

"My God," cried the accused man, as he reeled backward. Poor Blanche fainted, and the children began the most piteous moanings. All this produced the effect of still more fully convincing those around of the guilt of the man before them.

The excitement was now running high, and for a time it seemed evident that Tillman would be summarily dealt with. There could be no doubt of his guilt. On a vessel not far distant lay the body of his victim, and his dying words had denounced his murderer. But Tillman rallied and exclaimed:

"Men, I do not ask you to be generous, but I expect you to be just. This man, from some cause to me unknown, has become my bitter foe. Much, and nearly all that he has said I can disprove. Give me time and I will unravel this whole mystery. I believe that my accuser is the murderer of Mr. Moreland. Will you listen to my story?"

CHAPTER III.

The Husband Talks.

TILLMAN turned to his fainting wife, and raised her from the ground, where she had fallen. He held her in his arms.

Raymond seemed to be very impatient. He began whispering among those whom he had hoped to lead into rash acts. A few words from Tillman had a thrilling effect.

"Friends," he said in a low but well-modulated voice, "for so I will yet call you. I want my dear wife to hear my story. I will soon explain. Conviction must be carried to your hearts. Be patient for a moment. It is my wish, I repeat, that Blanche should hear every word I have to say."

"I will listen," came the faint response of Blanche.

"And believe?"

"Yes, I will believe. You cannot utter a falsehood—you are too noble."

"Bless you—bless you, my wife," he said. Then, addressing those standing near, he continued:

"Now I will give you the secret of my life. I—"

At that moment an old sailor came up from the shore. He glanced around, and in an instant his eyes fell upon Tillman. He doffed his hat and advanced in a respectful manner. Tillman extended his hand, and the name of Pierre Montrosa escaped his lips. The greeting was a cordial one, and the sailor whispered a few words in Tillman's ear. After doing so, he spoke in undertones to Blanche; then turned to fondle the children.

The face of Tillman flushed, and his eyes glowed with a triumphant expression, as he listened to the words of Pierre Montrosa. When they were repeated to Blanche, she appeared to be overcome for an instant, and threw herself on her husband's bosom, crying with joy.

This seemed to be the general impression. There was evidently a great reaction in favor of the accused. Raymond saw this, and he grew uneasy.

A smile rested upon the face of Tillman as he began:

"My father and his family were formerly residents of Madras, British India. For an especial service, my father was knighted by the East Indian Company. He had, however, accumulated great wealth, and sailed for London, where he settled. I sometimes felt that a false pride had taken possession of my parent's heart; but I must not reproach him. His position was not that of a British knight, and this made him, perhaps, more sensitive than he otherwise would have been. I was his only son—his only child. He had forgotten his own early love, and wished his son united to a lady of honor, as termed by the royal courts. The woman designated was penniless, although titled. They called her lady, but in a brief acquaintance with her, I learned more fully to understand the exact significance of that term in Brittany. She had a superior title, but no riches. A paltry pen-

sion was her only means of support. My father had ample wealth, and so he was willing, and even anxious, to sacrifice his boy of twenty, and his estates, for a woman of thirty, with a title which could not sustain itself without gold, which she had not. Is it a wonder that I rebelled?"

"No—no," was the general response.

"He lies!" yelled Raymond.

"Will you hear me through?" asked Clifford.

"Yes—yes—go on."

"Wishing to avoid this hated union, and loathing the society of her my father had pressed on me, I sought seclusion. During my retirement, I formed the acquaintance of Blanche Gorman. She was a poor girl, as my accuser has stated; but I loved her from the first; and it was my wish to make her my wife. I knew that my father would oppose the union.

"One morning the terrible intelligence was conveyed to us that Mr. Gorman had been murdered. The blow fell heavily upon the daughter, but more heavily upon the mother, and she died not long after. Let me ask you, in such a case, what would any one of you have done?"

"Married the girl," was the general response.

"I did do so."

"A false marriage," growled Raymond.

Clifford continued:

"The Reverend Joseph Moreland was my friend, and to him I confided all. He advised me to make the orphan my wife at once, and I did so."

"And last night you murdered him!" growled Raymond.

A murmur of disapprobation followed these words; but Tillman did not heed them, and continued:

"My friend, Mr. Moreland, performed the ceremony, and Blanche Gorman became my wife. I knew that I must make sacrifices of wealth and position when this step was taken, but I heeded them not. To live in quiet with her was my highest ambition, for here, and only here, could I find happiness."

An exclamation of approval burst from the lips of the listeners, while Raymond writhed. Clifford went on:

"I know that I acted in a childish manner. I feared my father's curses, and so I kept the matter a secret, living most of the time in seclusion. At length, I was discovered. I had kept the secret of my noble family from my wife, fearing that the disclosure would compromise her happiness. I had no other motive."

"Heaven bless you, my husband," murmured the wife, as she clung closely to him.

"Well," Tillman continued, "I made Mr. Moreland my arbiter, but my father would not listen to him. Mr. Moreland has always been my friend. At my invitation, he came to visit me, and—"

"And you have murdered him," put in Raymond.

"Let me say a few words in regard to my accuser," said Tillman.

"Do not hear him," cried Raymond.

"Go on, go on!" yelled the crowd.

"I will," said Tillman. "This man was my father's confidential secretary. I did not like him, for he has a repulsive face, but I made an effort to overcome my prejudice. Why he has become so bitter an enemy to me and my family I cannot tell. Surely, my father would never justify him in this persecution."

Raymond pushed forward and said:

"Those here may believe your story, but until you can disprove your deeds of last night, you must still stand convicted as the assassin of the Reverend Joseph Moreland."

"Come with me to the vessel, friends," continued Tillman. "There we will view the dead body."

Raymond offered no resistance.

In a short time the party reached the vessel's deck. The accuser of Tillman started back in horror. Seated in an easy chair, in the sun's warm rays, was an aged and wounded man—still alive, and recovering.

Raymond attempted to escape from the vessel, but he was detained. Then Tillman asked of his old friend:

"Mr. Moreland, could you recognize the face of the man who attempted to murder you last night?"

"I could, my old friend," was the reply.

"Did I do it?"

"No—oh, no!"

Tillman turned to the crowd and said:

"Let no man leave this craft until every one has passed before this wounded man!"

None appeared to shrink—not even Raymond. One after another passed in front of Mr. Moreland, and, at length, Raymond came by. His lips quivered slightly, and he averted his eyes, but the old man grasped him by the arm and cried:

"This is the man!"

Raymond was placed in irons, and important papers found upon him which had been taken from the supposed murdered man. Pierre Montrosa had brought the word to Tillman that Moreland still lived.

CHAPTER IV.

Why He Was Exiled.

"IS that villain, Raymond, in irons?" asked Mr. Moreland.

"He is," returned Tillman, kneeling by his side. Blanche and her little ones were near.

"If I could be merciful," continued the old man, "I should say, let him go, and he would never be happy; but—"

"The law must grasp him."

"Yes. Let the wretch be punished as he deserves."

"This shall be done; but have you strength now to tell me of my own affairs, and why Raymond has become such a bitter foe to me and my family?"

Mr. Moreland began, while many aside from those especially interested crowded around to hear his words. Three years before Tillman and his wife had been passengers on that same vessel. Several of the sailors had afterward visited him at his cottage home, and among the number was Pierre Montrosa.

Herman Tillman was really George Clifford. He had changed his name, fearing his father's wrath when he married. Now that the inhabitants of Copper-Clad Island knew the truth, he would keep it a secret no longer.

George Clifford—as we shall know him from this on—had been accused of murder. After his pretended discovery of the old man, in the last agonies of death, as Raymond supposed, he hastened to the vessel and told his story, implicating an innocent man. Believing his victim dead, he proceeded to mingle with the inhabitants of the island and circulate the same story, urging them to take immediate vengeance on the assassin.

His object in murdering the old man was apparent. He was aware of the fact, or believed such to be the case, that Mr. Moreland had quite a sum of money in his possession, which he was bringing to young Clifford. He also knew that Moreland had certain documents about him which would be of advantage to himself. Besides, the old minister who had solemnized the marriage of Clifford and Blanche had made frequent visits to the young people in their exile, and would prove a friend to Clifford, and, perhaps, foil his plan.

All these circumstances rendered his removal desirable to Raymond.

Why did Raymond seek the death of George Clifford?

This conversation took place upon the vessel's deck.

An anxious expression rested upon Clifford's face, as he knelt by the side of his friend. Mr. Moreland began:

"Your father loves you, my boy—"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Clifford.

"Don't raise your hopes too high."

"My father will forgive me?"

"No—he is inexorable."

"Then what have I to hope for?"

"For a long time I have believed that your father would relent. One week ago I visited him. He did not appear in the best of humor, and he would not listen to me. I spoke of your daughters, but he did not soften. I pleaded hard, and finally touched his heart. Turning to me, he said:

"'Never will I acknowledge my son and his plebeian wife. When she is dead, tell him to come to me.'"

Blanche groaned, as she bowed her head on her husband's bosom.

"Do you consider that my father's heart was really touched?" asked Clifford.

"You did not hear me through, boy."

"Go on—I will listen patiently."

"I told your father that you would never part with your wife while she lived, and I did not for a moment believe that you would ever return to the paternal roof, unless the memory of that wife was respected and honored after she was dead."

"You spoke truly."

"Can you imagine what your father's answer was?"

"'Let him starve,' I suppose."

"You wrong him, boy."

"I do not wish to do so. But what was his reply?"

"It was his reply and his action which nearly cost both you and myself our lives."

"Pray, explain."

"He said that if you would not leave your wife, he would only settle upon you the sum of five hundred pounds a year. He wants you to go to America, and never bring further disgrace upon his name."

"Very kind."

"Then he spoke tenderly of your children."

"What of them?"

"He considers the sum he settled upon you, augmented by your own exertions, as amply sufficient for the support of your family. Should your wife die, you can return to London with the children. Should you die, leaving them only their mother, he does not consider the five hundred as sufficient for their support and education, and the amount will be increased to one thousand pounds."

"That is, indeed, kind of him."

"Raymond was present while your father was speaking, and saw me receive two thousand pounds to be conveyed to you. Then your father named that villain as the guardian of your children and the controller of their yearly income, in the event of your death."

"It is plain now why he sought my life."

"But you do not understand his motive in trying to murder me?"

"Certainly. In the first place, he coveted the money you had in your possession. In the next place, he knew that your friendship for my family would cause you to look into matters, and that he would be detected."

"That is plain. But now tell me, my boy, what plans have you?"

"You tell me that my father has sent me two thousand pounds?"

"Yes."

"Did not Raymond take it from you last night?"

"He did, but it has been recovered."

"My father suggested that I should go to America?"

"He did."

"I will go. At first thought, it seems hard to leave here, but I shall find friends in that country. My small capital will enable me to commence a modest business."

"When will you sail?"

"At once. To-morrow I will leave for Southampton. The first vessel sailing from thence shall carry me and my family to New York."

CHAPTER V.

The Disappearance.

A WEEK later, George Clifford, his wife, and two little daughters, stood upon the deck of the Tempest, watching the shores of England, as they were receding from view. The last farewell word had been spoken. The embarkation had taken place quietly at Southampton. But two friends were there to say good-by—old Mr. Moreland and Pierre Montrosa.

"I'll see you in America, before long!" said Pierre as the ship cast off her moorings. When they were fairly started the wife said:

"George, why did you start and tremble as that aged gentleman upon the wharf came into view, waved his handkerchief and then so suddenly disappeared?"

"It was my father."

"And he would not come and grasp your hand or speak one encouraging word?"

"So it seems. But he shall be proud of me yet.

"There are few in this world who have not cause for sorrow, and ours may really be less than many who seem more happy. If I should speak just as I think, I would say that I am at this moment far happier than my father, with all his wealth and his title. I cannot say that I have much to reproach myself with, and I know that he will not feel the same, when he seriously considers his attitude toward me."

"Do not be too harsh, dear George. Your father has not cast you from his heart, for he has made ample provision for our support."

"Blanche, you are my wife, and you must know that you are all the world to me. Were you a countess, and the possessor of great wealth, and I but a poor titleless man, would you have loved me the same as now?"

"You know, George, it is only one week since I first learned that you were anything but a poor titleless man."

"True. But had it been as I suggest, would you have loved me?"

"As dearly as now."

"I believe it."

The next morning broke clear and beautiful. Thus several days passed. They were nearing the shore of New York, and every one was high in anticipation of a safe arrival.

But as night was coming on, the sky became overcast with clouds. No one expected much trouble. A terrible storm broke over the ship. In a short time the heavens were ablaze, and the bellowing of the elements was terrific.

Yet no one appeared to be alarmed.

Suddenly there was a terrible crash and the mainmast came down upon the deck. Immediately there was great confusion. Soon the cry was raised that the straining of the ship had opened a seam in her bottom, and that she was leaking badly.

All hands were called to the pumps; but the utmost efforts were unavailing; and the vessel was fast settling.

Then a new terror presented itself Flames began to issue through the hatchway. The lightning had ignited a portion of the cargo. Destruction was inevitable. Rockets were thrown into the air, but no answering signals came.

"Man the life-boats!" shouted the captain.

"Where is my husband?" asked Blanche, as she came on deck. He was not to be found. He had been seen standing by the bulwarks but a moment before the doomed vessel was struck! His name was called in vain! The wild wailing of the distracted wife received no response from him. For a moment her strength appeared to fail.

(To be continued.)

ELECTRICITY IN CAR VENTILATION.

From a paper by B. W. Stowe, read before the Railway Electrical Engineers

VENTILATION, one of the two effects sought in the employment of electrical equipment on railway cars, implies the removal of foul and stagnant air from passenger-coaches. Such air for our purpose shall include not only such elements as may be detected by the sense of smell, but of microscopic organisms, including disease germs.

Dust and suspended matter may be made up of spores, seeds, pollen, hair cellular tissue, epidermal cells, and other animal substances. These various impurities, mingled with carbon dioxide and watery vapor, products of combustion, are what gives to a room that odor which is so noticeable to one coming in from the outside, and renders the atmosphere close and oppressive.

Few of us realize that the air we breathe is so laden with impurities. It is perhaps best that we remain in ignorance of the fact that even country air contains on an average 200 dust particles per cubic centimeter, and that in city air carries as high as 150,000 particles. Records are extant which the air in tenement-houses reveals 1,000,000 particles per cubic centimeter.

Now, to most of us, it matters not whether the air we breathe is rated in terms of the dust in suspension or the carbon-dioxide content. Endowed with the sense of smell, we are made conscious of abnormal conditions in the air we breathe; can easily distinguish between good and bad odors. By a feeling of oppression and lassitude, ofttimes accompanied by headache and drowsiness, we are to understand that the per cent of carbon dioxide gas in the atmosphere has reached a dangerous point.

The evidences of impure air in a room are revealed in many ways. It is not possible to detect the presence of disease germs, however, and we can only accept the assumption that, if we are conscious of impurities in the air we breathe, germs are undoubtedly present. It then behooves us to consider not the question of infection, but how best to insure a supply of pure air in proportion to the rate at which it becomes vitiated.

Our modern passenger-coaches, otherwise known as "general service cars," seat approximately eighty people. Each adult and normal person requires about 3,000 cubic feet of air per hour. Medical authorities prescribe a clear space of about 600 cubic feet per adult in order to insure an adequate supply of air.

Cars of the above classification contain about 4,800 cubic feet of space, and calculating the cubic feet of air required by eighty persons as 240,000, it is evident that the ideal ventilation of a modern day coach would be accomplished only by some means whereby *the entire air content would be changed fifty times per hour or nearly once every minute*

Furthermore, if we care to continue our search for the ideal and in the light of medical requirements, we will find in order to vouchsafe to each occupant of such cars his allotment of 600 cubic feet of space, that the capacity of each car would be limited to eight passengers. But such considerations have no place in modern railroad practice. Indeed, the traveling public demands no very strict observance of the laws of health, if such laws are to be interpreted as above. The foregoing analysis is of value only in showing how far short of nature's requirements does modern practice obtain.

Despatching Trains by Telephone.

BY JOHN C. THOMSON.

IN the July number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, we reprinted a short item from an eminent contemporary, *The Railway and Engineering Review*, which stated in part: "One of the most important innovations which has taken place in the history of railroading is that being put into effect now by many of the railroads throughout the country, namely, a new method of despatching trains. The telephone is gradually replacing the telegraph for this service on many of the big railroad systems in the United States."

This item, which we published only as an interesting bit of news and it is our province, truly, to record for the benefit of our readers all important matters relating to railroad service -brought forth a storm of abuse from telegraph operators in all parts of the country. These writers claimed that the item was false, that the telephone was installed to take the place of the telegraph for sinister motives only, and we were blamed for publishing "trash."

Fearing that we might be in the wrong, we commissioned an absolutely unbiased writer to fully investigate the matter. The facts of his investigation are set forth in this article. The authorities which Mr. Thomson plentifully quotes are men whose statements cannot be doubted.

At any rate, we beg to inform the great army of telegraph operators that if they fear that the telephone will eventually obliterate them—they, alone, hold this view. The telephone will have its place in *train despatching* for many good reasons but it will no more displace the telegraph than—as the mail clerks declared forty years ago when the telegraph came into being—the United States mail would go out of existence.

Why the Telephone Has Replaced the Telegraph for the Despatching of Trains on Fifty-Five American Railroads, Exceeding 29,000 Miles. The Opinions of Experts on this New Departure.

WITHIN the past three years the telephone has replaced the telegraph for train-despatching and other purposes on over fifty-five American railroads, whose combined mileage exceeds 29,000 miles. The movement seems to be growing rapidly; so much so, in fact, that many railroad men predict that the telephone will eventually replace the telegraph. This prediction, however, is disputed by many telegraph operators. But the railroads declare that the telephone is coming into service with more speed than was first imagined.

The Western Electric Company, which has installed over ninety-three per cent of all the railroad telephones—especially those used for despatching—gives the three

following reasons for the rapid introduction of the telephone:

> First, and most important, was the enactment of State and Federal laws limiting the working day of railroad employees transmitting or receiving orders pertaining to the movement of trains, to nine hours.
>
> The second reason, which is directly dependent upon the first, was the inability of the railroads to obtain the additional number of telegraph operators which were required under the provisions of the new laws. It was estimated that fifteen thousand additional operators would be required to maintain service in the same fashion in 1907, after the new laws went into effect. The increased expense occasioned by the employment of these additional operators was estimated at approximately ten million dollars per year.
>
> A third reason for the introduction of the telephone is the decreased efficiency of the average railway and commercial telegraph operator. There is a very general complaint among the railroads to-day regarding this particular point, and many of them welcome the telephone for the sole reason that it renders them independent of the telegrapher. What has occasioned this it is not easy to say, but there is a strong tendency to lay this decreased efficiency to the attitude of the telegraphers' organization toward the student operator. It is a fact, too, that the limits which these organizations have placed on student operators was directly responsible for the lack of available men when they were needed.

The above reasons may or may not be so, and are much in dispute, especially as the telegraph operators practically deny all three of them.

A fourth reason advanced by the railroads in general, and vigorously denied by the telegraphers, is that the use of the telephone in despatching means greater safety. For instance, in May, 1909, at Atlanta, Georgia, before a meeting of telegraphers, President Perham of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers read a paper, attacking the use of the telephone for railroad work, and train-despatching in particular. In answer to this, C. H. Gaunt, assistant general manager and superintendent of telegraph for the Santa Fe says in a letter:

The Santa Fe's Claims.

> Telephone despatching has been in no way responsible for any accident in any territory so equipped. I may add further that in no instance have we gone back to the telegraph despatching after once starting the telephone circuit, except, of course, temporarily, for very short periods of time during wire troubles on the telephone pair.

In an article in the *Railroad Age-Gazette*, "Telephone Train-Despatching on the Santa Fe," it is claimed that:

> The telephonic transmission of the line of the greatest length, Fresno to San Francisco and branches, 203.1 miles, with 32 stations bridged across the line, leaves practically nothing to be desired, either in volume of sound or clearness of articulation. The line failures, by superior construction, have been reduced to a minimum, and the curious fact has developed that during heavy fogs in the San Francisco Bay vicinity it is possible successfully to operate the telephone circuits after line-escapes, due to moisture, have rendered the telegraph wires partially inoperative.

The Santa Fe now has over 2,000 miles of road under telephone instead of telegraph, and are constantly adding to the new service.

Some railroads, in fact, even advertise in the daily papers that the use of the telephone for train-handling is a factor of safety and bid for passengers on this basis. The Lehigh Valley, for instance, has it:

> Safety, speed, and comfort. The telephone superseding the telegraph. A perfect system made even more perfect, irrespective of expense, by the gradual introduction of the telephone in place of the telegraph for train-despatching.

A Time Saver.

The following letter sums up as compactly as is verbally practical the views of Chief Despatcher H. McPhee, of the Santa Fe. It is dated April 3, 1909:

> I attach herewith letters from Night Chief Despatcher Messick and Despatchers Baker, Lindsey, Moore, and Extra Despatcher Patterson, who have handled trains by telephone. You will notice that they all agree that the method of handling trains by telephone is vastly superior to the old method of handling them by telegraph.
>
> (1) The telephone has done away entirely with the loss and waste of train-despatchers' time calling operators, which time can now be put to good advantage in keeping up the train-sheet, calculating ahead, and tends to better handling of train movement from the fact that the train-despatcher has more time at his disposal in which to arrange for the meeting and passing points. This feature also secures to the despatcher the placing of

the orders to the trains at the time he originally outlines and figured on by him. Under the old method or plan, if for any reason it would be necessary for a despatcher to spend ten, fifteen, or more minutes endeavoring to raise some certain office, the despatcher of a necessity would be crowded for valuable time, which would always result in bringing him face to face with a congestion of train orders to handle; in other words, the despatcher would want to issue two or three orders at the same time on account of his work being delayed by failure to raise an operator. So far the experience with the telephone has shown that this feature has been eliminated.

(2) I believe that there is no argument between the two methods as to safety. The telephone is perfectly clear and reliable, and with the instructions pertaining to the handling of train orders and checking, there should be no loophole for an error, and in case one might be made there is no reason why it should not be more easily detected than with the telegraph.

No claim is being made that the actual transmission and repeating of train orders is being handled quicker on the telephone than by telegraph, but the officers to which the orders are to be sent or handled are assembled without loss of time, which is a decided advantage over the telegraph.

For Trick Despatchers.

There is one feature of the handling of train orders under the telephone that should recommend itself to every trick despatcher, as well as the railroad company, and that is that the train-despatcher now places in his record-book a copy of the order as he transmits it instead of waiting for the first station to repeat it and take chances of his memory verifying the order as being the same as was sent by him.

(3) Under the old method, when a train-despatcher would have a great number of orders to issue and repeat, "OS" reports or time of trains at stations would be neglected, and a great deal of delay would ensue raising offices and requesting this information. With the telephone you can get this information as quickly as the selector will ring up.

(4) Under the telegraph system it was formerly quite a task to secure within a reasonable length of time any satisfactory information in case of derailment or other trouble. With the telephone the entire situation is covered in a few moments' time by getting the conductor or party who would be in touch with the situation, to advise just what this might be. Any point that would not be covered could be requested, while under the old method message after message used to be sent before results could be obtained.

The advantages of train-despatching by telephone are too numerous to enumerate, and despatchers feel that we would be going "back to the light of other days" if we had to go back to transmitting our orders by telegraph. The despatchers are getting hearty cooperation from all operators and agents, and we are having success with the system. There has been, of course, some wire troubles and minor defects, all of which have been eliminated, and at the present time I would say that the telephone is working as perfectly in its way as did the old telegraph instruments, and have no doubt that if the improvement will be as marked in the future as it has been in the past two months, the system will be entirely perfect in a very short time.

H. McPHEE,
Chief Despatcher.

H. C. Roehrig, another Santa Fe despatcher, in a signed letter to his chief despatchers, says that the most important advantage is the calling of operators who may be outside working local trains or handling freight in the freight-house, which is almost impossible by telegraph. Operators respond quickly and act quickly in giving instructions.

There are no student operators, as some of our weakest men, telegraphically speaking, are strong on the phone. Ability to converse directly with the conductor or engineer when desired. The making of a record of messages while sending them. In conversation the phone is much faster than the telegraph.

Tell of Reduced Strain.

W. R. Harkness, of the Western Electric Company, in a paper read before the St. Louis Railway Club, said that it will be contended by many that the telegraph operator does his work unconsciously, and is, therefore, not subject to a mental strain. But the despatchers and operators who have been using the telephone for despatching work in nearly every case speak of reduced strain.

"They can do the same amount of work by telephone in one-half the time formerly required. The abandonment of the telegraph-key for calling the stations has been a great physical relief to the despatchers, and the operators have been relieved of all calling of the despatcher.

"The stations answer the signal given by the selector-bell much more promptly than they do the sounder. The fact that the

noise of the telegraph instruments is removed will also have an effect upon the work of the despatchers and operators.

"The calling of stations by the despatcher while conversation is being carried on with other stations saves time. There is greater accuracy in transmitting orders by telephone, as the despatcher writes down each word as it is spoken instead of sending it from memory by telegraph.

"The improved line construction and telephone-apparatus available to-day is far superior to that used even five years ago. It has been stated that all voices are not transmitted equally well by telephone.

"This is true; but trouble from this cause is seldom experienced, and it will be possible to obtain employees with suitable voices easier than it is to get employees who can send good Morse.

"The telegraph operator is subject to paralysis of the arm. There is not such effect or any other physical trouble caused by the continual use of the telephone, and its introduction enables many telegraph operators already affected with paralysis, but otherwise efficient employees, to continue to carry on their work in a satisfactory manner.

Better for Oprs.

"The despatchers and the operators have become better acquainted since using the telephone, and this has resulted in closer co-operation in the performance of their work. The fact that they are talking with each other seems to have eliminated the caustic remarks and comments so frequently sent by telegraph.

"The remark of the despatcher after using the telephone for several months to the effect that he 'had not been mad once since using the telephone' is well worth repeating, as it indicates an improved condition. By equipping trains with portable telephone sets the despatcher may be reached from any point between stations in case of break-down."

Mr. Harkness, in speaking of some of the advantages and disadvantages of the telephone, as compared with the telegraph, has said: "The telephone messages are handled at less expense than by telegraph. The telephone operators handle as high as four hundred and fifty messages a day, and this could be increased if the line were not used so much for conversations.

"For train-despatching service due consideration must be given to the length of the line, the kind and size of wire, the number of stations connected to the line, the kind of telephone, transmitter, receiver, induction-coil and circuit, together with the kind and amount of current supplied," says Mr. Harkness. "The number of stations connected to lines now in service varies from ten to forty-four.

"In regular commercial telephone service there are usually but two people talking or listening on the line at the same time, while in despatching service it is customary to have from three to five operators in addition to the despatcher, all connected to the line at the same time, and in addition an unknown number of other stations listening to their conversation.

There Is No Standard.

"Various methods of rendering efficient service under these severe conditions have been proposed and tried. Some have attempted to equalize the telephonic current passing through the receivers at the various stations, others have increased the volume of transmission, and still others by a combination of the two have attempted to secure more satisfactory results.

"In some cases increased volume of transmission has been accomplished at an increase in battery consumption and a decrease in clearness of articulation. In others the volume of transmission has been decreased to obtain clearer articulation.

"The great difficulty is that there is no standard. No two users of a telephone will agree as to the relative volume of articulation obtained on two different circuits. Even with skilled observers, differences in volume of transmission are often taken for differences in quality of articulation and vice versa, or the amount of difference when judged in per cent will vary within a wide range. A comparison of a laboratory standard and a working line is a physical impossibility if the tests are to be made by the same parties and under the same conditions.

Will Not Supersede Telegraphy.

"Comparisons made by observing the service on one line, and then several days later observing the service on the same or different line cannot be considered fair. Further, changes in atmospheric or physical conditions may occur in an instant."

Mr. Harkness estimates the cost of equipping a railroad with telephones at about one hundred dollars per mile.

G. W. Dailey, superintendent of telegraph of the Chicago and Northwestern, in the *Railroad Age-Gazette* for October 9, 1908, contributes a long article, in which he gives minute details of the experience of his road with the telephone. Although Mr. Dailey reports very favorably of the telephone for railroad work, he says that "there is an erroneous impression that the telephone may soon supersede and replace the telegraph entirely. This will not happen in your time or mine. On the two districts equipped, while we are using the telephone for train-movement business, we have retained the telegraph for ordinary messages and commercial business."

For years the telephone has filled a minor but nevertheless important place in the communication system of the Chicago and Northwestern, as well as other roads. Its principal uses in the past have been in connecting up outlying switches with the telegraph offices, small stations with the telegraph stations, connecting roundhouses and coal-sheds, and in the larger yards connecting various switch-shanties, scales, ice-houses, and roundhouses with the yardmaster's office. The Chicago terminal has been a good illustration of the service.

This yard system has proved of untold value in handling the terminal business, and could not now be dispensed with. The same system on a smaller scale has been in use in Clinton, Boone, and other yards of the Chicago and Northwestern for several years.

The Errors Are Few.

Many important instructions are issued by the Chicago and Northwestern operators, and hundreds of car numbers and initials are handled over these yard telephone lines every day. The errors and misunderstandings have been so few, and the operation of these yard lines so successful, that it had quite a bearing on the proposed extending of the telephone on that road.

It also served to demonstrate the superiority of the telephone, due to its greater speed and flexibility, as well as to the fact that any yardmaster, yard-clerk, or ordinary employee can use it to equal advantage and does not have to look for a telegrapher to do his talking for him.

In handling train-orders by telephone on the Chicago and Northwestern, all rules and regulations governing train movements remain the same as under the telegraph. No rules or practises have been changed.

The orders as delivered to conductors and engineers are just the same in form, appearance, and every particular as they have been, and are handled exactly the same as heretofore. In issuing a train-order, the despatcher, after calling the stations he wants, proceeds with his order in the same form and formula as if by telegraph.

The names of all stations, conductors, train and engine numbers, and the time are first pronounced plainly, then spelled out letter by letter and the figures duplicated, naming each figure separately.

When speaking the order, the despatcher is writing it in his record-book, which is considered quite a material safeguard over the telegraph practise.

Type of Telephone Orders.

When he has finished speaking and writing, he is ready for the repeating by the operators. This reduces his speed of conversation to his own ability to write it down, and also gages the speed for the receiving operator out on the line, and does not unnecessarily hurry him. The operators repeat the orders back to the despatcher in the same way, giving the "X" acknowledgment, as heretofore.

All operators listen to each other, thereby checking each other. The despatcher underscores each word and figure in his record-book as it is being repeated by each operator.

Following are two illustrations of telephone orders. The hyphenated words and figures are spelled out letter by letter. The orders as delivered do not show these spacings or brackets, which are merely used for this illustration:

EXAMPLE I.

Order No. 49

To C. and E. No. F-i-f-t-y F-i-v-e (Five Five):

Extra E-l-e-v-e-n S-i-x-t-y S-i-x (Double One Double Six) and No F-i-f-t-y F-i-v-e (Five Five) Engine S-e-v-e-n (Seven) J-o-n-e-s will meet at Bombay (B-o-m-b-a-y) instead of at Bangor (B-a-n-g-o-r).

EXAMPLE II.

No. T-w-e-n-t-y T-w-o (Double Two)

Engine S-e-v-e-n-t-y S-e-v-e-n (Double Seven) S-m-i-t-h will meet No. T-h-i-r-t-y F-i-v-e (Three Five) J-o-n-e-s at Bangor (B-a-n-g-o-r).

In reporting trains to a despatcher, it is claimed that no calling is necessary—operators merely take receiver off the hook, speak the name of their station, and go ahead with their business; the despatcher, being cut in continuously, hears them, gives his acknowledgment, and the transaction is completed.

Quicker Handling Claimed.

The despatcher writes his order in his record-book as he speaks it, and so is all ready for the repeat when he is through speaking. The operators can then talk it back to him as fast as they can do so distinctly and plainly.

It is claimed that, counting the time saved in calling and quicker repetitions, the result is that orders and "3s" are handled about fifty per cent quicker than by telegraph.

This means that the despatcher can dispose of his work that much faster, has more time to figure out movements and meeting-points, and can handle a great many more trains on his trick and handle them more promptly, thereby greatly facilitating train movements.

Several railroads claim that it further places the despatcher in closer touch with all the little details of his daily work, and in closer touch with his men out on the line.

The Chicago and Northwestern has observed that there has been a decided improvement in the work and deportment of the men out on the line, due to the fact that the conversation between the despatchers, operators, and other employees are of a much more personal character than when obtained by telegraph, resulting in closer working relations and more pleasant cooperation.

Talking vs. Writing.

It is more as if they were facing each other, and they don't feel like indulging in some of the choice remarks that used to fly over the telegraph wire when some one would lose his temper.

It is human nature not to feel quite so brave when one is talking directly to you.

The Chicago and Northwestern states that it has had instances where derailments or other accidents have occurred, and, the despatcher being able to converse directly with the conductor on the ground and the conductor being able to explain things in his own way, more has been accomplished in ten minutes than could have been done by telegraph in an hour under the same conditions.

Many a first-class railroad man, like many other mortals, can talk better than he can write. The telephone permits him to talk, while the telegraph forces him to write.

On the Chicago and Northwestern each superintendent has a telephone on his desk connected with the despatching line. He can listen in, or talk with any or all of his stations at any time. He can himself check up any slackness and keep in close personal touch with everything, which is not otherwise possible, unless the superintendent is a telegrapher, and this is not always the case.

There is a worthy and charitable side to the telephone in railroading. It has opened up an avenue of employment for injured railroad men who make first-class block-operators or station-agents.

It should likewise open up a future avenue for young conductors to become train-despatchers should they so desire. There are many young conductors who ought to make first-class train-despatchers, and under telephone operation it would be a comparatively easy matter for them to do so, as they usually have the necessary experience and all the requirements, except the ability to telegraph.

Lightening Burdens.

The train-despatchers, according to all reports that the writer of this article has received, are all enthusiastic over the telephone, as it lightens their many burdens to a considerable extent, and we all know they have burdens enough to carry.

The Chicago and Northwestern states that another important feature in the use of the telephone for train-despatching is the fact that it works as good, if not better, in bad or foggy weather. This is just the reverse of the telegraph. No instruments out of adjustment and no operator breaking in the middle of an order, with a string of dots like a Gatling gun, trying to adjust

himself. The telephone remains in adjustment in any kind of weather; the signaling apparatus may be affected, but the telephone will not be.

Says Mr. Dailey:

"The telephone is decidedly a step in advance in the method of handling trains. More trains can be handled in a given time, prompter movements can be made, emergencies handled and controlled quicker and better, everybody is placed in closer touch with each other, and it is just as safe as the telegraph, if not safer, for such purposes.

"When telegraph orders were first introduced the first train and engine men handling them were afraid of them, and did not want to use them. Now we would not be without them."

Although the officials of only a few roads have been quoted in this article, there are, as has been said before, over fifty-five American railroads using the telephone for despatching trains over a mileage of 29,000 miles and more. The Santa Fe to-day is said to have the largest mileage under telephone, and is rapidly putting the whole system under such control. It is understood that the whole Harriman system is doing the same thing.

The Telegraph's Uses.

The Pennsylvania and the New York Central have found the telephone so useful for despatching that its use is being extended as rapidly as possible on these great systems. In fact, it looks as if despatching trains by telephone will in a very few years be the universal practise of this country and of Canada.

It will be noted that I say "despatching trains by telephone." This does not mean that the telegraph is doomed, for there are many other uses for the telegraph besides despatching, and as Mr. Dailey says, there is an erroneous impression that the telephone may soon supersede and replace the telegraph entirely (but) this will not happen in your time or mine."

Take the Associated Press reports, for instance. As any newspaper man knows, the telegraph is in no danger of being replaced by the telephone in such service, and especially by the ordinary commercial telephone. Any newspaper man who has had to take news by telephone or handle it as laid down on the desk by telegraph will not worry much about the future of the telegraph, or about the telegraph operator's job.

Train despatching is only a small part of communicating by wire and electricity. The cheapness and reliability of the telegraph makes it a standby where the telephone so far is not practical.

Value of New Things.

The telephone is to the telegraph, even in railroad work, what the electric car is to the steam locomotive. The trolley-car has not put the locomotive out of business, and the telephone cannot put the telegraph out of business.

Every change in machinery raises a misguided protest from the misinformed. It was so when the metal plowshares superseded the forked stick down to the time when the repeating rifle made the muzzle loader useless.

The introduction of the locomotive has increased the demand for horses, the telegraph has increased the demand on the mail service, and a telegraph operator worrying over the introduction of the telephone in railroad work is much like a mail clerk in the last century saying good-by to his job because of "that new-fangled, dangerous, unreliable affair, the telegraph, that nobody ever used before."

The telephone in railroad despatching, according to the reports given to the writer by various railroads, has the following in its favor over telegraphing:

(1) It is faster by from 25 to 50 per cent.

(2) It is fully as safe if not safer than telegraphing.

(3) It opens a channel to railroad employees injured in other lines of work who without the telephone could not earn a living.

(4) It enables a train to communicate with the despatcher from between stations, which is an invaluable thing in a wreck.

(5) It enables any one to send information in an emergency to the despatcher, or to take the station agent's place temporarily; say, in case of sudden sickness at a remote point.

(6) It prevents any combination of men from limiting the supply of labor that is necessary with which to run a railroad, and tends to remove the liability of strikes.

(7) It is extending the usefulness of a great invention, and advances the world one more step.

THAT NIGHT WITH MITZLER.

BY ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.

An Unexpected Demand by the Call-Boy and What It Did for a Boomer Fireman.

MITZLER was drunk—tired. nasty, fighting drunk. There was no denying that; and, on the other hand, nobody reported it to division headquarters. Why? There are several reasons, but chiefly two in particular.

If a homeless man battles his way over a hundred-mile division, sweating and blistering close back of a locomotive fire-door; if he doggedly heaves half a car-load of soft coal from the tender into the fierce-flaming fire-box with skill and exactness while the engine-deck careens drunkenly under his tired feet; if his seared eyes search unfailingly betimes into the blackness of the night, that he may not fail to call to his watchful mate across the cab "white" when the semaphore says "white," or "green" when it says "green," or "*red*" when it says commandingly "*red*"; and if, with all this and the multitude of unnamed, soul-searing things which fill the moments of a heavy run with freight, he is patient, even cheerful, he will have won his first degree in the freemasonry which is the railroad man's most jealous possession.

That is one reason why Mitzler was not reported.

The other chief reason is this: When a man has done all of these things in a day, and done them well, no seasoned man of decent instincts will say that it is not enough; and, when the sudden demand is made for more, no man who rightly bears the name goes far aside to bear a tale against the man who, for the once, found erring, falls a little short.

This is true, though fellow-feeling must not override a rule, and whisky always must remain taboo upon the rail.

Nobody was more bitterly aware of this than Mitzler. Whisky had made him a boomer and a tramp before he had drifted into the clear upper air of Pelaya. Again and again he had stood unsteadily gripping the hand-railing in front of the call-board in some roundhouse of the crowded lines of the Middle West and stared shamefacedly through bloodshot eyes while his name was wiped finally from the board.

Again and again he had gone out to dwell in the gutters and the filth of things until, summoning the latent manhood and the saving laughter which were in his heart and would not yet consent to die, he stood up, shook free of the deadly thing, and won his insistent way to another berth a little farther on, notwithstanding the ominous gaps in his "clearance" which would have barred a man less prepossessing.

In one of these reconstructive periods he had drifted into the high country beyond the great plains. In the summer night that brought him to the base of the mountains he lay prone upon his back in the bottom of an empty coal car, while the wheels drummed out their dull, funereal march on the lonely bridge across Purgatory River.

The roar of the engine toiling ceaselessly at the front came back to him through the narrowing gorge. The gurgling waters of the river seemed briefly to voice the mute accusation of the bright stars above him, and the insistent voice of the laboring engine became a thunderous denunciation of his wasted days.

Mitzler was feeling very much alone and ashamed.

Then, while the train wound slowly upward through the turnings of the pass, great banks of cloud welled up above the moun-

tain-tops and slowly blotted out the accusing stars; the voice of the babbling river was hushed in the distance below, and the shouted reproach from the engine was dulled and hushed in the depths of the gorge, while Mitzler fell into the troubled sleep of the outcast on the wing.

When he awoke late in that summer night the train was standing in the dense darkness of Pelaya yards. Great drops of rain were falling on his face and striking dully in the coal-dust on the car floor. He clambered over the side, made his stumbling way across the network of tracks, and presently stood in the middle of the only lighted room that fronted Pelaya's main street.

"THERE IT IS ON THE CLOCK. WHAT'S THE MATTER?" REPLIED THE WAITER.

He clutched in the depths of his ragged jeans, the last two-bit piece that he possessed, and halted waveringly for a moment between pungent-smelling bar on the one hand and appetizing lunch-counter on the other.

The lure of food prevailed. He fiercely thrust the bit of silver on the counter, and ate to the limit of its purchasing power. He walked to the door and looked across toward the lights flitting about the roundhouse. He turned back and surveyed his grimy and bedraggled appearance in the mirror above the bar. Then he took his way out into the night and toward the low rampart of cliff which stands close guard above the town.

When he had gained a sheltered place beneath the beetling rocks he sat down and listened to the rumbling of the storm gathering closer in the mountains. Suddenly it broke and fell about his retreat in sheets and columns of rain, shot through and glaringly illumined by lightning flashes of vivid white and nearer gleams of blinding flame.

The mountainside sprang into quick life with rills and little hurrying torrents. A rattlesnake, drowned out of its den, glided suddenly out upon the dry ledge where Mitzler sat. He sprang to his feet, and, as it writhed toward him, and before it could coil and strike, he kicked it far out from the ledge, and saw its yellow, writhing folds fall swiftly through a glare of light into the depths.

"That does for you!" he muttered as he sank back upon the rock, shaken with the horror of the thing. "This town must have heard about me, judgin' by the celebration it's puttin' up!

"That's what I'll do," he declared aloud, amid the rumbling of thunders among the rocks. His eyes followed the course of the rattlesnake's flight. "I'll

kick loose from the whole boomer business and clean up!"

He rose with a determined start. He pressed out the dents from his battered hat, loosed his shoes, and, divesting himself of his garments one by one until he stood naked, thrashed the grime of many wanderings from them upon the rock walls of his shelter. Then he stepped out into the torrent of falling rain and completed his regeneration before he laid down to sleep and await the coming of morning.

That was the real coming of Mitzler to Pelaya. Nobody but himself knew anything more about that than they knew about the deadly, secret battle which he fought for the mastery of himself in the months that followed.

He won steadily from the morning after the storm, when he went into the master mechanic's office, smiling above the insistent demands of an empty stomach, and secured a place on the call-board, until that wild-eyed winter night when he came on the engine drunk and showed a private Pelaya audience a different sort of Mitzler.

That was the one night when Mitzler was undeniably drunk, and, indeed, the only time in Pelaya that there was any possibility of his being so. Until then he had not again touched the stuff which he wanted and feared with all his soul.

It was Christmas Eve, with the sun gone down and the keen upper air nipping and searing every exposed thing in the early darkness.

The yards were a dirty brown of trampled snow, and, beyond and above, the spotless white of the vast slopes led steeply, dimly upward to the circling mountain-heads. The myriad stars were again holding high conclave, but among their brilliant company there was no accusing eye for Mitzler.

There seemed to him, instead, a sort of benediction which found material expression in the resonant voice of big Jim Mahalie as they crossed the yards together, homeward bound.

"Once more we fought 'em through the hills, eh, Mitzler?" said Mahalie with a triumphant glance toward the headless train of freight stretching dimly away into the night, where they had just left it.

"Once more," replied Mitzler briefly.

"Nine hours' fight, with the battle front stretched through snow-banks from Del Sur to Pelaya and seven hundred tons a coming! Any man that wants more than that is a glutton. What!" Mahalie ran on cheerily. "It's enough, ain't it?"

"Enough," agreed Mitzler, with an abstracted smile.

"Matter, old man?" demanded Mahalie. "Ain't going to turn blue for Christmas, are you? Say," he added quickly, as he read something of the rightness of his guess in a swift glance at the fireman's face, "you're to come up to my house for Christmas dinner to-morrow. It's the last thing my wife said to me when we started out on the run.

"Come up and help play with the young ones. We'll have more fun than you could dump out of a cart," he finished while shifting various mysterious bundles under his arms.

"All right. Much obliged," replied Mitzler, with a lonesome sort of laugh. "That'll be the finest ever. Guess I'm some tired to-night, but you can look for me, fresh as spring grass, to-morrow."

Then Mahalie went his eager homeward way. Mitzler, with a quiet "Good night," betook himself rather pensively to a lonely supper in the only place that always showed a welcoming light in any hour of Pelaya's darkest night.

He pushed the door open, and entered, responding quietly to a varied greeting. He had no mood for companionship. The pride of the six months of his regeneration had slipped away for the moment. He had come suddenly to that partial collapse of spirit which sometimes falls upon an overwearied man who permits himself to look backward to a somber past.

He was, at heart, again the derelict, the friendless outcast, the bleak loneliness of whose condition stood forth within himself only the more clearly because of the attempted good cheer of Mahalie's making and the good-fellowship around him.

He observed all of the unwritten niceties of the place quite exactly by hanging his cap upon a hook in the wall and placing his rolled overalls under the chair when he seated himself at a table apart from the hilarious group at the bar and the quieter line at the lunch-counter.

He ate heartily of the substantial meal which was served him, glancing furtively now and then toward the glistening array of bottles back of the bar, which in the months past he had taken a savage joy in regarding as beaten foes.

He gulped the last of his muddy coffee, and groped aimlessly with one hand under his chair in search of his bundled overalls. Then he suddenly loosed his hold of them and sat bolt upright.

"What does it matter?" he ground out through his clenched teeth. "There ain't a soul north of Georgia nor west of the Missouri that cares a peck of Chillicothe gravel whether I'm corned or sober! I'll take one, and go to bed!

"Say!" he called imperatively to a passing waiter.

But when the man lined up beside him with his hand dropped familiarly upon his shoulder, Mitzler only reached again toward his overalls, and asked lamely:

"What time is it?"

"There it is on the clock. What's the matter? Watch stopped?" replied the waiter as he hurried away with a grin.

The odor of mixed drinks swirled about Mitzler in the wake of the waiter's hurried going. The shining array of bottles glistened invitingly, and the musical tinkle of glasses mingled with many-keyed laughter close at hand.

He thrust the bundle back to its place beneath his chair, and called again:

"José! Bring me an unbroken bottle of Bourbon. Hurry!" he ordered, with a blaze of light in his eyes which admitted of no denial.

When it had come — when José, overfriendly, had volunteered his glib admonition of, "Go to it, bo—there ain't a headache in a bar'l of it!" Mitzler poured a measure of it in a glass and held it gloatingly to the light.

He reveled in the golden gleam of its amber fire, and set it down and poured an added depth before he raised it hungrily to his lips.

He drained it at a gulp, and poured again and drank. Then he seized his bundle, paid his score, and strode to the door, with no word of greeting or farewell to any who passed.

"SIGN RIGHT HERE UNDER 'COON' CONNOR."

He swung the door wide, and bumped full into the call-boy's swinging lantern.

"Whoap!" exclaimed the boy. "You're called. Sign right here under 'Coon' Connor. You're goin' with him on extra 939, west!"

"Yes, I am!" rejoined Mitzler, staring blankly. "Get out!" he added, roughly shoving the boy aside. "I'm just in. I'm going to bed."

"Sign," snarled the call-boy, lunging

back with his book. "You got to sign or git turned in. What's the use hollering?"

"Shut the door!" yelled somebody as the icy blast smote the revelers at the bar. "D'ye think it's summer?"

Mitzler signed, and turned his face to the steady, bitter wind that swept across the tracks, while the clear, sleepless stars blinked gravely on his halting footsteps through the yards.

"Coon" Connor, engineer, had two hobbies, and he was there with both of them when Mitzler arrived at the engine, already coupled to its train.

First, he wore, from October to May, a close-fitting skull-cap of yellow-gray sable, which rumor avowed had been made by himself from some old furs of his wife's. Coon never made any declaration about it, except that it brought him luck. He would run a minute late leaving any station to tell that.

Second, he believed that sheep's tallow was a sure cure for hot pins, and he religiously carried a carefully wrapped pound of it to and from the engine.

He was stowing the sheep's tallow exactly in the right place in the tender toolbox when Mitzler climbed up the gangway. When he had fixed it to his satisfaction, he drew his sable cap down more deeply over his ears, and essayed to be cheerful. But Mitzler would not have it so.

"So you're the engineer, eh?" he demanded. "Great big engineer!"

"Sure," replied Connor cheerfully. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Well, le'me have a look at this 'gine. I want to put her in my pocket," sneered Mitzler. "Don't get in the way, fellow; I'm goin' to put some of a fire in this machine. Just watch me!"

Connor watched him for the space of three pulse-beats, and understood. It was becoming rare, but he had seen a man quickly turn drunk on a short call in the high country.

He knew the signs, and therefore dropped down and went quietly about his oiling.

In a little while the whistle sent its starting call screeching and rasping up among the ice-locked peaks, and they were away for the long battle with the hills on the weary way of Mitzler's recent coming. Sullenly, but well, he fought his fight with the fire, and patiently Connor bore with his bitter-tongued question or reply.

"YOU SURE DO WIN IF I CAN HELP YOU."

Had the night been worn a little farther on the heavy labors of the run, it might have fared easier for Mitzler, but the climax came too soon. He was still heady with the Bourbon which he had taken when they arrived at the first lone water-tank, secluded in its rough-hewn niche beside a ledge of shelving rock.

In the great

white silence of the Christmas peace that had stolen upon the world while they had fought their way thus far among the beetling crags and the starved wild things that prowled hungrily among them, Connor stopped there for water. On the one side was the tank standing darkly against the rock wall; on the other side the bench of snow-covered rock at the level of the cab window.

Mitzler sprang from his seat at the window as the engine stopped him directly beside the sloping rock.

His eyes were staring for want of sleep, but there was a terror in them also which was not born of that.

"Hey! Did you see that?" he yelled at Connor's back.

"See what?" replied Connor, drawing in his sable-clad head from the window.

Then Mitzler's eyes widened in a greater fright as he sprang back with a smothered cry upon the seat-box from which he had hastily come.

"That's a shine hat for a white man to wear," he announced, while he fumbled nervously with the shaker-bar, caught up in his leap. "I can see hats like that any place I look. Seen one out here on the snow just now, and I s'pose the woods is full of them. Why don't you get a bear-skin while you're at it, huh?"

"That'll be all about that hat, pardner," answered Connor, touched to the quick. "If you don't like it, you can always get off and walk, you know. Take water, and never mind me, will you?"

"Yes, I'll take water, and I'll be right with her as long as you can pull that throttle out of the back door," replied Mitzler. "Don't you never worry none about me, *hombre!*"

Connor caught up his oil-cans without further ado, lifted the lid of the tender tool-box, took out the precious packet of tallow, and went below with it under his arm while the swirling wind wafted the rancid smell of it across the cab and out over the snow of the rock-shelf.

Mitzler allowed the shaker-bar to slip easily back to its place on the deck. He slipped down quickly after it, and, stepping across the lap-sheet and through the opened coal-gates, began climbing through the loose coal toward the back of the tender. He had gained only half the height of the hopper when he stopped and said:

"Oh, you're up there, are you? Thought you went down to oil around. You goin' to take water?"

There was no answer but the whistling of the wind among the rock pines.

"Say, why don't you answer? Will you take it, or won't you?" he demanded.

Then two close-set gleams of greenish fire seemed to shoot out from under what he thought was Connor's cap, and a screeching, smothered growl was wafted down to him on a swirl of wind.

He began backing numbly through the mass of yielding coal under his feet, clutching automatically behind him for the shaker-bar, which, though uppermost in his mind, was all too far away.

Just when he had reached the lap-sheet without turning, Connor's yellow-gray head appeared low at the gangway as he shouted up through the cold blast:

"What you yelling about, Mitzler? Was that you made that noise?"

At sight of the cap below him, Mitzler let out an inarticulate yell of sheer terror, and, as the odor of the open tallow-packet in Connor's hands was wafted up more strongly than ever from below, Mitzler's cry was answered from the tender.

The sound rose from a low wailing moan, like the sobbing of the wind through trees at night, mounting swiftly to a shrill and piercing cry of direst menace, while Mitzler stood clutching aimlessly behind him and looking dully from Connor's head at the gangway up to the blazing points of living fire in the darkness at the tender's top.

A second piercing cry cut the bitter cold air more insistently than before, and, while it still rang among the rocks, a lithe, yellow-gray body shot out of the darkness above him and launched itself full at Mitzler's breast.

Instinctively he leaped aside and caught up the bar which he had been seeking blindly. The brute crashed against the loose fixtures of the boiler-head tray, and for a moment enmeshed itself in the swinging slack of the fire-door chain.

Screaming and snarling under the swift blows which Mitzler was now raining upon it, the great claws of the thing shot out in lightning play, ripping his clothing to shreds, while the heavy, cushioned paws buffeted him back and forth in the narrow space of the cab.

The double row of fierce white teeth flashed and snapped in the dull cab light

in furious onslaught on the chain which encumbered the beast and the fire-door which cruelly seared it.

There were dark stains of red growing broadly down the front of Mitzler's faded suit of blue, when Connor leaped into the fray from the side, with heavy hammer and wrench aiming swift-following blows from his wiry arms.

With a last desperate, screaming struggle, the mountain cat freed itself from the ensnaring chain, and crouched for an instant under the ceaseless blows. Half-stupefied by the beating, it missed its spring by ever so little and struck glancingly the water-glass on the boiler-head as its heavy body shot past Mitzler and brought up with a muffled crash upon his seat-box.

The quick puff of scalding water instantly turned to steam from the open cocks, the sputtering roar from the broken glass, and the mingled yells of the men and the ravenous cat drowned the crashing of the cab glass through which the animal leaped—and was gone.

Ten seconds—perhaps twice that—who could tell?—had seen it all. When they had stopped the broken fixtures and bound up Mitzler's flesh wounds, there was little of explanation made to the others of the train-crew, and they were again upon their way.

Except for the occasional call of signals, silence prevailed between Connor and Mitzler in the hours of darkness yet remaining on the run. When the pallid winter sun had ushered in the Christmas Day with spears of brilliant light upon the snow-capped pines, the train had won its way to Azul del Norte at the mountain's crest. It lay there in the vast stillness, waiting for the speeding limited from the west.

Just back from the tracks, centered in a little plaza rimmed about with piñon pines, stood a modest adobe chapel, sending out from its diminutive spire the high, clear notes of a bell in early call to sleepy, brown-faced villagers.

For a little space after the engine had come to rest upon the siding Mitzler stood in the gangway, and Connor leaned from the window in spite of the biting cold, listening to the appeal of the bell for "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Swarthy, huddled figures were hurrying in response, to disappear through the low, wide door of the chapel. The picture was one of humble peace and joy and hope.

"How long do you reckon we'll lay here for the limited?" Mitzler suddenly asked out of the silence which held between the men on the engine.

"Maybe as much as twenty minutes; maybe more," replied Connor dispassionately.

"I'll go over into the doby town for a spell," announced Mitzler, hitching the rents in his clothing together and tightening up the bits of wire with which he had roughly laced them.

"W-e-ll," replied Connor rather dubiously. Then, brightening, he added hopefully: "Better get yourself some good liniment, and rub up them cuts in your legs and face some, before we pull out. Do you good."

"I'll get me something better," answered Mitzler.

"All right," said Connor, with a decisive wag of the head. "But make good and sure you don't pull the wrong package, for I've had a man's plenty of rough house for this trip."

He shoved the cab sash shut with a bang, and Mitzler dropped down and departed without answering.

Straight to the chapel he went. Lifting the quaint bronze latch, he entered and stood, cap in hand, just within the door, and set his aching back against it.

His sleepless weary eyes followed the naked, narrow aisle down through the subdued light until they rested upon the calm face rising above the black robes of the *padre*.

Mitzler, entering silently, had come upon the lifting of the Host. He looked upon the reverent, upturned, swarthy faces, and then upon the bowed and kneeling figures clustering thickly among the poor wooden benches ranged on either side of the bare aisle.

When the sacred emblem had gone slowly aloft, and then as slowly had been withdrawn, he seized the moment of deep silence following to walk straightway down the aisle until he stood before the *padre* in the little chancel.

With his marred face and disheveled clothing, his weary stoop and his sleepless stare, he was a sorry apparition to appear in that sacred moment of a brown man's service, upon which no white man had ever before intruded. There are many places where more of pomp and less of reverence reign, from which his ignominious ejection

must have quickly followed. But not so here.

The *padre*, long accustomed to meet and satisfy the crying needs of poor humanity as best he might, was well able to meet a man as he might meet him. He read beneath the surface of Mitzler's haggard face and saw a man.

He stilled, by the simple lifting of his hand, a rising murmur of surprise which was rapidly growing into a subdued, composite voice of resentment from the benches.

"What is it, my son? Why have you come among us at this time?"

"Have you the pledge?" asked Mitzler, squarely meeting the questioning eyes

"The pledge of what?" asked the *padre*.

"The pledge that'll mind me always of this day, and that I'll drink no more," replied Mitzler.

Without a word, the *padre* drew him into an alcove of the chancel. There he laid before him a square of parchment upon which were traced in script the simple, solemn words that should bind him to his resolve. Shortly it was done, and Mitzler asked in boyish candor:

"Do you keep this order, or do I?"

"Keep it, my son," replied the *padre* as the semblance of a fleeting smile crossed his severely kind face. "Keep it among your running orders. It will hold you closer in the night; and if ever the battle is too hard, will you come again to me?"

"I will," said Mitzler soberly; "and I'll win."

He thrust the parchment into the depths of his blouse, and when his hand came forth it held a shining piece of gold coin. He laid it on the small table beside which they stood, and said:

"I make it my offering for the day and the cause."

Then he passed quietly out of the chancel, up through the dim aisle, and out into the bright glare of the early morning. Walking quickly to the engine, he glanced at the frost-whitened cab window behind which he knew Connor would be dozing. He climbed up, and Connor turned with a sleepy stare.

"I win!" announced Mitzler.

A labored smile struggled for expression upon his stiffened face. It crinkled the corners of his glassy eyes and puckered the dull-red claw marks on his cheek until they broke and bled afresh. He was not good to see, and Connor stared at him with a look that was little short of aversion.

"You win what?" he demanded, pivoting round upon his seat-box until he squarely faced Mitzler.

A SMOTHERED GROWL WAS WAFTED DOWN TO HIM ON A SWIRL OF WIND.

"I win *out!*" answered Mitzler, quite unperturbed, and handing over his parchment to Connor. "'Coon,' I'm a lot sorry that I wolfed it with you all night. I am. I thought I was goin' to bed. Took one or two—"

"I know—I know," Connor broke in, while his eyes ran rapidly over the brief document.

Then his face relaxed and shone with a glad light under the even coat of grime. Connor was not a man of much speaking. All he said was this:

"You sure do win, if I can help any. And it's Christmas now, or was a while ago, according to the bell over there. I reckon it's here yet. Shake!"

The limited came roaring up over the crest behind a spume of powdery snow that spouted to either side high above its pilot. It shot past them, a brilliant flash of tuscan red in a shimmering mist of unsullied snow crystals, and then the way was clear for them to drop their somber train of freight down through the twisted white lane among the snow-laden pines to Del Sur and what it held of Christmas cheer for them.

LEFT BEHIND.

"Oh, sir, my box—the black one there,
Oh, would you be so kind.
It's all I have in this wide world,
And that is left behind."
I pulled the rope, and Number Twelve
Backed slowly to her place;
I can't forget that oblong box,
Nor, indeed, that lady's face.

Now if things that lose their owners,
All our sympathies so bind,
How much more should living creatures,
Who, forlorn, are left behind.
See the dog in some strange city,
Who has lost his master, kind,
I confess an honest pity
For a cur that's left behind

With his nose upon the pavement,
How he threads the mighty throng,
Lifting anxious eyes to faces,
Whining out his lonely song.
Kicked and cuffed by every idler,
Set upon by his own kind;
I could hang the man who strikes him,
A poor dog that's left behind.

For I can't forget the school-days,
Those first days at Abbott Lawn;
When the shadow of a mother
That bent o'er me was withdrawn.
Or the utter desolation,
The despair that filled my mind,
When she left me with the master,
Left her little boy behind

So I pitied this poor lady,
Traveling alone that night,
With the box that held her wardrobe,
Scarce a dozen pounds in weight.
Seeking friends in some great city,
Or a lover there to find,
Or perchance a friendless maiden,
Whom love had left behind.

So I turned my brake and fixed it,
Then looked her up a seat,
Gave the fire an overhauling,
Then sat down to warm my feet.
And my heart went toward that lady,
For her weeping made me blind,
So I went and sat beside her,
Though I left a wife behind.

By this time we reached the station,
I believe I touched my hat,
When the lady came and asked me—
"Would I have an eye to that?
I expect to meet my brother,
If the telegram went through;
Then"—she sobbed—"he'll come and get it,
With many thanks to you."

Henry Tristan, our conductor,
Now came through the crowded train;
And I told him why I signaled,
And we both went back again
Taking up the oblong bundle,
We could find no plain address,
So we put it by for orders
To return by next express

But that "order" never reached us,
And that "brother" never came,
So I took that bundle with me,
And it found a home and name.
He's as bright a little youngster,
And as pretty as you'll find—
But my wife will never tell you
How that boy was left behind.

From an Old Scrap Book.

How the Julesburg Mail Was Lost.

BY W. J. CARNEY.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. The old Overland Trail between the Missouri River and California was alive with hair-breadth escapades before the railroad came. Many and close were the encounters with the Indians. Many a peaceful farm was the scene of a miniature battle, and many a budding town was looted and the inhabitants routed. This story by Mr. Carney, a member of old Troop M, shows the marvelous fighting methods of the Sioux and the wonderful heroism of the old-time stage-drivers.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

The Night That Ned Baker Started Out for Julesburg, Colorado, from Fort Sedgwick with the United States Mail and Three Passengers on His Old Concord Coach.

THE Union Pacific had its tracks laid as far as Fort Sedgwick, Colorado Territory — but on the opposite side of the Platte. The new town of Julesburg had sprung up in a night, and the old town, four miles away, was deserted. This was back in 1868.

It was at this station that Ned Baker, who drove the overland stage for Holliday & Butterfield, used to stop. What is it that made stage drivers real men? They were a breed by themselves

Thirty-three years ago, dressed in army-blue, I sat on a United States cavalry horse and raised my hat in lone salute to him. Of all the men who ever pressed a brake, drew the ribbons over a wheel, or threw the silk into a wild team, Ned Baker was the bravest and the best!

The Indians were on the war-path all along the Platte. They were more bold than ever this year; they had chased a freighting outfit so close to Denver as to be seen by the people living on what is now Capitol Hill of that city, where stands the Colorado State Capitol Building.

One coach was set upon just out of Fort Morgan, forty miles below Denver, the driver and passengers were all killed, and the coach burned for its iron. When the handful of soldiers sent out from Fort Sedgwick showed themselves, the Indians were held back until all the iron was secured—they

EDITOR'S NOTE All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories

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wanted it to make lance-heads and arrow-points.

We heard at Fort Sedgwick, that same afternoon, that seven or eight hundred Indians were seen crossing the Platte between Antelope Station and the fort. Black Jack, our scout, and five of our men had seen them from where they were hid, watching a bunch of antelope, and Jack said they were Sioux.

As they crossed to the eastern side of the river, all the scouts and the overland stage people decided that the long-threatened raid along the river had come. Baker, with his coach, was to go through the fort at six o'clock that evening on the way to Denver. As there were no orders as yet to give him an escort, General Potter tried to persuade him not to take his coach through that night. But he might as well have tried to stop the river from running.

"Hostiles or no hostiles, general," said Ned Baker quietly, "the coach goes through."

The Long-Threatened Raid.

Four passengers—three men and one lady—were in the coach that night. I shall always remember how Ned Baker looked as he stepped up to the open door of his old Concord coach. A general addressing his army just before going into battle could not have looked more dignified. He took off his wide-brimmed hat, laid his hand on the sill of the window, and, with a polite bow, said:

"I hear my old friends, the Sioux, are good and plenty up the road I must go over to-night. I do not want to take you into danger and not tell you. Here at the Fort you are safe, but when you get one mile away from here, you must take your chances. We may not be molested, and we may have to fight. If you stay here you can take any of the other coaches, for your tickets are good for the number of miles you paid for.

"Of course, if any of you come with me to-night, I will do my best to land you in Denver; but mind, if attacked, we must fight our way through or be scalped. Now, it rests with you what you want to do."

"Well," said one of the passengers, "suppose we all remain here overnight."

"That, gentlemen, is your own privilege," answered Baker.

"Of course, you will pull out in the morning as soon as it is light?" asked another passenger.

Baker looked straight at him, and said: "As for me, sir, I pull out now."

"Why," said the other, "if you have no passengers, what's the odds whether you go on or not?"

"It's this way," said Baker, "I carry the United States mail. It must be delivered on the other side of the Rockies on time. If we allowed a little thing like this to stop it, old Uncle Sam would take away our job."

"If I Can," Said Baker.

"Then you go through, anyway?" asked the passenger.

"If I can," smiled Baker; "but the redskins may have something to say about that. We may lose our hair before morning."

"That being the case, pard, I go, too," grimly said a third passenger.

"Yes," broke in the young lady—who was a Miss Cora Evans—"let us stick together. We started out together, and let us go through together."

Baker looked up at her and said: "God bless your pretty face, lady. You're the right sort for this country, but I could not think of such a thing as allowing you to go through with me to-night."

"But why?" she pleaded. "I can shoot. See here! My brother sent me these revolvers, and a friend showed me how to use them. I am not afraid. Besides, I must be in Black Hawk at the appointed time—and—" She stopped, blushing and confused.

Just then Quartermaster Bothwell and his wife came up to the coach and took charge of Miss Evans. Baker refused to let her go into such danger as capture by the Indians. Unwillingly she stepped from the coach. Her betrothed husband was expecting her in Black Hawk, a mining town in the Rocky Mountains up behind Denver.

The three men voted to go along with Baker and his messenger. The army officers filled the coach with loaded guns and hundreds of cartridges.

The sides of the Holliday & Butterfield coaches were lined with sheet-iron. As Baker climbed into his seat and sorted out his reins, we all cheered him and his brave little crew. The first stop was the Fifteen-Mile Ranch; the next, Buffalo John's, twenty-eight miles above the Fort.

At one o'clock that night, just seven hours

after Baker left the Fort, a pale-faced young stock-tender came spurring a tired horse down the road, and was halted by the guard at the upper end of the stables.

He asked for the commander. The corporal of the guard jumped onto a horse, bare-back, and galloped with him to General Potter's quarters. The old general came to the door in his night-shirt, and listened to the stock-tender's story:

"Indians have been seen for the last three days, general," he said, "hovering on the tops of the bluffs that line the river road. They ride down to the Platte for water, then back again; and it is plain they're gathering in large numbers for some devilish purpose.

"This afternoon a large band, two miles above Antelope Station, were riding their ponies up and down the road as if on a frolic, or running races. A little before sundown they crossed the Platte and rode in full view, but out of rifle range, and then disappeared toward the west.

"I told Baker about it while changing his horses, but he did not say much. He had not got more than a mile away when I was sure I saw an Indian on the top of the high bluffs. Finally, more came out to the point. I could see them from the station, but I was sure that Ned could not see them from where he was.

"As sure as shooting, general, they're going to attack the coach in the Big Sandy cut! I flopped on my pony and, with my rifle, I rode as close as I dared to the horsemen, and listened. I soon heard the firing—"

"Guns? Springfields?" interrupted the general.

It Was the Big Guns.

"Yes; it was the loud report of the big guns, general—not six-shooters. I rode farther on and listened, and there was no mistaking the report of the guns. I judge there was a good many of them. I made up my mind to see what was up, so I rode down toward the river and what is called Snow's Hay Camp. I kept that between the place where I judged the fight to be and myself. It was just light enough for me to see; and, sir, the coach is there, surrounded by Indians.

"There's heaps of them; and I'm afraid, general, 'less they're helped right soon, there won't be no one to help—"

"Corporal! Send for Captain Mix! Quick!" ordered the general.

In five minutes "Boots and Saddles" was sounding from the parade-ground, and Tony Dawson, the chief bugler, was blowing that famous old call through the open doors of M troop's barracks.

The boys were soon leading into line.

"The hostiles have ambushed Baker! They've got the coach!" ran the whispered news.

"Silence in the ranks!" ordered the sergeant.

We knew that there was work ahead, and he knew that we would not all come back; yet every man in line was impatient to get the command, "Forward!"

We had only twenty-seven men that night as we rode out of the Fort. The rest of Troop M, thirty-three men, had gone up the Laramie Road to Mud Springs, where a cattle-train was reported to be in trouble. They had been gone four days; and, as we had heard it was more of a scare than anything else, the men were expected back at any moment.

We Are Off!

Captain Mix left word to send them right along as soon as they got in, and for them to bring one day's rations, as we had nothing except what could be grabbed up at the moment.

Buttoning our uniforms, we swept out of the Fort and down the road on a trot; then, eager as the men, the horses broke into a run. Counting cut-offs, Baker and his coach were twenty miles away. We rode the first ten miles in less than an hour. It was quick going for cavalry on a dark night.

There was no wind, and a shot could be heard a long way off. We stopped and listened. Not a sound! The mystic plains were absolutely still. Was it all over? Were we too late? Were we yet too far away to hear the fight?

We allowed the horses to walk long enough to catch their wind, then sent them along at a gallop again. After keeping this up half an hour, a halt was made and we listened—but not for long.

We heard the shots ahead and knew that there was still some one alive and able to shoot—but we were yet miles away. We left the road and the tired horses were started on a dead run. This, however, was a bad move for we had not gone more than a half mile when, ka-plunk! Joe Mately's horse went over and over. The horses be-

hind him shied. Five more went down in a tumble. They kicked and snorted but one only was injured and he had only a sprained ankle. A prairie dog hole had caused all this mix up.

We got back to the road again, where there was no further danger of dog holes, and away we went.

The firing from the bend in the road ahead was not as brisk as it should have been if five men were handling the guns. Those men were in a desperate place, and it might be all over before we could get there.

Captain Mix, though brave and cautious, was now running right into whatever might be behind the big hill ahead. How many hundreds of Indians were waiting for us there we did not know, perhaps there might be several thousand—and of us there were but twenty-nine. The stock-tender had come along with the old man's rifle.

We could see the top of the hill black against the sky. The captain gave no word of command, but just before turning the bend he raised his saber to halt. We stopped. Over the hill, through the night, came the sound of the shots. Quickly and noiselessly we gathered close around him. To the panting circle he said in a whisper:

"There are not many of us and we don't know how many Indians there are around the point of that bluff, but we do know that our help is needed. I want you to dash in and give them the best you have. All of you fight your way to the coach. If we would help them we must get to them. Do you all understand?"

Hundreds Were Waiting.

We all heard and understood. The captain took the lead saying, "Come on! Remember, the coach is the rallying point."

Except the soft thud of our horses' hoofs on the buffalo grass and those crying shots there was not a sound. As we rounded the point of the bluff, all the horses were in a lope.

Suddenly we got a full view of the savages. Great Scott! but there was a lot of them The ground in front of us was covered with campfires. In the dark beyond, faintly lit by rifle flashes, was the coach.

We swung around a small grass fire which the Indians had set in hopes of burning or smoking out Baker; but, happily, the wind had taken it away from them. Then we dipped into a little hollow, and up again in sight of it all.

Between us and the coach, and squarely in our front, was a dark, seething mass of Indians. They had not heard us. We did not wait for the order, but sent our horses on a run straight at them.

We lay low on our horses and dashed on. We were pretty close before they had any idea that we were within fifty miles.

The Answering Cheer.

United, we gave one mighty cheer. That woke them up; and when the blaze of twenty-nine carbines jumped into their faces, there was one of the greatest stampedes ever seen.

The red-skins scattered to right and left, except fifteen or twenty, who were lying where we shot them. Before they could rally we sent another shower of bullets into them.

The answering cheer from the coach was music to our ears. We fought to get to it, but we seemed to have run into the whole Sioux nation. We were soon fighting for our lives, and were as badly in need of help as those in the coach.

With what little light there was from the stars and camp-fires, we saw groups of Indians every way we looked. The rush of the charge had scattered our party as well as the Indians, yet we kept together as best we could and pushed for the coach. It was like going against the tide. They were everywhere, and they were not afraid of us.

We kept firing as fast as we could; but it was difficult to make the shots tell, for the Indians were closing around us—now hiding behind their ponies, now lying flat on the ground—and over and around us from all sides the sharp arrows now began to whir.

We mustered eighteen of our number, put our horses on the dead run, and made a dash for the coach. As we came on, the Indians fronting us, we blazed at them with our carbines, then whipped out our six-shooters and opened on them.

This was more than they could stand, and we broke through; but they closed in behind us and pressed us so hard that when we came to the coach we could not stop, but were compelled to pass right on.

I was so close to the coach that I could see two of the men lying perfectly still.

The broncos hitched to the coach were dead in their harness.

Right behind us came the Indians. A hundred yards beyond the coach we turned and tried to charge back. It was no use. We could not do it. Besides, our little band was again broken up, so we who were left together dismounted and opened a steady fire.

Now, eight good shots, back to back, are dangerous, and the savages held off. We did not waste a cartridge, and whenever we could see an Indian plain enough for a sure shot he died.

There were but eight of us in the squad, and I said to Barney McCune, who was popping away on my right: "Well, old man, if all the men now missing are killed, the old company will be easy to account for by daylight."

An arrow purred between us. We both let drive at the archer—and got him.

We had been at bay about five minutes when the steady firing from our part of the field attracted three more of our men. They came to us from the direction of the river. They reported that the Indians seemed to be drawing off although they were thick enough around us.

All at once Pete Smith shouted: "Look! Look, boys! What are they doing? Look over there!"

It wasn't necessary to watch Pete's hand. The light showed me where to look.

The Indians had managed somehow to set fire to the old coach.

As it flamed up we could see a white man lying face down about six yards from it.

The Thick of the Fight.

Now that the coach was in flames and was within sure range of our carbines, the Indians kept out of sight. But how they yelled! We could see nothing of them; but on all sides, from far and near, the very night seemed to be shrieking at us.

Our party was too far back to be seen; but we soon had to get still farther back, for the fire was getting brighter all the time.

All at once Captain Mix whispered: "Look at that man lying near the fire! Do you see him move?"

We had supposed him dead, and a few replied: "No, captain. He is dead."

"But, look!" insisted the old man; "watch his hands! Look, quickly! They are moving!"

Dropping flat on the ground, I looked at the man's hands. I could see them open and shut. At one time I knew that one hand made a distinct motion to us.

"Captain," I said, "it is Ned Baker! And he is alive! I not only see his hands open and shut, but I can see him motioning to us with them, and with his head also."

"Are you sure?" asked Captain Mix.

"Yes, captain, I am sure. I can see his eyes roll as plainly almost as I see yours."

In the Jaws of Death.

"What's to be done?" muttered the captain. "It is almost certain death to go into the light there where he is, and he is nearly done for; but we can't leave him there."

"Captain Mix," I said, "let every man get the magazine of his carbine filled, and one in the breech. Then let me make a dash for Baker. He is one of my best and oldest friends. When I go let the boys open on anything and everything in sight. That will give me a chance to get to him."

"You are not going over there, Carney; you would not live to get half-way across the bottom—"

Baker moved again, and the old man said: "All right—try it."

I got ready. Bending low on my horse, I sent the spurs into him; and it seemed as if I were beside the wounded man in three jumps. I leaned down from my horse, thinking to half carry, half drag him, but he was as lead

The poor fellow was shot through the groin, and an arrow was sticking in his side. His head lay on the ground with one side of his face pillowed on the buffalo grass.

When my horse came thundering to his side Baker did not move, but only looked up in a tired way and smiled as if sleepy.

"Kill me, Billy! Shoot me and go—or they'll get both of us alive," he murmured. But I couldn't kill Ned Baker.

The burning coach was now the only protection I had, except the rifles of my comrades, who shot so fast and well that the reds for the moment were held at bay. But *whir—whir—whir* came the arrows!

As I leaned from the saddle to get a grip on the helpless man, who kept on

begging me to kill him, my good horse Dan began to quiver. Suddenly his hind-quarters sank to the ground. He tried to get up, but could not. He kept his front feet on the ground and held his noble head high in the air. As I stepped from the saddle, I saw that he was shot through the spine.

Poor old Dan, who had carried me so many hundreds of miles, was dying before my eyes!

Dan Put Out of Misery.

Just then brave Joe Bucholtz came to my side. His first act of mercy was to put Dan out of pain. I could not do it.

Then we picked up Baker, put him on Joe's horse, and I held him upright while Joe jumped on behind. Baker must have fainted, for he said nothing and hung quite limp.

Joe put both arms around him, hugged up close—then, sinking both spurs into the sides of his big charger, took a bee-line for the little reserve. I gripped the saddle and ran by his side. I could run in those days, and could set a pretty hot pace for any horse for the first hundred yards; so I had little trouble keeping up. It was lucky that I did so, for Baker began to slide off on the side where I was running, and, as Joe could not pull him back alone, the horse shied to the left, and we could barely hold him on.

I had just strength enough left to lower him to the ground. The boys and the old man gave us a silent cheer. Joe and I had done our work in less than one hundred seconds. I can tell you that standing in the open light between the fire of twenty-seven hot carbines and a bunch of Indians off there in the dark, who were trying to dash in on you, makes a man work fast!

The rest of the command, whom we supposed were killed, had just joined the captain's party. This gave us all new courage. The old man had Baker carried by two men, each mounted, and, by keeping these two riders closed in by a set of fours riding on each side of them, it made it almost impossible for the wounded man to slip to the ground.

Quickly Baker's escort moved toward the river. The rest of the company formed a thin skirmish line to cover the retreat, and this line kept up such a target-finding fire on the savages that it prevented them from making any of their favorite rushes—yet they pressed us like wolves.

When we came to the river Baker was laid under the bank, safe for the time being from the fire of the Indians.

The red-skins were intent on annihilating us, and it was the captain's plan to cross the river as soon as he was sure that he had together all the men then alive.

With his permission, I unsaddled one of the pack-animals and was again mounted, though without a saddle. Ten of us kept well out, and kept firing at every shadow. In the dim light reflected from the glowing coals of the coach I saw that there was not an Indian near it. I could see poor old Dan where he fell from Joe's bullet. I whispered to the three men nearest me, and they agreed to go with me; and we four started through the dark at a trot for the coach.

When about three hundred yards from it we went at a dead run; but as soon as we got near my horse snorted, shied, and refused to go a step closer to Dan and the dead broncos.

Rescuing the Saddle.

I slid off, and, knife in hand, crept over to Dan. With three slashes I freed my saddle from the body of my dead friend. I threw it over my shoulder, and then I stooped and gave my old companion a good-by kiss and returned to my comrades.

One had caught and was leading my mount toward me, but all I could do just then was to jump onto his bare back with my saddle and ride break-neck for the river.

It was high time we did ride for the river, for the Indians had seen us, and we could hear the hoofs of their ponies as they tried to cut us off. But we got there ahead of them, and a singing shower of bullets from our watching comrades threw them back.

Dawn was not an hour away. Indians, at the best, are poor fighters in the dark. Because of some foolish superstition they dread to fight at night or during a thunder-storm—and this has saved many a white man's life—but daybreak and twilight are their chosen times. Then it is too dim to hit them at long range, and they can come tearing in to close quarters where their arrows count for more than bullets.

If there is any difference, I should say —from my experience—that they fight best at the first peep of day—and that hour was almost at hand. All was now very still.

Captain Mix.

Not a sound came from the dark, pocket-like place under the bluffs that skirt the stage-road. Over there in that black gulf we knew that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the red devils were waiting only for the veil of night to lift that they may rush us into the river and shoot us down in the water.

As the Platte was a swirling torrent then, and full of quicksands, we could not hope to cross it until there was at least a faint sign of daylight.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but wait. It seemed like waiting to be executed. There was nothing to shoot at, to listen to, or to look at, yet we knew that the Indians were hatching something for us, while all we could do was to sit still on our horses and wait.

They, too, knew that something was up. They were nervous, restless, ready to jump at anything, yet always eager to charge; and such uncertainty taxed a man's soul more than the hottest fight.

However, the old man's brain was working—and we had learned to trust that gray head. No dashing, prancing, namby-pamby, overbearing strutter was brave old Captain Mix—just a man through and through, a soldier to the core. He would have killed his best friend with his own six-shooter for disobeying orders on the battlefield, and yet when there was not grub enough for all he would go hungry with his men. He could quell a mutiny alone and with bare hands. When the company mascot, Army Jack, a white bulldog, died, Captain Mix attended his funeral. Once when they were about to cut off both my feet because they were frozen, he hid me in his house and his noble wife nursed me with her own hands in secret for weeks until I recovered, and they were hunting me everywhere as a deserter.

He would have done as much, too, for any man in that little troop silently waiting there with him in the dark. We trusted him, and left everything to him.

He knew just what to do. Twenty men were formed into a line five paces apart and sent out to carefully guard against a surprise. We walked our horses, and each man removed or made fast all trappings that would make a noise. Several of the men tore strips from their blankets or from the lower part of their blouses, and passed them along to the others to tie between the outside of the bit and the mouth of the horse. This did away with that jangling noise made by the animals as they clamped their bits when held in restraint.

Twenty men, even on horseback, can keep pretty quiet in such a place. As we neared the black pocket we halted. Leaning forward on our horses, we listened. All was still. A little bird twittered in fright as it flew away, the grass rustled in the breath of the morning breeze, but there was a *something* in the air—something that seemed to buzz and whisper. It might have been my imagination, but I thought I could hear men talking in whispers. I knew that it would not be good to hold the troop in that uncertain position very long, and was wondering what the old man would do next, when a single horseman rode down our front.

I was startled. Was it an Indian scout? The next moment I heard the voice of the captain, low and tense, talking to us as he rode.

"Keep quiet, men! Remain as you are. Have every cartridge in that your guns will hold. If the attack is made before I give you orders, try and hold this line. When you hear the bugle sound the 'rally,' turn, and make for the bank of the river—then turn, deliver your fire, and try to cross.

"There are now twenty-one of us in this line. We can send a hundred and seventy bullets into them in twenty seconds. That will stop them, and give you plenty of time to get to the river. Reserve your six-shooters to use in the water. Now, remember! Your own lives and the success of this night's work depends on your holding this line. Old M Troop has never been wiped out, and won't be this time.

Old M Troop Was Game.

"Each one of you can whip twenty Indians, and we twenty-one together are good for a whole regiment of them. There are three badly wounded comrades down at the river. We are now trying to get them over. Hold this line and we are all right—"

Thus our captain talked to us as we slowly rode along; but he knew, and we knew, that, say what he might, an avalanche of Indians threatened to sweep us into the river at any instant—but we intended to hold that line.

We had the Spencer carbine, at that time the best weapon on the plains. Besides, each man had two big six-shooters. This gave every man twenty shots in twenty seconds—and such a fire from twenty-one men, if well pointed, will double up a pretty large body of Indians.

We waited. Every minute seemed an hour. The watch in my pocket made an awful racket. Our breathing came long and deep. We knew that out there in the darkness an army of red-skins was waiting, and we also knew that the first streak of light over there behind the hills meant an attack.

I was on the extreme left of the line. We were formed in a half-circle. The captain sat like an iron statue right in my front. An orderly came silently from the river behind us, and in a low whisper reported that the party there was all ready to attempt to cross the river with the wounded.

"How's Baker?" breathed the captain.

"Dead, sir," replied the orderly.

"Tell them to strap the body to one of the pack-saddles and start at once."

As the orderly rode back, the captain turned to me and murmured: "Ned Baker was one of the whitest men I ever knew—"

"Hark!" I interrupted. "Listen! Captain, did you hear a bugle?"

"No," he breathed.

With open lips and halted breath we listened and heard the clear notes of a bugle. Again we heard it—oh, so far away!

A Bugle-Call.

We could hear only a note now and then as it traveled up the valley, the water helping to conduct the sound; but the next moment the bugler must have come around a bend, for the notes broke on us clear and ringing as the bells of heaven.

Then, although miles away, we plainly heard the rally-call. The Indians heard it, too. Help was coming—but so was the dawn.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, "that must be the lieutenant with the rest of the men. That bugler is moving. He is blowing the rally, because it is a good call to make a noise. Listen! There it is again. He is now blowing all the calls—retreat, stable-call, anything to attract our attention.

"Dawson, who is that blowing those calls? Can you tell?"

"Fairchild, sir, I am sure," eagerly answered Bugler Dawson, who was next in line.

The captain turned to me and said: "Have you a good horse?"

"I don't know, captain," I replied; "he's a strange one to me—one of the pack-animals."

"Here, dismount!" he said to Dawson. "Jump on that horse, corporal, and ride for your life—and for the lives of those men. Remember, if you don't get to the lieutenant and stop him before he gets to the Big Sandy Cut, the whole Sioux tribe will kill them as they turn the bend!"

I jumped on the bugler's horse.

"Ride!" added the captain. "Kill the horse if you must, but get to the men before they get to the cut. Keep well to the west of the road to avoid the deep sand and the Indians—"

On a still night a running horse can be heard a long way; but just then the valley was full of running horses, for the Indians were moving, and no doubt took me to be one of their own kind. I bent low on his neck and sent him across the road at a keen run. As I circled well out from the dangerous path, I drew up a little to listen.

Running the Gauntlet.

It was well I did, for I could distinctly hear the jabber of the savages as they were forming to surprise the other half of the company when they turned the bend.

On each side of the road a large party of Indians were bunched, silently waiting to perform their part of the program. I was in a tight fix. I must either ride through the opening made by the two groups of Indians, right along the road through the very middle of the ambush, awaiting the coming lieutenant; or else ride around them.

My time was too short to ride around. I could hear the loud laugh of some trooper, and heard distinctly the command, "Less noise back there!" given by the lieutenant himself.

All at once it became very dark, and on

the impulse of the moment I slid from my horse, turned him toward the captain's command, and gave him a sharp jab with my carbine. I then bent over and ran straight down the valley between those two groups of Indians. Fortunately, they had not yet heard or seen me, so I kept as close to the stage-road as possible.

I came to the bend, and there was no one in sight. It must be that I had not been seen, for lurking in the dark on either hand were two clouds of Indians. I could not see them—it was still too dark; but I could *hear* them near. They were probably a hundred yards away. As I hot footed it through the cut I could hear ahead the clatter that is peculiar to a moving squad of cavalry.

Along the River-Bank.

In another moment I met two men riding in advance, and in a loud whisper challenged them to halt. Before they could answer me I shouted in a loud whisper: "Don't come any closer!" They understood. I jumped up behind one of them, and we rode back to meet the lieutenant.

I told my story as quickly as I could, and suggested that we ride down to the river and then try to join Captain Mix by moving up along the bank.

This plan worked all right. The lieutenant's command was soon at the river. Then we began to deploy into a skirmish line to find Captain Mix. Before we came within hailing distance we heard firing. It soon developed into the heavy, solid reports of the big-caliber guns.

There was no doubt now but that the Indians had discovered that their trick had failed, and in their chagrin had viciously attacked the captain's party. It was all too evident that the Indians were trying to clean them out before we could help them; then the red fiends would swing back on us, and by sunup the hair of the whole command would be Sioux property.

Concealment was now off. The lieutenant gave the command to gallop, and we tore into that band of Indians like a snow-plow.

Fairchild's bugle answered Dawson's, and cheer met cheer as the two commands swept together and became one under the orders of the old man. M Troop was itself again!

The old man was happy, and the lieutenant tickled. The troopers yelled like schoolboys, and made their sixty-two Spencer carbines talk turkey.

It did not take us long to clean the bottom land of Indians; but day was now breaking, and on the top of the high bluffs against the sky we could see hundreds of them, too far away to fire at.

By the time it was good daylight we were crossing the Platte, while the Indians began to show up in large numbers along the bluffs. As the day increased they rode down to the stage-line; but they could not hurt us, for had they attempted to cross the river we would have killed hundreds of them while they were in the water. As we filed away for home the Indians left us, and we saw no more of them.

At the first halt we left poor Ned Baker in a shallow grave that we dug with our knives.

All day we followed the river until opposite the Fort. We crossed just at dusk, and were soon asleep in the barracks. Miss Evans was heartbroken at the fate of the coach, and we were all thankful that she had been saved.

Two weeks after the night fight I went as one of ten of our company to Moore's ranch to escort the down coach, with Paymaster Bates as a passenger. Having plenty of time, we exhumed Baker's body and buried him just behind Antelope Station, not more than forty yards from the old stage-road he had traveled so many times.

We got an unplaned board, lettered it with black axle-grease from the hub of a government wagon, and stuck it in the ground at the head of the grave. There he sleeps, as brave and gentle a man as ever lived.

SWINGING DOWN THE 49.

BY CHARLES WESLEY SANDERS.

Something More Than the Peace That Passeth All Understanding Came from the Light That Failed.

BILLY ran up to my room, his face like the snow that was driving against the pane outside. He threw himself into a chair and sat there, clasping and unclasping his hands and biting his lips to keep them from trembling.

"What's the matter?" I asks, thinking he and Kitty had had another of their spats. They were having them so often that I had kind of got used to them. But Billy would always get worked up to about the way he was now. He hadn't sense enough to keep cool; he didn't know that when a man keeps cool he's got it all over a woman with a serpent's tongue.

"She's gone," he says, with a moan.

I was pulling on my shoes, for I'd been called for a fifty eight, and I hadn't much time. I stopped with a shoe half on and looked at him.

"Gone?" I says.

"Yes, Kitty; she's run away."

If that was true, Billy's moaning and shaking was justified, all right. If Kitty had run away from him, if she meant to stay away from him, she had broken his heart. That's all there was to it, because no man ever cared more for a wisp of a black-haired, blue-eyed, little Irish maid than Billy cared for Kitty.

She had been the operator over at Arden Junction, and he had fallen at her feet, as you might say, the minute he had seen her from the engine-cab, while the engineer had been inside getting his orders.

Billy was firing the local, and one day they had to pick up a bunch of cars at the junction. They was hard to get at, and by the time they was coupled onto the train the local had to get in for a through freight. Billy always did have nerve, and it didn't take him long to get chinning with Kitty.

She blushed and smiled and made eyes at him, and he never dreamed that one so pretty had such a terrible temper.

So soon as they was married — which wasn't long after this—she began to complain. I don't mean that she began to whimper; it wasn't that kind of complaining. She was too healthy and strong a little minx for that, but she was forever objecting to what Billy did. If he bought a new necktie, she'd look at it when he put it on, and then she'd say:

"For goodness' sake, why don't you get some color besides blue? You know you always look a fright in blue things."

Likewise she objected to his shoes, and his hats and his suits. If she sent him to the grocery-store, or the meat-market, she always asked him why he didn't buy just the opposite to what she had particularly instructed him to buy?

I was rooming with them at the time, and Billy used to tell his troubles to me. He had to tell them to somebody, or he'd gone nutty. I never said a word outside the house, but pretty soon there began to be gossip.

Some of the women in the village kept fooling around with the story till they had Billy beating his wife. People began to look at him kind of funny. Once in a while, when he'd get into a wrangle with one of the boys, they'd taunt him by saying: "Why don't you?"

Billy's face would turn pale at that, and he'd never have a word to say. Gradually he got nervous and half sick.

Then, about a week before this particular night, he went to Kitty after supper and tried to make peace with her. I was upstairs, but I couldn't help hear what they said.

"For goodness' sake, Kitty, let's try to

get along somehow without quarreling," Billy pleads.

I could just imagine how Kitty looked up at him from her sewing.

"Who in the world is doing any quarreling?" she says. "I'm sure I haven't opened my lips to-night."

"We don't get along right together," says Billy, and I suppose he was clasping and unclasping his hands nervously.

"What do you want to do — get a divorce?" asks Kitty.

I heard Billy jump up.

"Get a divorce?" he said, so loud you might have heard him on the street. "You know I can't live without you."

"Keep still then, or you'll have to live without me," says Kitty, and her voice was like icicles.

Way up-stairs I could hear Billy grind his teeth.

"I won't keep still!" he shouted, his nerves probably being all tied up in a knot by this time. "This is my house, and I'll talk all I like!"

Kitty laughed a little longer and a little louder than you'd thought was necessary or natural. Then it was all still down-stairs. I guess they didn't speak in the week that followed, and now here was Billy moaning and carrying on about her because she had gone. I tried to brace him up.

"Did she leave any word?" I asked.

He fished out a scrap of paper like the wronged guy in the show does.

"She just says she's going," he said, "and for me not to follow her, because it won't do me no good."

"Aw," I says, "she's probably trying to make you sore. She's probably gone over to the junction to her mother's."

"What's the odds?" asks Billy. "She says she won't see me any more—that it won't do me no good to follow her. It don't make no difference if she's over at the junction, or in Africa, or next door. She's got her mind made up—that's all."

Knowing Kitty's temper, I was afraid maybe he was right. He got up after a while and dragged himself down-stairs. When I came down in the morning he was sitting at the dining-room table, his hands in his pockets, staring straight ahead of him at the carpet. I asked him if he were going out on his run. He wanted to know what time it was, and I told him he had an hour. He jammed his hat on his head and started out. As he went down the sidewalk, he kind of staggered like a man who'd been drinking; but he didn't drink. I guess he was just hurt, as if he'd got a swift smash in the nose that'd dazed him some.

I'm not strong on butting into the troubles of other folks; usually I've got enough of my own. But I got after a bit so I couldn't

BILLY ALWAYS DID HAVE NERVE.

stand the look that was slowly becoming fixed in Billy's eyes. I know that lots and lots of times he looked at men and things and never saw them.

When he heard what you said to him—which was not very often—he would answer by a nod, or by "Yes" or "No." He didn't eat enough to keep a canary-bird

from starving to death. He told me to go ahead and help myself to whatever I wanted in the house, and I used to cook my own breakfast over Kitty's stove. When I'd ask Billy to eat, he'd wheel around in his chair, take a look at the food, taste it maybe, and shove his plate away.

"I can't eat," he said one morning. "I can't do anything." He dropped his head into his hands. "I'll never be any good till she comes back," he moaned.

Then he got up and went to work with that same dazed look in his face. I'd been thinking that probably Kitty was as anxious to see him by now as he was to see her; and I made up my mind to go over to the junction to find out if she was there.

I sure had cold feet when Billy McKenna slowed up a fifty-eight and let me drop off there the next day. I found out where her mother lived, and really shoved myself up to the front door by the nape of the neck.

ONCE SHE WAITED FIVE HOURS FOR BILLY'S ENGINE.

I supposed the old lady who opened the door was her mother. Yes, she said Kitty was there, but she didn't know as Kitty would see me. She'd ask.

I sat in the parlor. Pretty soon Kitty comes tripping in as gay as you please.

She was just like some good-looking school kid then. She had her black hair down her back in two braids, and her blue eyes were dancing. She grabbed hold of my hands and shook them to beat the band, as if I was her best friend. Then she started a string of conversation that, on the level, lasted for thirty minutes, and never a mention of poor old Billy in the whole of it. She made me sore.

"If you're through with the gabble now," I says, when she had finished, "we'll talk a little sense."

Aw, I knew that it was all put on. The brightness died out of her like you'd snap a gas-jet shut. Her face looked old. I noticed there were lines under her eyes.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"What're you doing this to Billy for?" I asks.

Her face turned red.

"I don't know as it's any of your business, Tom Mitchell," she says. "If I want to leave him, I'll leave him. He said it was his house. Now he's got it all to himself, and he can talk himself to death for all of me. I suppose he thinks he's a big man, now he's got an engine."

"Got an engine?" I repeated.

"Oh, Mr. Innocence," she said, with a kind of laugh, "you know they've given him an engine. He goes out on his first run next week."

I didn't care to contradict her. It didn't make any difference. But to think that Billy had an engine after his long wait, and that he had been so wrapped up in his grief that he didn't think it worth while to tell me.

Why, many and many a time, when he was first married, he used to look at the big moguls kind of wistfully and say to me, "I hope I'll be getting one of those old boys before long, for her sake."

Now he'd got one, but instead of coming home to her with pride in his eyes and telling her, he'd hadn't given it two thoughts; and she had learned about it at second hand.

I got up and left. It was a little too much for me.

It certainly did seem as if that winter was to be the winter of the big snows. The plows were out every day from early December till the March rains came. And cold! Whee!

One Sunday afternoon, it began to blow a little. An hour later a few flakes were whirling down. In the next hour the snow thickened; and when darkness fell, the air was choked. You couldn't see your hand before your face.

I thanked my lucky stars that I had just come in and probably wouldn't be called till morning. Billy had got in before daylight, and as he expected, he was called for a forty-nine—a fast freight west bound—about dusk.

This was his third run with his engine. He didn't seem to be interested in the new job particularly, nor did he seem to care that he had to go out in the worst night we had had that winter. He accepted it all as calmly as the oldest veteran on the road.

"They'll run you pretty light," I said, by way of sympathy. "They likely won't be giving you more than fifteen loads in this storm."

"Oh, I don't care," says Billy. "I can take 'em through, I guess. If I can't, I can get stuck in a drift."

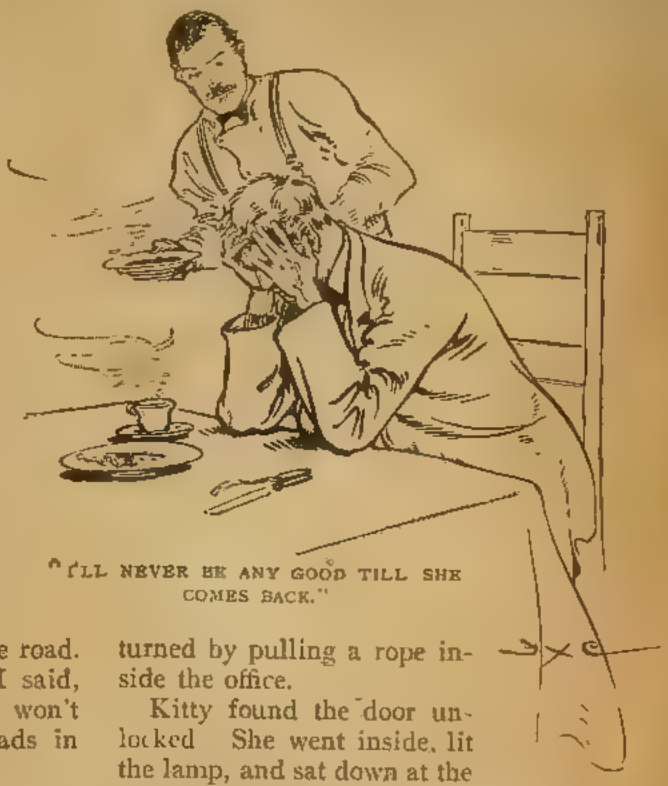
As I have said, Kitty had been the operator at Arden Junction. My guess that she was lonesome for Billy proved right, for she used to go down to the office where she had worked and watch the trains go by.

The regular operator told me that once she waited five hours for Billy's engine to come over from the other terminal. When it went by, she stood looking through a crack in the door till the train was out of sight.

The operator said, too, that she ran out the door and home without a word then. I'm making a bet that there were nights when the poor kid cried herself to sleep, but she had an Irish pride and you can't beat that.

This night, I figure, she had a nervous streak. When you've worked on a railroad, a storm doesn't help that kind of a streak. So about the time the snow was thickening, she wraps herself up and goes down to the office.

It happened that the operator had left for supper. He went about dusk, and he hadn't put up his block light we were then using the old-fashioned block that had a light set on a peg on top of it, which the operator turned by pulling a rope inside the office.



"I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD TILL SHE COMES BACK."

Kitty found the door unlocked She went inside, lit the lamp, and sat down at the desk. She cut in the train wire, and for the fun of it began copying orders on a pad of paper with a pen. Pretty soon she hears an order sent to forty-nine and to a fifty-eight.

She told me she got a funny little shock when the forty-nine was reported out and she heard Billy's name go over the wire. She sat there, curled up in the big arm chair, waiting till the forty nine should come by. She said she was worried about Billy being out in a storm like that. Some of the old love was left in her heart.

There isn't any feeling like that which suddenly comes when you realize that two trains are bearing down on each other with neither knowing that they haven't got the right of way.

Even if you are not at fault and the people in danger are only acquaintances, you get an awful tight feeling around your heart.

What d'ye suppose Kitty felt when the operator at Wallace, the station beyond Arden Junction, reported the fifty-eight by?

Kitty had copied the order to the forty-nine and the fifty-eight, and she knew they

were to meet at Wallace, and the fifty-eight was to take the siding, so that the forty-nine, with its fast freight, could go by without delay.

I guess it would have done Billy good to have seen the look in her eyes then.

She told me that she sat half paralyzed, staring at the sounder, for a full minute. Then she dropped the block and ran out to look at it; but, of course, there was no light.

She ran inside, she was nearly crazy. The storm was at its height. The wind was steady from the northwest, and every inch of it was packed with snow.

Kitty lit a red lantern and ran outside once more. She couldn't see a thing, but she located the track with her feet, and, in that awful storm, with the wind whipping her hair free and the icy snow biting her face, she stumbled along over the half-hidden ties.

She figured afterwards that she ran about a third of a mile. Then she heard the hoarse whistle of Billy's engine out of the dark.

She stood still and looked, but she couldn't make out a thing. Then she heard the "champ-champ" of the train as it went over a frozen frog.

It was so close she almost dropped her lantern, but when she remembered, she lifted it high and began to wave it, trying to swing Billy down.

She might as well have waved a match to an air-ship six thousand feet up in the blue.

As it was, the engine almost got her. Billy could not see her lantern, and she couldn't see the headlight of the engine because of the snow.

She jumped just as the big black shape was almost on her, and fell into a drift. All she could see, as she gathered herself up, was other dark shapes going by in the driving snow.

She stumbled up, screamed, and waved her lantern, but the wind drowned her voice and then suddenly flicked out the light.

As the caboose slipped past her, she stood there crying and yelling and waving a lantern which had no light.

She began to cry. The tears ran down her cheeks and froze. Then she quieted herself and listened. Her sobs came every once in a while, and she caught big mouthfuls of cold air.

A scream from Billy's whistle tore a hole in the storm. He had seen! She waited for another noise that she also knew was coming. It seemed a long time, although it was probably about half a minute.

The engines were almost on top of each other before Billy saw the fifty-eight.

That other noise that came to Kitty's ears was a sudden crash and then the ring of metal snapping and tearing in the cold.

They had come together at thirty miles an hour. Kitty knew that Billy had not had time to jump.

In such moments, the little things in life just seem to lose themselves. Kitty said that she only wanted to get to Billy.

In some way she made that third of a mile back to the wreck. Two engines were locked together just this side of the telegraph office. Those of the crew who hadn't been hurt were working at the engines trying to get to the engineers and the firemen.

There wasn't any hurry about the engineer of the fifty-eight. Waiting wouldn't do him any harm. He had paid for forgetting his Wallace order, or losing himself in the storm, or whatever mistake he had made. The two firemen were jarred and bruised, but not badly hurt.

While Kitty stood there, biting her lips and trying to keep from interfering with the men in their work, they took Billy, unconscious, from between the tender and the cab.

Poor little Kitty! She was pretty game to follow them into the telegraph office without speaking a word, when she didn't know whether he was dead or living. They laid him down on a bench, and while one of them ran for a doctor, others tied a big handkerchief around one of his legs and covered it with an overcoat.

That was all Kitty could stand. She put them aside and knelt beside Billy.

"I'm his wife," she says — and she meant it!

She called for water and she bathed Billy's forehead till the doctor came. He looked Billy over pretty fast.

"What is it?" Kitty asks.

Just then Billy opened his eyes.

"Why," says the doctor coldly, "he's pretty badly hurt. Can't tell much just now. He'll lose a foot, anyhow."

As the doctor goes to the phone to call a buggy to get Billy to a hospital, Billy lets out a long, low moan. Kitty puts her arms around him like he was a sick kid and she was his mother. He opens his eyes again, and looks at her cold, pale face with the tears frozen on it.

"I tried to swing you down, Billy," she says.

Right there his first thought seemed to be of her.

"Was you out in that storm?" he asks.

"I'll never leave you again, Billy," she says.

"But I'm worse than I was before," he says. "And I was a pretty bum husband then. He said I'd lose my foot."

THEY ARE HAPPY NOW.

"I tried to swing you down," she says again.

His hand kind of gropes along till it touches hers.

"Are you all right?" he asks.

"Yes," she says. "Never mind me. Does it hurt, Billy?"

"It hurts," he says. "Could you stick by me a little while?"

"I can work," she says. "I used to think what you did was your fault. That was the reason I scolded you. But this wasn't your fault. I'll never leave you again."

And she never did. They began life anew, and Heaven sent them a little angel to bind their contentment. They are happy now.

INCREASED OPERATING COST.

THE cost of many important articles of supply used by the railways has increased more than 100 per cent Fuel for locomotives constitutes about 11 per cent of the cost of operation.

Owing to the increased price of coal during the last ten years, which in some States has amounted to as much as 56 per cent, it is asserted that for $1 spent for locomotive fuel in 1897 for each $17 25 of gross receipts the ratio has declined in 1907 to $1 for each $12 93 of gross receipts.

The expense of taxation is shown to have increased from $235 36 a mile of line in 1897, to $353 09 a mile of line in 1907, over 50 per cent The cost of regulations both State and national which is classified akin to taxation, has also added greatly to the expense of the carriers.

A conservative computation discloses that the costs due to increases in expenses or reductions in revenue imposed by statutes, or by commissions acting under Federal and State regulatory laws cost the railways of the United States $100,000,000 per annum —*Erie Railroad Employes' Magazine*

Flashes from the Headlight.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.

Railroad Stories That Are Spick-and-Span and New, Just from the Shops. The Editor Is Looking for Some More. Can You Send One?

AWFUL!

O'HARE was a section-foreman. He was showing a friend, who had just arrived from the old country, his section. They finally reached a tunnel, and, as they were walking along, a train came rushing by at high speed, passed them, and dashed into the tunnel with a great roar.

O'Hare's friend gazed after the train with open mouth and staring eyes.

"Well," said O'Hare, "what do you think of this road? Don't you think I have a well-kept section of track?"

"Yis, indade," said his friend, "but, holy snakes! Just think what an awful calamity it would be if the train should miss the hole!"

HIS ANSWER.

SOME twenty years ago, E. O. Davis, now a passenger conductor on the Frisco, was a local freight brakeman. Mr. Davis always possessed a well-developed vein of humor.

His train had taken a siding and his restless spirit took him to the front end on a tour of inspection. He found a warm oil-box on the engine-tank. While it was not his duty to doctor defects on the engine or tank, he realized that all the box needed was a little oil.

Accordingly he asked the engineer for an oil-can, thinking he was doing him a favor. The engineer was grouchy, and thinking the hot box was on a car, said:

"Ain't got no oil for brakemen. If you can't run her, set her out."

Davis said nothing, and did less. At the next stop, twelve miles away, the box was blazing, the journal was cherry red, and the brass broken. A new brass was absolutely necessary to avoid cutting the journal. The engineer and fireman proceeded with the work of jacking up the box, extracting the broken pieces of brass, and cooling the journal. After placing the new brass in place, they looked about for packing. There was none on the engine, as usual, and the engineer turned to Davis, who was an interested onlooker from a nearby pile of ties, and said:

"Get me a bucket of packing from the caboose."

Davis, without changing his comfortable position, answered:

"Ain't got no packing for engineers. If you can't run her, set her out!"

A "NEAR ORDER."

THE following "near order" of the railroad commission of Arkansas indicates the impressions of the efficient secretary of that body regarding the recent inspection of the Tyronza Central Railroad, a tap-line some fourteen miles in length. It proves that the author has a keen sense of humor:

2310: Tyronza Central Railroad: Petition for additional train service and depot facilities at Lepanto (wherever that is).

In compliance with Section 2 of Act 338 of the General Assembly of 1907, requiring that the Railroad Commissioners of this State make a personal inspection of conditions complained of where a petition is filed with the Board; Commissioners W. A. Falconer and J. W. Crockett having held a special meeting at the town of Jonesboro on June 22, and after disposing of all matters on the docket at said special meeting, said Commissioners bethought themselves of the above-styled petition.

And the secretary of the commission—one Floyd—being also in the town of Jonesboro was called in by the commissioners aforesaid for a conference on the matter of inspection of the above-named railroad. (In reality this is not a railroad but a disease, and will be so referred to hereinafter.) On this June 22, it was decided to leave hope behind and proceed to inspect the two streaks of rust commonly referred to as the Tyronza Central Railroad, the objective point being the city of Lepanto, said to be in this State.

The journey to comply with the law and uphold the same was begun at about two o'clock P.M., the commission being accompanied by Mr. J. F.

Simms, superintendent; one Charles Baltzell, trainmaster; one engineer, commonly known as "Pink," and a couple of seasoned railroad gentlemen, one of whom shoveled coal at the behest of "Pink," the other being labeled "conductor," also being present one traction engine numbered 75, one ordinary caboose, and one Pullman caboose—the last named being the private car of said Baltzell.

After proceeding through the County of Poinsett and through the tall and uncut grass at a very fast and furious rate of speed—a part of the time the caravan used the public road, and at other times was by accident on the rails of the trunk line referred to as the Tyronza Central Railroad—the water-wagon (sometimes called tender), of engine No. 75 bucked at a point in the jungle some five miles from the life-saving station of Marked Tree, Arkansas, where a couple of hours were spent very pleasantly in coaxing old No. 75 to respond to the lady-like touch of "Pink," the nobby chauffeur, who the while had been humming, "I Don't Know Where I'm Going—But I'm On My Way."

At this stage of the inspection, the Railroad Commission of Arkansas held a brief but important session in the tall and uncut, and passed resolutions to the effect that it was beneath its dignity, and also an infringement on the rights and powers of the county judge of Poinsett County, to inspect the dirt roads and bridle paths in said county, and the secretary was directed to enter an order for the arrest of the officials of the Tyronza Central Railroad under the Pure Food Act for not producing a railroad to inspect after advertising in the "Official Railway Guide" that there was such a road in existence

W. E. Floyd,
Secretary.

Not by Order of the Commission
Little Rock, Arkansas, July 1, 1910.

AS THE BOOMER TOLD IT.

HERE is a boomer brakeman's description of a head-end collision. It is told in his own language:

"The hog-head was a greasing the pig, the taller was cracking the diamonds in the tank, the con was flourishing the tissues in the dog house, the hind shack was doping the hub of a hot-box, the head shack was beating it down the main with a red, and I was bending the rails, when they hit"

THE LIMIT.

THE long freight had left Grand Junction. On nearing the first water-tank, the fireman asked the brakeman to take water for him as he wanted to clean the ash-pans. When the engine came to a stop, the fireman took the slide hook and jumped to the ground. He pulled the slides out, but as nothing in the way of ashes fell out, he put the hook through the air-holes to poke them out. Suddenly he prodded something soft. So he lit his torch and investigated.

In the pan he saw a tramp curled up taking things easy. The fireman started to "bail the bo."

"Well, of all the nerve—you are the limit! What are you doing in there? Get out! Beat it!"

The bo simply put his finger up to his lips and said

"Sh-h! Sh-h! Don't make so much noise. My partner's in the smoke-stack."

UP A TREE!

THE following report was recently made by an engineer on the Grand Trunk Pacific. It is given here just as it was turned in

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.
Motive Power Department.
Engineer's Overtime Ticket

No 16..... District — Middle .
Division, Jan. 23, 19—. Engine No. 557.
Train No. Ex.....Kind of Train—W. Frt. From — Hamilton.....To—Mimico .. . .. Ordered 11:15 A.M.....Left 12:15 P.M. .....Arrived 2:15 A.M..... Time occupied—15 Hrs. — Mins. .....Detentions allowed after .....Hrs. ..... Mins. Engineer—Wm. Sutterby. Fireman—Thos Nevells and Wm. E. Shauntz. Conductor—Carmichael

STATION AND EXPLANATION.

	Hrs.	Min.
Hamilton, block and orders.....	1	—
Waterdown; chasing cattle and waiting conductor who was up a tree with bull under him, had to shoot bull to release conductor.	6	—
Burlington Junction, shunting and orders and waiting fireman.....	2	—
Bronte, shunting		20
Port Credit, orders.....	1	—

Signature of Engineer—Wm. J. Sutterby.

DIDN'T SEE THE POINT.

TWO young Irishmen who had recently arrived in this country bought railroad tickets to Boonton, New Jersey, but made a mistake and boarded a train for Montclair, New Jersey. The conductor, on collecting the tickets, explained the mistake and told them to get off at the next station and wait for the Boonton train.

Thinking that the next train that came along was the one they wanted, they boarded it, and were again told that they were on the wrong train, and were forced to get out at the next station and wait for the Boonton train.

By this time, the men were quite worked up over their experience and were using some pretty bad language when they entered the next train, which was bound for Boonton. A clergyman who was sitting in the seat in front of them, heard the

awful language, and, turning in his seat, said: "Young men, do you know that you are on the road to hell?"

"Begorry, Mike," cried Pat, "if we're not on the wrong train again!"

And they started for the door.

DO YOU WANT A JOB?

OUT in the Middle West, the following application has been going the rounds If you want a position on the K., K., K., K., and K. Ry. Co., *don't* fill it out and mail it

THE KALAZAMOO, KANKAKEE, KOKOMO, KENTUCKY, AND KANSAS RAILWAY COMPANY.

APPLICATION

Instructions: Fill out the spaces provided for the answers below with due care, being careful not to spill less than two bottles of ink over blank, and write so it cannot be deciphered without aid of at least three expert penmen.

Application for position as.....
.....Name, when sober.
..Name, last time you worked for this road. .....Married (Yes or No). . If no, why? ..... If yes, why?..... Do you belong to the Can Rushers' Union ..... If no, why?..... Do you think it proper to let tramps ride without paying?..... If so, why?..... Do you think the company should receive any of the money collected thusly?..... If so, why?

N. B.—Fill out and give to trainmaster. You will be given a job, anyway. This application is just a matter of form

OSSIE MCSMYTH,
TRAINMASTER.

SOMETHING DID HAPPEN.

A WITNESS in a railroad case at Fort Worth, Kansas, was asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened. He said

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, an' I got off the track and the train went by, an' I got back on the track. I didn't see Ole, but I walked along, an' pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, an' I walked on, an' seen one of Ole's legs, an' then I seen one of Ole's arms, an' then another leg an' then over one side, Ole's head, an' I says, 'Great stumps! Something must have happened to Ole'

WHAT DID HE SAY?

AFTER many years of work on the section Murphy was given the gates at an unimportant crossing. For several days all went well. Murphy thought he had the best job in the world

One night, No. 41 was late, and Murphy was anxious to get home to his supper

Just after dark, the train was heard in the distance. She came along as if the engineer intended to make up the lost time even if he did fracture the speed ordinance. As the headlight showed up around the curve, Murphy got out his red lantern and swung it frantically

The engineer applied the brakes, the sparks flew from the wheels, and the train came to a stop shortly after the engine passed Murphy. The engineer ran back to see why he was stopped, and before he had time to ask the question, Murphy began:

"You're late. What in thunder kept ye'?"

HE WANTED A DUMMY.

AN engineer who was pulling a long freight was obliged to come to a stop. He discovered that he needed a dummy—a short piece of hose used for long couplings—so he ordered his fireman back to the hut to get one.

The spade wiggler was a green lad and didn't understand. When he reached the caboose, he said to the con. and the hind shack:

"The engineer wants one of you."

"Which one?" asked the con.

"I don't know which one," answered the green lad. "You both had better come along."

The three hiked along to the front end.

"Did you bring that dummy?" yelled the engineer, as they approached.

"Yes, I brought two!" glibly replied the fireman

FELT IT SLIPPING.

ONE of the agents on a railroad in Washington wanted a week's vacation and, as the road did not have a regular relief agent, the old man hired a boomer operator to relieve the agent. The boomer did not savvy accounts to any great extent, but, as it was only a tank station, it was thought that he would get by without sewing, so he was told to go to it.

The day after he was checked in, the old man happened along and asked him how he was getting on with the work.

"Oh, fine!" he replied, "why I've got it right by the tail."

That sounded encouraging, and everything was all right until the new agent began to struggle with his monthly balance sheet. Then he found himself up against more kinds of grief than he had ever known.

After putting in a full day and getting more to the bad every minute, he sent this wire to the super

R. & B. DS:

Disregard our conversation of yesterday. Feel it slipping. T. F. D.

IN THE HORNET'S NEST.

BY DAN DUANE.

Philip Has an Encounter in the Night, Then Tries to Prove His Innocence.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

AMONG the mountains of southern California, lived old Eugene Caillo gold-miner and miser To him had recently come his dead sister's child beautiful, eighteen-year old Carmita In the course of events Philip Garrick master of the Rancho Buena Vista visits the store kept by Caillo, and meets Carmita, who is much sought by all the men of the neighborhood among them being Jim Gormley, superintendent of the Comet mine a villainous sort of fellow, whose desire is to get at Caillo's riches through Carmita. She repulses him after Philip has declared his love Shortly after Caillo's body is discovered at the bottom of a sluice, and suspicion, instigated by Gormley, falls upon Carmita and Philip Gormley leaves town but is quickly followed by Philip, who has evidence that the former has committed the murder He finally traces Gormley to Carnullo City, where he has been stricken with smallpox and there, on his dying bed, signs a confession of his guilt

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CHAPTER IX.

The Enemy in Ambush.

OF all the beautiful towns in southern California that were baptized by the original Spanish settlers, Rosalia was the most beautiful. Situated at the base of mount Kaweah, whose snow-capped peak acted as a guide and sentinel through summer and winter, it was even more than home to the men and women who were so fortunate as to live there.

Its ever-green Spanish customs, the charming *patois* of its people, the eternal summertime, the birds, the flowers, the beautiful women, the languorous southern nature that seemed to permeate everything—all formed a fascinating abiding-place—and such a place can only be found in southern California.

So there was little reason when Philip Garrick returned to the Rancho Buena Vista—to the girl he so dearly loved, and for whom he had hunted down the unfortunate Gormley—that either he or Carmita should want to leave for what was known only to the people of southern California as the northland.

But the viper of abuse seemed to point in but one direction for the lovers.

A few days after Philip reached home, an ugly rumor was set afloat that Gormley had not died as Philip had described. The distance from Rosalia to Carnullo was too far to warrant the sending of a disinterested party to verify the graphic story that Philip told of the manner in which Gormley signed the confession.

Even if such a course had been possible, the expense was a matter of deep consideration; and, in the ethics of the southland, Philip's money would have been refused in payment for such an undertaking

In the midst of these rumors—rumors that bred the foul assertion that Philip and Carmita were cognizant of old Caillo's death, and that it was obviously necessary for them to get Gormley out of the way—Philip and Carmita strove for recognition.

But, once started, the flame of public opinion is a desperate thing to check; and, before Philip knew, the very men whom he had called his closest friends were either beginning to regard him with suspicion or had turned from him altogether.

Began in the November Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

True, the lovers had some stanch friends; but now they were so terribly in the minority that, when the terrible debates that startled the town were at fever-heat, these friends were snowed under by the volume of opposite opinion.

Burning with indignation, Carmita and Philip feared that they had only one choice. That was to let Padre Gregorio, of the Mission, marry them. Then they would start for the north.

"But what would I do in that cold, far-away country, Philip?"

Carmita twined her arms around the neck of her lover as she spoke.

"I would take care of you, dearest. You would never suffer. Here we must live as the victims of mockery and abuse. You could not stand it. The roses would go from your cheeks; the sunlight would go from your eyes. In the new country we will have all the happiness in the world, and I will work to show these people how impossibly they judge us."

"Do you surely think it is for the best, Philip?"

"Surely."

"Then will I do as you bid, Philip. You are all I have in this world. You are more to me now than any other thing—living or inanimate. If anything should happen to you, I would kill myself without the slightest hesitancy."

A gentle smile played over Carmita's face as she spoke these last words. It gave the keenest emphasis to her threat.

She meant it—every word.

He put his arm around her shoulders, and drew her toward him and kissed her. That was just what he would have her do. Young and strong and healthy as he was, he did not want to think that she would live if death were to call him away.

"My brave, wonderful love," he softly said.

"My own Philip," she whispered, as she returned his caress.

They walked down the path of the old 'dobe garden. At the garden they said good night a thousand times—it seemed. It was an hour for a lingering. With no noise save the hum of the night things and no light save that shed by the stars, they parted as if chains had to be severed.

"You will come to-morrow, Philip—very [illegible]"

Very early, dearest; very early. And, to-night, I will stop in at the Mission. Padre Gregorio, who believes me and trusts you, will be awake. I shall tell him that we will be in the little chapel at sunrise, and he will tie the knot that will make you mine in the eyes of the law. Then, dearest, with law and love to bind us, we can never, never be separated. Good night!"

He drew away from her, and started down the winding road that led in the direction of the Mission.

Perhaps, after all, it were best to take this step. Though Carmita loved her birthplace as only a southerner can, she would soon get accustomed to northern ways, and her beauty, with his wealth and ambition, would give them position and prestige wherever they might choose to live.

The glow of future happiness filled his breast as he moved along the road. Indeed, the change was welcome. He began to plan a myriad pleasant things for the future, when the lights of the Mission gleamed a silent welcome in the night, about half a mile ahead.

Though there was no sound to indicate the presence of others, he was suddenly conscious that some one was following him.

There are vibrations that travel from one being to another if the mind of one is on the other. It is a vague and mystic wonder; but, so sure as death, it is true. Philip's mind suddenly diverted from the thoughts of his and Carmita's future happiness. In an instant he was conscious that there were one or more human beings behind him.

He turned suddenly, but saw no one.

Standing stock-still in the middle of the road, his heart beating violently, he took his revolver from his hip-pocket and placed it in the bosom of his shirt.

There was no sound. Perhaps he was mistaken.

He turned in the direction of the Mission and hastened his footsteps. Before he had gone fifty feet he was again conscious of the thing or being that, ghostlike, was trailing in his footsteps.

Philip was a brave man, but there were highwaymen in the southland, and he would take no chances.

With lightning-like agility he drew his pistol from his shirt and turned.

A figure darted into the chaparral to his left. He judged that it must have been at least a hundred feet from where he stood.

He could not tell whether it was a man or an animal.

"I'll find out just who you are," he said,

as he started down the road in the direction of the vanished figure.

He cocked his gun and held it over his left forearm.

With the steady step of one who knows no danger, Philip reached the clump of bushes behind which the figure had disappeared.

He halted by the roadside, straining his ears for anything that seemed like a sound.

In the chaparral all was darkness. He could see nothing; and even though he strained his eyes for the faintest sound, there was nothing—nothing save the plaintive chirp of a cricket.

Philip stood stock still waiting for the sound that must inevitably come if there were any living thing hiding within the range of his hearing.

Whoever it is or whatever it is, he said, it can keep positively still only just so long. It must move sooner or later.

Then the underbrush rustled.

Not ten feet from where he stood there was the unmistakable sound of something moving in the leaves.

"Who's that? Come out!" shouted Philip.

He spoke with the full force of his voice. Then he let the trigger of his revolver down gently under the pressure of his thumb, and cocked it sharply. The sharpness of his voice and the sharp cocking of the revolver would tell the man hiding in the chaparral —if it were a man — that Philip was not afraid, and that he was armed.

The rustling stopped.

"Come out of that!" Philip shouted again.

His words were followed by a faint noise. Then a twig snapped sharply; then the heavy crunch of a booted foot.

Philip fired in the bushes at his feet and stepped back into the middle of the road.

"Come out!" he shouted again. "I am going to shoot!"

The command was heeded.

A man stepped out from behind the chaparral. He was bending over, and he carried a knife.

"Up!" said Philip, leveling at him.

The man did not seem to pay any heed. Philip again ordered him to put up his hands.

"Not so quick, Mr. Garrick!"

The voice came from behind Philip.

He half turned. A second man was approaching.

This man was armed with a revolver.

"Not so fast, Mr. Garrick," the second man said with a slow drawl, "and don't be so handy with that gun."

"Who are you?" asked Philip.

"Just who I am is none of your business —at least, not at present," he replied.

"What do you want?" asked Philip.

As the man drew closer, Philip recognized Seth Waters, a former deputy sheriff whom the Governor had been forced to remove from office because he could not quite explain his connection with a certain hold-up.

As Philip recognized the man he drew back, and said:

"I know you now—Seth Waters. What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you, and I want to do it peaceful-like."

"Go ahead," said Philip.

"Me and my pal," said Waters, "has come to you representing the citizens of Rosalia."

At this juncture the "pal" drew up. He had straightened up, and his knife was sheathed.

"You represent the citizens of Rosalia," said Philip. "And for what, pray?"

"Did you call on that woman, Carmita, to-night?" asked Seth Waters.

"That's none of your business," answered Philip. "Don't mention her name again."

"It is my business. And if you say you didn't, you lie!"

"What if I did?" asked Philip. The blood was rising in his temples. He would stand but very little of this sort of talk.

"The citizens demand that you leave this county before dawn," said Seth.

"And if I refuse?" said Philip.

"Then me and Dick Bender here has been voted a committee to see that you do."

Philip's next impulse was to open fire on the two men. He would have gladly taken a chance, and he was sure that he could have laid both in the dust; but with the pulse of the community at fever heat, and with the clamor that was being hurled against him and Carmita, this plan would have been most impractical.

How would he account for the dead bodies? Would the authorities believe him? Would an enraged populace rise up against him and hang him to the nearest tree?

Silence held the three men for a moment, then Philip spoke:

"You and Dick Bender are a fine pair to represent the people of Rosalia—"

"I want no comment, Mr. Garrick. Bender and me has a duty to perform, and we don't need to take any guff from you."

"I don't care to waste any words with either of you," answered Philip. "What is your plan?"

"We go down the road to Rosalia town," said Seth Waters. "In the stables of Pete Williams there is three saddled horses. We rides with you out of Rosalia down to the county line, two miles this side of Caliente—and then we says good-by."

"That sounds pleasant," answered Philip.

"And now I asks you," Seth drawled on, "do we go in peace?"

Philip thought for a moment.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean," said Seth, "are you willin' to go along quietly with us and put up your gun?"

"That suits me," Philip answered.

The ex-deputy and Philip slipped their guns in their hip pockets simultaneously. Bender ran his knife into the little pocket in his right boot, which he had made for the purpose.

CHAPTER X.

Over the Hedge.

THE three men started down the road. Philip walked in the middle, and Seth and Bender on either side, in the ruts made by wagon wheels.

The little light in the old Mission shone brightly through the cluster of rose-vines and orange-branches that grew in profusion around its historic walls.

Philip started at a pretty fast clip. Seth and his pal kept up without an extra breath. For the first few hundred feet, none of the three uttered a word. Finally Philip broke the monotony of their steps and the silence of the night by saying to Seth Waters, as kindly as possible:

Seth, tell me just what prompted the citizens of Rosalia to take this action?"

Waters seemed glad that Philip had adopted a pleasant attitude, and he replied with equal solicitude:

"Well, Garrick, the people hereabouts don't quite like the story that you been tellin' about the death of Old Caillo an' that there confession of Jim Gormley's. It looks like you ain't on the level, and that you have something that you want to hide."

Philip laughed in a half-hearted way.

"I am sorry that they feel that way, Seth. But the time will come when they will understand that I am telling the truth. I will make that the one object of my life."

Seth Waters did not reply. He did not seem to care to converse further on the point that interested Philip the most, and he began to whistle some little melody that fitted in time with the measured tread of his footsteps.

They were now almost opposite the gardens redolent with the wealth of odorous blossoming plants that surrounded the old Catholic Mission.

The lamp at the outer gate burned as a welcome to all who needed shelter in the night, or to tell the passing that they might come in and pray on the marble paths that led to the cloisters.

In the darkness, neither Seth nor Bender could see that Philip was observing the place closely.

He was mentally measuring certain distances—trying to ascertain which was the object and which the shadow. The stars shine with wonderful brightness down in the Kaweah country, and illumine with a peculiar distinctness if the night is clear. Philip was accustomed to this light. In idle moments, sitting alone on the porch of his home on the Rancho Buena Vista, he had often studied the wonderful glory of this marvel of all lights—so soft, so silvery, and so clear. An old Mexican once told him how difficult it was to discern the real from the shadow in this mystic light—and he thought that he would put it to the test.

Before the men who were acting as his escort were aware, Philip stepped behind. With the agility of a cat, he dashed to the side of the road and leaped over the hedge that surrounded the Mission.

In an instant Seth Waters drew his revolver and fired.

The shot pierced the hedge close to Philip.

Down on all-fours, crouching close to the hedge, he started in the direction of the Mission buildings.

Once he found it necessary to get on his feet to dash across an open stretch.

Fear had no terror for him. He made the dash. Seth Waters's pistol again flashed on the night. He heard the bullet's thud as it struck the earth not far from him.

Seth was aiming at his shadow.

In a moment the Mission was awake. A robed form came running toward Philip. The ranchman recognized his friend.

"Padre Gregorio! Padre Gregorio!" he called, as he ran toward the priest.

Waters and Bender were close after Philip. The ranchman reached the priest, who caught him in his arms.

"Philip Garrick! What means this?" asked the priest.

"*Padre!* These men—"

Waters and Bender had come up. Waters had his pistol drawn ready to shoot.

"Stop!" cried the father, raising his hand. "How dare you raise a hand to kill on the premises of the church?"

"This man is our prisoner, *padre*," said Waters. "He is trying to escape."

"That is not so," replied Philip hotly. "They followed me down the road, and held me up like common thieves."

"He must come with us," said Waters.

"Let me stay here till morning, *padre*. I will tell you all. You believe me, I know!"

"I believe you above every other man I know," replied the good man.

"Thank you, *padre*."

"I protest!" shouted Waters. "You are interfering with the law."

"I beg that you remember to whom you are talking," said Padre Gregorio. "And I ask you to leave this place at once. Ask yourselves who established the law here."

"I am responsible to the citizens of Rosalia for this man," persisted Seth Waters.

"What does he mean, Philip?" asked the *padre*.

"He claims to be selected by the people of Rosalia to drive me out of town. I demand the treatment of a citizen and a property-holder," said Philip.

"I trust that you will not interfere with our duty, *padre?*" said Waters.

"Your first duty is to humanity, and should be tempered with mercy," the priest answered. "I know Philip Garrick, and I will be responsible for him until the morning."

The other priests of the Mission had gathered around, and as Philip chatted with them and told them his experiences of the night, Padre Gregorio escorted Waters and Bender to the Mission gates.

Against the wishes of the priest, the two representatives of the people were helpless. In those idle, early days the church had to be recognized if it took occasion to interfere in such a case. Waters and Bender started down the road, muttering curses to themselves.

"I thought you were to keep near to him to catch him if he jumped?" said Waters.

"How did I know he was goin' to jump?" answered Bender. "He went like a flash."

"Anyhow, you should have watched him closer," Waters went on with some vehemence. "It's your fault that he got away. In twenty minutes more we would have had the money."

"I didn't want to take him by this road!"

"You did!"

"I didn't! I told you to take him off into a pasture," said Bender, "and make him come to time with the cash."

"Don't argue that now," Waters broke in. "We're the ones who've lost in this game. The father will have him before the court in the morning, and we will be hauled up as a couple of blackmailers."

"If that's so, it's your fault," said Bender.

"Don't say that again! What are you going to do—skip out of town?"

"I don't see as there is much else to do," Bender answered. "If it hadn't been for you — if I hadn't listened to your fool scheme—I would have been better off."

Seth Waters was beginning to inwardly resent the taunts of his hitherto silent partner. He had picked Bender to help him "hold up" Philip under the guise that they were a committee to escort him out of town.

When they reached the border line near Caliente, their plan was to bind Philip to a telegraph-pole, demand money from him under threat, and, if he did not come to time with the cash, then they would rob him and disappear to parts unknown.

As Philip was always known to carry a goodly sum in his pocket, the two men knew that the night's work would not be in vain. It would not have been had their plan succeeded. With the first ray that smote the east, Philip rose from his couch and, walking to the offering-box in the little chapel, deposited a handful of bright gold coins—praying for the safety of his life as he did so.

CHAPTER XI.

The Escape.

THE long and the short of the quarrel between Waters and Bender was that Bender became so inflamed at his partner's words and taunts, that he foolishly called him a liar. Waters, resenting the insult, struck Bender. Bender whipped out his knife and made a lunge at the ex-deputy.

Waters had only one alternative. Before another moment flashed by, he had exercised it.

Dick Bender was a corpse.

Waters dragged the body into the brush, and leaned against a fence to think over the situation.

Three problems now confronted him.

Firstly, Philip, under the protection of the Mission, which had the respect of all, would demand in the morning an understanding as to his citizen rights. It was one thing to drive a man out of a community by sheer contempt. It was another thing to take him by force, when he was a property-holder, and claimed the protection of the law.

Secondly, he would be utterly routed and branded as a liar when it was proved that he was not the appointed officer of a citizen's committee.

Thirdly, how would he account for the killing of Dick Bender? Who would believe him if he said that he did it in self-defense? After being stamped as a liar in connection with Philip Garrick, who would agree that he had shot his mate in self-defense? He might be charged with murder—and then!

He started down the road. He made all the haste possible to reach Rosalia before midnight. The morrow would find him far away from the shadow of Kaweah — far away from the grasp that the law would reach out for him.

The scheme to get horses at Pete Williams's stable was only a bluff—but straight to this very stable went Seth Waters.

A big roan mare was grazing in one of the pastures near the road. Seth knew that she was a good jumper and fleet of foot.

A long rope dangled from her halter. Seth grabbed the end of it and, after the fashion of cowboys, he passed it through her mouth in the form of a bit, and mounted her bareback.

He trotted the mare out into the middle of the corral, then, turning her head in the direction of the road, dug his feet into her side and started at a full gallop for the fence.

It was a five-board affair, but she took it clean, and, the next instant, the roan and her daring rider were kicking up the dust in the direction of Caliente.

Seth knew that she could cover a good ten miles before she showed any sign of fatigue, and then a stop and a rest and she would be good for another long distance

By daybreak, he thought, he could be well out of the neighborhood — perhaps fifty miles from his starting-point.

When he came too close to Caliente to be safe, he turned his mare's head into a road that ran along the bank of the Crood River.

Though it was dark along this route, owing to the heavy growth of trees and chaparral through which the faint starlight could not penetrate, he knew every inch of the way. In harmony with the old saying, "The horse knows the rider," the mare, urged by his voice and his heels, kept up a fair canter.

So long as the night held out he was safe. In the morning, there might be cattlemen on the road who would know him, but he was not taking any chances with them.

When morning dawned, he would ride into one of the deep gulleys that skirted the river. There the mare could rest and eat her fill of the juicy bunch-grass that grew along the bottoms, and drink the cool, fresh water of the Crood. As for him, he would live on water for a few days. Lack of food had no terror for him.

Many a time, in the old days, it had been necessary for Seth to evade the posse that was scouring the mountains for a road-agent, when he was supposed to be in Visalia on business, when he had found himself quite an adept at killing and cooking the wild birds that infest the paradise of the southern California forests.

CHAPTER XII.

A Shot Is Fired.

PHILIP GARRICK deposited all the gold he had in his pockets in the collection box that rested in the little chapel. Then he went to the first mass, for he was a devout worshiper. The humble but wholesome breakfast of the Mission priests was as a feast to him, and it was with a lighter heart than he had known for some days that he sent word to Carmita that Padre Gregorio and he had sat up late talking over the whole matter, and that Padre Gregorio had advised them not to do anything in haste.

"We will hasten into Rosalia in the morning, and I am going to have an understanding about my position before the court of justice. My defamers must come out in the open and fight. No innocent man need flee from his accusers—and you and Padre

Gregorio know that I am innocent. Be calm, and God bless you. I will be with you early in the afternoon. PHILIP."

He despatched this by a cowboy from a near-by ranch. He knew that Carmita would be up early waiting for him to take her to the altar, as he had promised. He did not tell her anything about the affair with Waters and Bender. It would only worry her, and then it was all over and only an incident. But, after all, a lucky one, thought Philip, for it threw him into the counseling hands of my good friend, Gregorio.

"Shall we walk to Rosalia?" asked Padre Gregorio. "It is a beautiful morning. Just listen to those birds sing, and see the wonderful color of those flowers!"

"By all means, if it won't tire you."

The priest was a tall, dark man, the son of a Spanish landholder whose family was among the first to locate in southern California. Athletic in every way, the walk appealed to him—and so the two companions started off, filled with the glory of the early morn.

As they walked along discussing that matter from many view-points, they came to a place in the road where the usually placid tracks of wagons and pedestrians seemed to be disturbed. The evidence of a scuffle was visible, and both men remarked that something out of the ordinary had happened on that spot.

"There has been a fight here," said Philip.

"It looks very much like it," answered the priest. "This is a rather lonely spot, and just what I imagine a highwayman would select for an attack."

Philip had raised his head, and was looking around. His eye caught a trail made by something having been dragged through the grass.

"This looks suspicious," he said, as he followed the lead.

"It does most certainly," replied the priest as he followed.

It was only a few steps to Dick Bender's body. It lay there, staring up to the morning sun.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Philip. "It is the body of one of the men—it is Seth Waters's pal! What do you think? How do you suppose it—"

Padre Gregorio broke the succession of Philip's questions by saying: "He has been shot! We cannot leave his body here!"

They found that they were helpless to move it. There was only one thing to do, and that was to cover it with branches and make Rosalia with all possible haste.

Their eager muscles were soon breaking the full-leafed branches of the small trees and thick growth near the roadside. Soon they had the body completely covered, so that any who might come along would pass it by unnoticed. Then Padre Gregorio tied his handkerchief around a fence-post to mark the spot so that it would be easily found by the morgue-messengers.

They hurried on to Rosalia. A little over a mile had to be covered, but the men walked at a good gait.

They went direct to the town marshal—for he was the head of the police force—and reported the finding of Dick Bender's body.

In a short time the little town was ablaze with the awful news. The fact that the body had been found by Philip Garrick and Padre Gregorio at that early hour lent additional interest to the affair.

The court convened, and Philip went before the judge and asked that he be given the privilege to prove his story regarding the death of Old Caillo and the confession of Jim Gormley. Padre Gregorio pleaded with the court for his friend.

This was the topic on one hand, while the murder of Bender excited the other. A thousand conflicting opinions filled the streets. The courtroom was crowded to suffocation, and the little square around it was black with humanity struggling to get in.

Finally Philip and the priest appeared at the door. The crowd surged around them. Men hurled epithets at Philip, but the good Gregorio raised his hand and they were quiet.

"Tell us, Garrick!" they shouted. "Tell us, and tell the truth."

"He will tell all and only the truth," said Padre Gregorio, when order was restored. "I know this man! He is a truthful man! I believe him to the core! Listen to him. He will tell you all he knows—and it will be the truth."

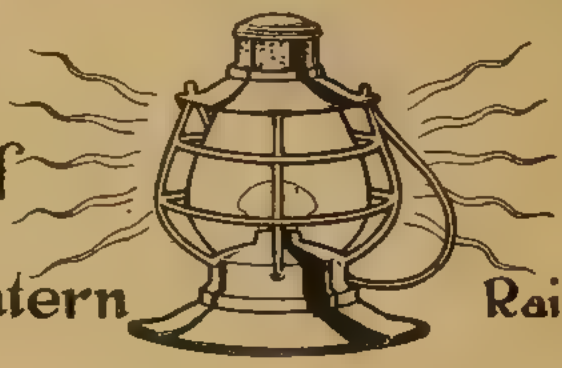
Philip came forward. He raised his hand for order. He smiled, removed his hat, and started to address the multitude. He had said only a few words about his early life in Rosalia, when a pistol-shot broke the stillness.

Philip put his hands to his breast—and his good friend, Padre Gregorio, caught him as he fell.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the Light of the Lantern



Questions Answered for Railroad Men

ASK US!

WE like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

WHAT is the best definition of an electric locomotive?

(2) How is the power applied to these locomotives, and how are they operated?

(3) What is the voltage generally used?—O. C H., Elmira, New York.

(1) It is a self-propelled vehicle running on rails and containing one or more electric motors, which drive the wheels, thereby propelling the locomotive and causing it to haul cars.

(2) The motors obtain electrical energy from a rail laid near to but insulated from the track rails, or from a wire suspended above the track, contact with this wire being made by a trolley or wheel on the end of a pole mounted on top of the locomotive. The electric rail, called "third rail," or the trolley wire, is supplied with electricity by generators placed in a central station and driven by steam or gas-engines or water-wheels. From the trolley or the third-rail shoe the current is conducted to a regulator or controller, by means of which the motors may be started, stopped, or driven at any desired speed. Electric locomotives are built either with motors mounted so as to drive the axles through the medium of gear-wheels, or with the motor armature mounted directly on the axle. In this latter case, the motor is called a gearless motor.

(3) The pressure or voltage at which electric locomotives are operated is 500 to 650 volts, direct current; and from 1,800 to 3,000 volts if alternating current is used. If by alternating current, a transformer is placed on the locomotive which lowers the current of the trolley wire to a voltage suitable for the motors. For certain purposes, electric locomotives are built to be operated by a storage battery. This arrangement is only practicable for yard or switching work, where the battery can be conveniently recharged from an electric central station

WHAT should be done if the packing should blow out of the throttle stuffing-box while on the road?

(2) About how many stay-bolts are there in the average locomotive boiler?

(3) When the term "boiler brace" is used, what does it mean, and how many are there in the modern boiler?

(4) If the blower should become disconnected how would draft be created on the fire?

(5) How can it be found whether the double-heading pipe exhaust-port in the No. 5 "ET" equipment is stopped up, and what should be done in order to double head if this were the second engine?—R. K., Indianapolis.

(1) It would largely be a matter for the good judgment of the engineer. The packing seldom, if ever, blows completely out without some preliminary warning, whereupon the gland should be

drawn up as far as it will go not to interfere with the movement of the throttle rod. Then it is very seldom so bad that an old coat or bag thrown over the gland will not suffice to make matters bearable, especially with a passenger-train, until you can get in. In the case of a work-train, however, or a freight-train with a long distance yet to go, circumstances might justify blowing the steam off the engine after getting into clear and repacking the throttle with strips of old air-hose or anything of the kind which you can find.

The writer has frequently seen this done on Mexican roads, and some in this country, where the throttle gland was located on top of the boiler or in the dome, it only being necessary to deaden the fire a little, and after filling up the boiler pretty full—at least, so that it will be well over the sheet while the work is being done—blow the steam off through the steam-chest relief valves. It does not require more than a very few minutes to repack the throttle, whereupon it only remains to get the engine hot again and proceed. These are, however, extreme instances, and are scarcely, if ever, necessary or justifiable, as has been said.

(2) Eliminating from consideration the radial stays and considering the stay-bolts proper—that is, the short bolts in the side sheets, back-head and throat-sheet—the number usually runs from 750 to 1,100, dependent on the size and shape of the fire-box.

(3) "The Locomotive Dictionary," compiled by the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association, and accepted as the authority on locomotive nomenclature, defines boiler *bracing* as "the system of stays and braces used in a boiler to enable its plates to resist the pressure imposed upon them by steam." It thus might be inferred that the term is of broad application to include sling-stays, radial-stays, stay-bolts, etc., but in the shops the name "brace" is generally supposed to specifically designate the braces which extend from the back head to the upper shell; from the throat-sheet to the lower shell, and from the front flue sheet to the shell.

These may run as high as fifty in a boiler, dependent upon its design, and are generally pinned to a riveted foot on one end for flexibility, and riveted on the other. Some designs have a "T" iron riveted on the back-head to which braces are pinned to radiate to various points on the shell. In instances where it is possible to brace the dome on account of its location toward the rear, the writer has heard these braces referred to frequently as "dome stays." There is far from being a uniform understanding among shopmen, at least, regarding the names of these parts.

(4) The blower is unnecessary while the engine is under steam, as the draft is created through the outlet of the exhaust steam through the stack. If it should become disconnected while the engine was not in motion, there would be no artificial draft, in fact no draft other than the natural one through the stack. It could be created readily enough, however, if appliances were at hand, by piping from another engine or putting a stack-blower in the stack. Under such conditions the best move would be to repair it if time permitted.

(5) In double-heading when the engineer on the head engine sets the brakes and cannot release them on the second engine, which is the way we interpret your question, the trouble is that port "u" is stopped up in the automatic brake-valve, as this port is not used much and is liable to stop up. In this case we would disconnect the double-heading pipe, or release could be effected through the independent brake-valve.

(6 and 7) You do not mention the style equipment in the question regarding handling the uncharged cars. There is practically no limit to the number of air-cars which can be handled—all that the engine can pull at any rate.

A. O. K., Waycross, Georgia.—(1 and 2) Yes. (3) There might be a good chance to get on as a hostler, but little, in our opinion, as a switch engineer.

(4) We have no data in regard to colored firemen, but pretty sure that there are none employed in Arizona or the Dakotas.

(5) The Far Southwestern States should present the best field.

G. F. M., San Jose, California.—After a very careful review of your problem, it would appear that if the first-class train reaches "A" at 12.02 A.M., or, as you put it, 47 minutes late, it has caught the new "book" and would be accordingly handled by the despatcher over the new route which takes effect with the change of time. This, of course, is merely our personal view. The movement under such conditions would be handled, no doubt, through orders to all trains involved. We do not believe that an extra would have the right to run against the first-class train from either "B" or "C" without orders.

WHAT was the circumference of the drivers of the 999?

(2) What is the difference between an outside and an inside coupled locomotive?

(3) What is used mostly for headlight—electricity or oil? If electricity is used, where is it made?

(4) What is the approximate cost of rolling stock, freight and passenger?—M. A., Newton, Iowa.

(1) Eighty-four inches in diameter: circumference 263·89 inches. See reply to J. P., this month.

(2) Outside coupled locomotives, which is the prevailing construction in this country, have their cylinders outside the frames, and the power is applied through the medium of the pistons, cross-heads, and main rods to the main driving-wheel at the crank-pin. Inside connected locomotives have their cylinders between the frames, thus necessitating a cranked main-axle, to which the power is applied through the above mentioned parts.

This latter design was standard in England and, in fact, all over Europe for over half a century, but notable departures are in service along the lines of American practise.

The London and Northwestern and the Great Western have both practically adopted outside cylinders as standard. The principal advantage claimed for the inside type was greater stability when in motion, due to the thrust of the reciprocating parts being almost directly in line with the center of the locomotive. This, whether it amounted to anything or not, was completely offset by the increased cost of maintenance due to the inaccessibility of the parts when inside connected.

(3) Oil headlights are in the majority, the proportion being about four to one electric. The latter are electric arc-light, the current for which is supplied by a small steam turbine and dynamo unit. This is placed on the boiler and takes steam therefrom.

(4) Assuming that your question relates to broad-gage equipment, the approximate cost would be as follows: Passenger-car, $8,000 to $10,000; box, $3,800 to $4,500. Wooden gondolas, of different types, with steel underframing may be assumed to cost from $1,200 to $1,600. Pressed steel cars are worth about $2,000. Locomotives will average about $18,000 for either class of service

A. G. C., White River Junction, Vermont.—We cannot think at this writing of any railroad employing firemen or trainmen eighteen years old, but many have done so. Twenty one years is now the general minimum limit, especially in the instance of firemen, as the work has grown proportionately with the increased size of the engines in the past few years so that it is doubtful if a person under age would be physically able to handle it.

J. H. W., Goldfield, Nevada.—Any watchmaker in your vicinity will explain your questions about the hands of a watch. They are not of sufficient general interest to reproduce in this department.

HOW much coal will a locomotive burn per hour?—G. W. B., Oakes, North Dakota

Do you mean a locomotive employed in light passenger service or in heavy express work; one in way-freight service or fast or slow main-line freight service, and is a compound or a simple engine incorporated in the question? These are necessary elements to be defined before any attempt could be made to return an answer of any value. The amount of coal burned depends upon tonnage, speed, gradients, and curves, steaming qualities of the locomotive, quality of the coal, and, last but not least, the skill possessed by the fireman. In heavy and fast passenger service, say from six to eight cars at fifty miles an hour, about six tons per hundred miles will be readily consumed. In heavy freight or drag service this might reach ten tons, while a switch engine could possibly work twenty-four hours with no more than three tons. Too many conditions remain to be reckoned with before any real information can be given on this interesting point, but with a reasonable amount of data a close estimate could be made of what a locomotive should burn.

WHAT is the pay of both engineers and firemen on passenger and freight trains?

(2) Does an engineer lose his position if his train is wrecked for no carelessness of his own?

(3) Are the engines that handled the Empire State Express in the year 1893 still in service?

(4) In what year was the speed of seventy-five miles an hour first attained by a train?—J. P., Wilmington, Delaware.

(1) As we have frequently explained in this department, *the pay of engineers and firemen is entirely dependent on the agreement which their respective organizations may be able to make with the railroad companies.* There is no real uniformity, because some men are more clever than others in talking these things over, and naturally drive a better bargain. When the contract or agreement is made it generally stands about two years, or, maybe, three years, whereupon a new agreement is formulated, thoroughly discussed, and signed by both parties, after both parties, of course, have made mutual concessions. In the East; that is, say, east of the Mississippi River, the pay of passenger engineers is approximately $3.85 per hundred miles. If the run is longer than one hundred miles each additional mile is paid for, usually at the same rate, or on the same basis. This arrangement prevails in the instance of both engineers and firemen, whether in passenger or freight service. Passenger firemen in this same territory average $2.25 per hundred miles. Freight engineers receive an average of about $4 per hundred miles, and freight firemen, $2.50. West of the Mississippi River, the pay will be found improved in either branch of the service. On passenger runs, the engineer may draw $4.50 per hundred miles; in freight service, $5 or more. The pay of firemen in the West, in many instances, almost equals that of an engineer on some Eastern roads, rising to $3.35 in freight, and $3 in passenger service. The above, of course, are broadly drawn figures, but they should serve to give the general information which you desire.

(2) No, he is exonerated through the circumstance which you mention.

(3) The 999 ran this train in the year which you mention, and is still in service on the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg division of the New York Central. (See THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for April, 1910, page 553, for the complete history of this locomotive.) The schedule speed of the Empire State Express is about forty-five miles an hour. The 999 has been rebuilt with a new boiler since she hauled the Empire, and

her driving-wheels have been reduced in diameter from 84 to 70 inches.

(4) There are any number of locomotive speed records on file, but, unfortunately, they mostly lack the elements to make them entirely credible However, on November 18, 1892, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad ran a train from Jenkintown to a point five miles beyond, in 3 minutes flat, or at the rate of 87.8 miles per hour. This, of course, is the average time There are few statistics available for single miles, and it is safe to say that 75 miles an hour for an isolated mile was made many years ago. We have another record on the Philadelphia and Reading, made on May 9, 1884, between mile-posts 34 and 48, New York division, in which the 14 miles were covered in 11 minutes 18 seconds, or at the rate of 75 miles per hour. This is about as complete as your question can be answered, as probably no one can say when that speed was first attained for a single mile

G. T. S., Three Forks, Montana.—It makes absolutely no difference whether the baggage car is at rest or in motion, as the dynamo-shaft will be carried in its bearings exactly the same way under either condition. Both shaft-bearings have an equal progressive motion with the car, and the shaft itself may be practically regarded as in a state of rest within the bearings.

WILL you please tell me how far a steam locomotive can travel with one supply of fuel, and without any stop whatever?—H L., Philadelphia.

What type of locomotive, and how much steam pressure does it carry? What is the fuel capacity of the tender? Has it a train behind; if so, what is the approximate weight of the latter; or, is it running light without any train? Do you mean with one supply of fuel in the *fire-box?* If so, what are the dimensions of the latter, and, in particular, the grate area? Or, do you mean with the *tender* fully supplied with fuel? We have to be in possession of the majority, at least, of this data before we can do much toward a reply See answer to G. W. B., this month

C. C. H., Mechanicville, New York.—There are several types of electric locomotives capable of hauling a fifteen-hundred-ton train up a grade of twenty-six feet to the mile. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad motors, first put in service in 1893, have been pulling the heaviest freight-trains (including the steam locomotive of the latter, which *does not assist*) through the belt line tunnel under the city of Baltimore up a considerably heavier grade than that which you mention. On one occasion one of these engines pulled twenty-nine loaded cars, two engines, and a caboose, the total weight aggregating over 2,000 tons. In the majority of instances, however, where the tonnage is heavy and the speed comparatively high, it is considered preferable to use two motors. This is the practise on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, the most prominent example of electrification in this country, whenever its express-trains reach over six or seven cars.

WHAT is the actual value of a Mallet articulated compound passenger-engine and freight-engine of the "1700" and "1300" type, recently built for the Santa Fe?. Are the passenger-engines capable of a high speed?

(2) How many people can a sleeper accommodate? Have all sleepers a stateroom or two, besides the berths?

(3) Is it possible for the Pennsylvania Railroad to make fifty-four miles an hour with a train of eight cars over its mountain division between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg?—J. F., Charlestown, Massachusetts.

(1) The cost, as we have been informed unofficially, was about $25,000 each. It would scarcely be advisable to attempt to run them at any unusual speed. They were built for grade work with long, heavy passenger-trains, and each performs the work of two engines.

(2) The average sleeping-car contains twelve sections, six sections on each side of the car, and each section is composed of an upper and lower berth. Allowing one person to each berth, it would accommodate twenty-four persons in the body of the car. The majority of sleepers have what is called a drawing-room, which sometimes contains five berths. Some sleepers recently built, have sixteen sections, but they have not been generally introduced into the Eastern part of the country

(3) It is scarcely possible with a train of that weight, although they have averaged that speed between the points mentioned with five and even six cars. If you will apply to the local passenger-agent of any railroad in your town or vicinity he will be pleased to work out the mileage for you between the various cities given

FIFTEEN years ago, all engines when in motion had a constant ringing or rocking of their driving-rods. I would like to know how and by whom this defect was remedied.—J. T. M., Washington, District of Columbia.

The noise which you mention became noticeable when the solid end, or bushed side-rods, were first introduced about twenty or twenty-five years ago. They were not so neat to the pins after a certain amount of wear as the former style strap-rods, there being no provision for taking up the wear without renewing the bushing. In consequence, they rattled somewhat on the pins through a combination of too loose fit and side play between the collars of the pin. The same condition exists to-day where frequent renewals of bushings are not made, but, as a rule, it is only in evidence when the engine is starting or running light at moderate speed. As soon as she settles down to business with her load, there is practically no

more racket than with the old-style rods, provided that the parts are accorded reasonable maintenance.

J. E. L., Canon City, Colorado.—(1) As we have frequently mentioned in this department, we are absolutely without reliable information on railroad wrecks, past or present. You might secure the information from the officials of the road, but it is doubtful if they would be willing to rattle the bones of a skeleton. Wrecks are distasteful to railroad management at large, and their memory even more so.

(2) We cannot say whether the engineer was killed or not. Why not look up the back files of some of the Colorado newspapers?

(3) The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe has about 8,000 miles of road, including its leased or controlled lines; the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy has 8,950 miles; the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul is credited with 7,286 miles, and the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, with 7,414 miles

(4) They all pay about the same in the train service

(5) Engineers are paid by the mile, but have the guarantee of a day's pay whether one hundred miles or not have been made. After one hundred miles every additional mile is paid for according to the schedule of agreement which they have with the company. Note reply to J. P.

C. M. J., Thibodaux, Louisiana.—Our records covering high railroad bridges are somewhat obscure, but the impression is that the Kinzua viaduct on the Bradford division of the Erie Railroad, is about the highest in this country. It is something like 320 feet to the lowest point in the ravine which it spans, and it is over half a mile long.

C. C., Minneapolis.—Engines are changed on the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Chicago, at Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburgh, Crestline, and Fort Wayne. In the instance of two or three limited trains, there may be some other arrangement in vogue, but the above has prevailed for a number of years. The longest division is from Pittsburgh to Crestline, about 190 miles. Grand Island, North Platte, and Julesburg, we opine, are the changes on the other road mentioned. If very important, we would suggest that you write to the principal offices of the company in Omaha, Nebraska.

WHAT is meant by a "boomer" brakeman?

(2) When the mileage of a railroad is given, does it mean single track or double track?

(3) Can you explain why each rail of the roadbed is connected by wires?—F. W. L., New York

(1) A traveler from road to road, one who does not remain on any particular pay-roll for any length of time

(2) It means length of road. For the total mileage must be added length of double, or "second" track, and length of all sidings.,

(3) The current employed in the working of the semaphores controlling the electric block system passes through the rails, and these are tied, or "bonded," with wire at the joints to insure against leakage of the current.

W. J. A., Philadelphia.—In signal systems, as ordinarily arranged, the overhead or high-semaphore signals indicate the block, and the "turn outs," or switches, are indicated by dwarf semaphores or pot signals.

B. K. R., Freeport, Illinois.—The Santa Fe has one decapod (2-10-0 class) numbered in the "900's," and, also, a ten-coupled and trailing truck (2-10-2), in the same series. Both types are compound. The principal dimensions of the 2-10-0 are cylinders 19 inches and 32 x 32 inches. Working steam pressure, 225 pounds per square inch; total heating surface, 5,390 square feet; diameter of drivers, 57 inches; weight on drivers, 237,800 pounds; total weight, 267,800 pounds. The principal dimensions of the 2-10-2 class are cylinders, 19 inches and 32 x 32 inches; working steam pressure, 225 pounds per square inch; total heating surface, 4,796 square feet; diameter of drivers, 57 inches; weight on drivers, 234,580 pounds; total weight, 287,240 pounds.

The New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads are now practically four-tracked all the way east of Buffalo and Pittsburgh, respectively. The telephone is in use on both lines for despatching purposes to a limited extent. We cannot tell whether they regard it as out of the experimental stage or not. Read the article by John C. Thomson, "Despatching Trains by Telephone," in this number, page 477.

Among the railroads that are using the telephone in train-despatching are the following:

Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, Atlantic Coast Line, Bessemer and Lake Erie, Big Four (Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis), Boston and Albany, Boston and Maine, Canadian Pacific, Carolina, Clinchfield, and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, Chicago, Indiana and Southern, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Puget Sound, Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, Cumberland Valley, Cumberland and Pennsylvania, Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, Denver, Laramie, and Northwestern, Denver and Rio Grande, Erie, Georgia, Great Northern, Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fe, Gulf, Texas, and Western, Illinois Central, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Lehigh Valley, Louisville and Nashville, Marshall and East Texas, Michigan Central, Middle Tennessee, Missouri Pacific, New Iberia, St. Martin, and Northern, New York Central and Hudson River, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, New York, New Haven, and Hartford, Norfolk

and Southern, Norfolk and Western, Northern Pacific, Oregon Short Line, Pennsylvania, Quanach, Acme, and Pacific, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac, St. Louis and San Francisco, Salt Lake and Ogden, San Antonio and Aransas Pass, Seaboard Air Line, Southern Pacific, Southern, Union Pacific, Virginian, and Wabash Pittsburgh Terminal.

E. A. D., Stafford Springs, Connecticut.—The Grand Trunk; the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Central Vermont railroads all have the same president, C. M. Hays, Montreal Quebec. Many of the other executive officers serve on the three roads; hence the other two are wholly or partially controlled by the Grand Trunk proper. The Grand Trunk system, proper, includes 4,745 miles; 1,175 locomotives, and 35,508 cars. It is composed of the Grand Trunk Railway; Canada Atlantic Railway; Grand Trunk Western Railway; Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee Railway; Toledo, Saginaw, and Muskegon Railway; Cincinnati, Saginaw, and Mack Railroad; Michigan Air Line Railway; Chicago, Detroit, and Canada Grand Trunk Junction Railway; Grand Trunk Junction Railway, and Pontiac, Oxford, and Northern Railway. The Central Vermont is a well-equipped railroad; mileage, 536; standard gage; 102 locomotives, and 3,139 cars. The time-table folders of these roads, published for general distribution, will provide you with maps.

J. S., Milwaukee.—Write to Walter E. Emery, secretary of the Roadmasters and Maintenance of Way Association, Peoria, Illinois. We think that he may be able to place you in the way of securing the information wanted relative to the largest hump-yard. The only one with which we are personally familiar is on the Southern Railway at Lonsdale, about two miles west of Knoxville, Tennessee. It is a yard of very large capacity and handles a tremendous amount of business, but we are entirely without reliable statistics concerning the latter.

WHAT position can a boy, nineteen years old, wearing eye-glasses, secure on a railroad, if he is sound in all other respects?—P. M F., Brooklyn.

Clerk, stenographer, or ticket-agent's assistant, possibly.

WHICH wood makes the hottest fire?—S. C. T., New London, Connecticut.

Government experts who have been making tests recently to find out what wood furnishes the most heating when burning, have discovered that the greatest heating power is possessed by the wood of the linden-tree, which is very soft. Fir is next, and almost equal to linden. Then pine, while hard oak and other hard woods which are always believed to make the hottest blaze, possess more than ten per cent less heating capacity than linden

WHAT roads use the water-between-the-rails system of taking water on a fast train without stopping, and do they use this method in winter?—J W. S., Burlington, Vermont.

Among the railroads using track-tanks in general, or in part, are the Pennsylvania; New York New Haven, and Hartford; New York Central, and Baltimore and Ohio. The winter season causes very little inconvenience to this system unless the weather is unusually severe, as the tanks are in such constant use that the ice has little opportunity to form. The principal trouble is in connection with the water-scoop on the tender, which freezes up at times and will not lower when wanted. This is guarded against by giving it a thorough test before the engine leaves the round-house. Some scoop constructions embody a steam-heat apparatus for keeping them thawed out.

J. P. S., Reading, Pennsylvania.—Can only advise, approximately, that there are some fifteen towers between the points mentioned, and, being day and night offices, must have three tricks to comply with the nine-hour law. The number of levers depends, of course, on the location of the tower. Those at East and West Junctions, Aiken, Havre de Grace, and Bay View are very important, controlling busy junction points, and no doubt have fifteen or more levers, although we do not speak with direct knowledge of the situation

J. M. K., Steubenville, Ohio.—The red, or properly Eastlake finish, which you mention as being the standard on practically all roads fifteen or twenty years ago for painting their passenger-cars, was a good serviceable color, and we are equally in the dark with yourself as to why it seems to be gradually falling into disfavor. It is more expensive to apply than the others named by you, and this may have something to do with it in this age of economy.

R. M C., New York City.—Address the Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, District of Columbia.

IS there a railroad in Maine with two-foot gage? If so, what is its length, and how many cars and engines?—H. O. H., Haines Falls, New York

It is the Bridgton and Saco River Railroad, 21 miles long; 5 locomotives, and 63 cars.

D. C., Morton, Pennsylvania.—A prospective railroad brakeman should be twenty-one years old. There are no binding requirements for height and weight, so far as we know.

A PILLAGE FOR PIE.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Honk and Horace Take a Tumultuous Trip Out of the Frying Pan into the Pantry.

HONK, ordinarily, with a normal liver and plenty of tobacco, is as free from whimsicality and petty peevishness as any old gent of thirty-five on anybody's list of friends. Some weeks ago, however, he woke up one morning with a blue haze on his brain, and found fault with everything.

He complained that the coffee tasted bitter, the bacon was too salty, the eggs hadn't been garnered soon enough, and the milk was blinky. Also, he mentioned a presentiment he'd had during the night, in a dream.

"I dreamed that you and me were lost in a dark and dreary wood," he said mournfully, "and that we toiled on and on, through morass and tangle, beset by every kind of trouble and danger you could imagine.

"Snakes and lizards and stinging insects swarmed after us, and creeping, crawling, and slimy things climbed up our breeches-legs or dropped on us from the dripping tree-branches overhead.

"We're going to have bad luck, Horace. Misfortune has camped on our trail; I feel it in my bones."

"I knew when you loaded up on that salmon salad last night that you'd be seeing things before morning," I said. "You remember I warned you about it."

"You wanted to hog it all yourself was the reason," he growled.

In our mail that morning was a letter for Honk. He read it, and groaned.

"Don't tell me I haven't got a clairvoyant sense," he said. "I knew we were in for it. Here's this letter. It's from a sort of aunt of mine by matrimony; my mother's brother-in-law's sister Della, who married a preacher by the name of Yarrick or Paregorick, or something. She's been left a widow, she says, with four small brats as a legacy, and she's dividing up her time among the relations. She's got Valhalla on her list for one month, commencing next Monday. Four brats"—he held up an expressive hand with the thumb sequestered—"four of 'em, to overrun and take possession! Waugh! It's too much."

"Seems to me," I remarked, "that she's straining a point to visit you. You ought to be tickled to death."

"I am," he snapped. "I'm just gasping my last now."

"Well, then, I'll wire her that you're in the penitentiary or the insane asylum, if you say so, and she needn't come. Hotel bills for five a month would break us both up, anyhow."

He placed a cadaverous forefinger on his nose as expressive of profound mental effort.

"Better yet," he said, after a pause. "We'll take a vacation for a spell. We've been needing a rest, anyhow, my boy; you and I both—"

"You can go," I interposed. "I'll stay. We can't both leave at once."

"Why can't we? Huh! I guess yes. We've had our proboscises on the emery-wheel now for a good long while. You bet we can leave if I say so. Let me have that key. I'll have a couple of subs here tomorrow."

"Where'll we go?" I asked, after these preliminaries had been arranged. That was a point we'd overlooked. "I choose somewhere where the fish are biting," I added. Honk was rapidly becoming his old, indomitable self again.

"We'll go to my Aunt Emmy's, on the upper reaches of Big Hickory-Nut Creek," he said. "Ah, my dear Horace, my mouth

waters for some of her fried chicken and hot cucumber pickles. When I was a small urchin we used to pay Aunt Emmy a visit every summer. I remember there used al ways to be a jar full of spiced peaches in the spring-house, and, as I was the oldest kid by about four or five years, I always led the looters when we made a raid Many a tanning have I got for that very thing."

After dinner we packed two suit-cases with a few necessaries and a good many unnecessaries of life, and Honk indited a letter to his mother's brother-in-law's sister Della, stating that, owing to a complete collapse, mentally and physically, he had been ordered to the weeds or woods indefinitely. In short, we doubted if he'd ever come back.

"How do you spell neurasthenia?" he asked. "With a 'p,' like pneumonia? Maybe I'd better call it neurosis or neuralgia. They're easier to spell."

"Or noodle-ache," I suggested. "Tell her you have cold feet, fatigue, tired feeling, bad taste in the mouth, listlessness, nausea, and pain in the gizzard every time you think of her, and that your expectation of life is getting shorter every minute. What's worrying me is what sort of a place this health resort is we're going to, anyhow." Honk placed his stub of pencil on a corner of the table.

"Along the upper reaches of Big Hickory Creek," he said, "life just trickles along musically. There's none of the boom and surge, the dash and turmoil, of the hurrying flood, like we're used to. They go to bed, sleep soundly, get up when they please, work or don't work, according to sweet inclination, and their days are long."

"Maybe they just seem long," I ventured. "I've stayed overnight on a farm a time or two, and they don't have much excitement, I'll admit. A swarm of bees passing over will attract more notice than a parade of the regular army in town."

"We get off at Wheaton Junction," he resumed, "and you go seven miles along a poetic country road to Aunt Emmy's It's been twelve years since I traveled that road, but I know every pebble. I can go it blindfolded on the darkest night."

WE CAME TO A PLACE WHERE IT WAS HOT ENOUGH TO FUSE FIRE-CLAY.

"Better wire 'em we're coming," I said.

"No need of it. We can walk out and surprise 'em. I can picture Aunt Emmy's welcome in my mind. Nothing else like it. 'Well, well! Hancock Simpson, of all things! How he's growed! From a little, spindlin' strip of a boy to a big, strappin' man.' Then she'll send one of the kids for Uncle Frank, shout for chickens to be caught and killed, crocks of milk to be skimmed, and canned fruit and preserves to be brought out of the cellar. It'll be great, I tell you."

Well, we hit the trail with our luggage as soon as Honk got our substitutes well pumped up with parting instructions that they probably would pay no attention to as soon as we were out of sight. It was a sixteen-hour journey to Wheaton Junction. We arrived at that historic speck on the map pretty well toward the heated portion of the day following.

All was quiet and dusty. The sun saw us coming, and cut across the near way to meet us. Wheaton Junction is unimportant. I don't suppose it's ever even been assessed. In fact, there's nothing to it. But, then, it isn't on the P. and P., you know. I'm not intimating or inferring or impugning. I simply state that Wheaton Junction is not on the P. and P.

We struck out, lugging our suit-cases, along the unsheltered highway that Honk knew so well. A brief mention of the contents of those two suit-cases, by your leave. They contained changes of linen, underwear, socks, and so forth, of course; toilet articles, such as hair, tooth, and clothes brushes, and shaving-tools; magazines, some ten pounds or so, for light reading; fishing-tackle, including rubber boots.

Addenda—Honk's idea: Three dozen lemons for lemonade. They weigh something, too. Oranges and other tropical fruit [illegible] eight pounds, for the folks; tobacco for tired nerves, four pounds. Miscellaneous: Matches, collapsible drinking-cups, whisk-broom, shoe polish, extra collar-buttons, towels, soap, writing-paper, envelopes, playing-cards—oh, *et cetera!*

These things were thrown in, to make weight, as it were.

A couple of half leagues onward—our burdens by that time had assumed the weight of fully six hundred—and we came to a place where it was hot enough to fuse fire-clay. The dust rose up and smote us hip and thigh, as well as eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. A swarm of gnats attended us, and sweet bees hung on our flanks.

"Say," I said, while we paused near the shade of a milkweed to blow a little, "that poetry you spoke about as being particularly noticeable along this line—quote me a bar or two. It ought to be pretty ardent stuff."

"Aw, go chase yourself," Honk grunted, while he wiped the perspiration from his noble brow. "I wouldn't be surprised if it should rain—it's turned so sultry. The humidity is very noticeable in the atmosphere."

"It and a few other things, yes," I said. "They make it nice. How far is it, by civilized reckoning, to the next well of water?"

"Just around the next turn," he said. "A fine old moss-covered one, too. We'll eat our lunch there, and cool off under the big walnut-tree. Attention, company! Forward, march!"

Just around the next turn there was a wheat stubble-field. The walnut-tree and the well had been misplaced. Honk looked puzzled for a moment.

"I remember now," he chuckled foolishly. "I had my wires crossed. A half-mile farther is the schoolhouse, and then we cross the creek on a red bridge. Funny how memory plays tricks on a person sometimes. The well I spoke about is on beyond that, quite a jog."

"Never mind," I assured him. "I'll drink out of the creek."

It was farther than any half-mile to the schoolhouse, though. It was nearer two miles, liberally measured, and when we got there it had been torn down or moved away. At least, Honk said it had. There was no sign of it.

We rested in the cool shadow of a thistle-bush. I estimated that the thermometer stood at one hundred and sixty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. The dogs strained at their leashes and whined for a taste of walrus blubber. We killed and ate our last Eskimo at this camp.

Pardon me. I'm crazy with the heat. Some little distance beyond where the schoolhouse wasn't we came to the creek. It was a real, *bona-fide* creek. We lowered ourselves down the weed-grown bank to get a drink.

The water was brackish to the taste and somewhat hotter than lukewarm. It was covered with a rich, dark-green scum. We

rested for half an hour under the bridge A buggy passed, but it was going the wrong way—from our point of view.

I desired Honk to dash out from our place of concealment and ask the traveler how far it was to Aunt Emmy's, but he refused. He insisted that he knew already, and that no man needs a corroboration of positive knowledge. A measured mile and a quarter was the exact distance, he said. As a sort of foot-note, in explanation, I will state that it took two hours' hard walking to negotiate it, however.

We tacked into harbor at Aunt Emmy's somewhere about three bells, with helm hard aport, and soused the sta'boa'd anchor Honk was still muttering and grumbling in reference to the villain or villains that had been guilty of cutting down the walnut-tree at his dear old moss-covered well, some miles back We didn't find the well, but we viewed the former site of it.

"That walnut-tree was a landmark," he said. "Nobody but the most ruthless of vandals would have dared lay an ax to it. Well, here we are at Aunt Emmy's at last. Phew! I do believe I smell cherry preserves. There's the same old log barn and the pig lot, and everything just as I saw it last. Here comes the dogs. I don't see anybody stirring around the house. We'll probably find Aunt Emmy about the kitchen. Get *out*, you!" The latter to a yellow dog of doubtful pedigree who was maneuvering to secure a souvenir from Honk's leg.

"THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOU, AUNT EMMY. YOU'LL HAVE TO TREAT ON THAT."

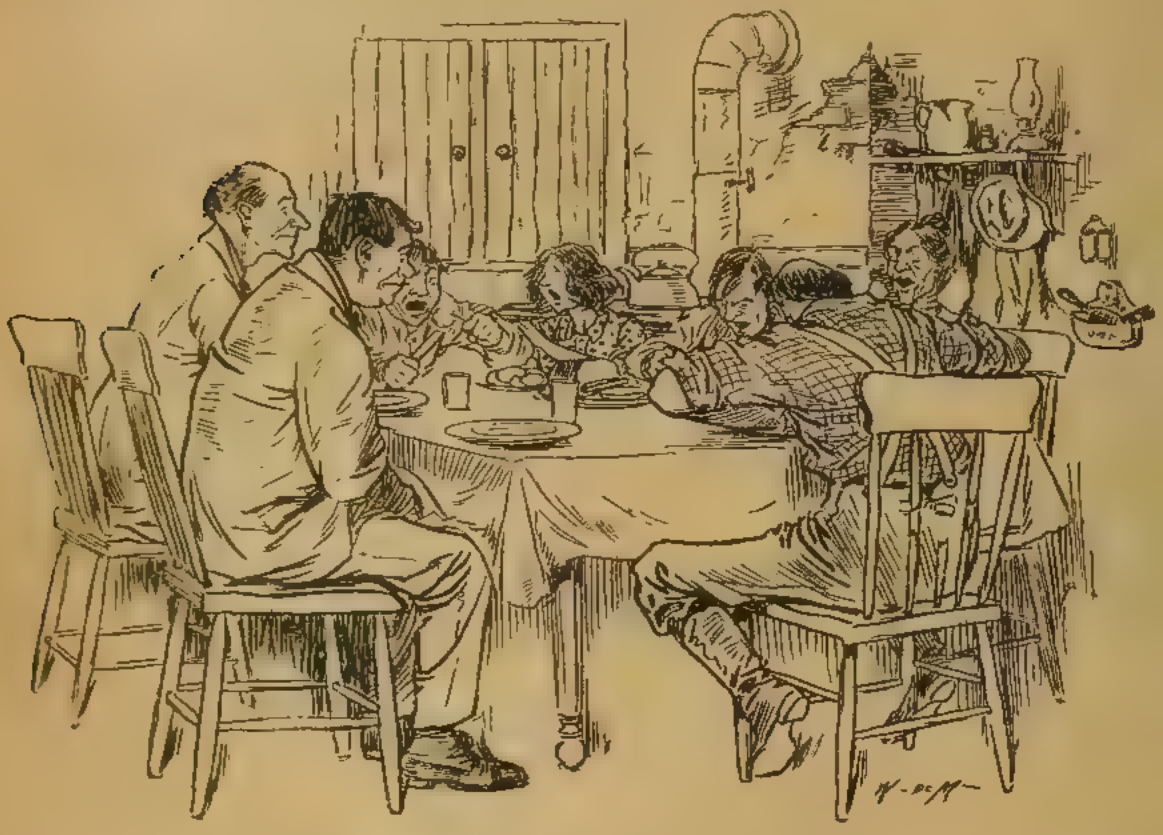
There were three dogs. They convoyed us to the back door, whither we steered our course. A lean, pessimistic-looking woman took our measure from within. She hooked the screen door tentatively. She had the nose of Catherine of Russia, the eyes of Semiramis, and a Hapsburg chin.

"Why, Aunt Emmy," cried Honk, "howdy-do! You don't know me no more'n a rabbit, do you? That's a good one on

you, Aunt Emmy. You'll have to treat on that, all right. She don't know her own nephew. Horace, what do you think of that?"

"It ain't Hancock Simpson, is it?" she said uncompromisingly.

"It is," said Honk. "What's left of him. How are you, anyhow, Aunt Emmy? Let me introduce to you my old side-partner, Horace. We've come all the way from Valhalla, just to pay you all a visit.



THEY WORKED A SKIN GAME ON HONK AND ME, BY PASSING THINGS SO THEY WOULD REACH US LAST.

She unlatched the screen door without enthusiasm, and passed around a limp hand for us to shake.

"Set down," she invited, "if you can find [illegible] chairs. I hardly knowed you, Hancock. You've shot up taller, but you always was thinlike. When did you hear from your ma?"

"Not so very long ago. She's making her home with Clara now; Clara was the youngest girl, you know. She's married and lives in St. Paul. How's Uncle Frank making it?"

"Nothing extra. He's troubled with the rheumatiz quite a lot. Esther's married, and Sammy's gone to Kansas City. Willie and Seth are still at home; and Ruth, she's going on twelve now. They're all down on the creek somewheres, except Frank; he went to the county seat to pay his taxes today."

Honk brushed aside ten or a dozen flies that were fighting for first place on his nose, and wondered if a cold drink wouldn't do us both good. I admitted my willingness to try the experiment. Aunt Emmy made no move to alleviate our sufferings. She didn't seem thirsty herself.

The house was simply swarming with flies. Their buzzing made a dull, humming sound that reminded one of a bee-hive on a busy day. Several chickens and one full-grown goose came up on the front porch and peered in through the screen at us.

"Well, let's get outside and take a look around, Horace," Honk proposed. "Don't go to any extra trouble for us, Aunt Emmy; we're just home folks, you know."

She didn't mention having contemplated any such thing.

We sought and found the well. Its hoist-

ing apparatus was of the old-fashioned bucket and pulley variety. It would have been improved by the addition of another bucket. We drank, and renewed our lease of life.

After which we observed the chickens, viewed the pigs, noted the calf lying in the barn lot, inspected the orchard, with its dozen or so gnarled and ancient seedling apple-trees, and remarked the general run-down and careless appearance of everything about the place. It was most exciting.

The fences were tumble-down, the corn-crib tottery and undermined by the rats, while broken-down and weather-beaten cultivators and other farming implements and tools littered outlying nooks and corners, and an air of poverty-stricken abandonment clung to everything in sight.

"A man with a hammer and a pocketful of nails could do some business in this vicinity," I remarked. "Not to mention paint and putty, and a mowing scythe after these weeds. There are some there as high as a horse's head."

"You're right," Honk agreed disgustedly. "Things do seem to be in need of a general shaking up. This dump is on the greased slide that leads to the bow-wows. Say, wouldn't I like to jump a gang of our boys into this rat-harbor and rejuvenate things for about a week?"

We opened a bent and decrepit gate and wandered across the pasture to the creek. No rest was there for us, for the mosquitoes nailed us at sight, and it had been a right prolific year for the species, apparently.

I saw at a glance the kind of fishing Big Hickory-Nut Creek would afford. No self-respecting bull-head would even sojourn in a hog-wallow like that for any length of time.

Two or three sad-eyed cows regarded us reproachfully from the water, where they had sought refuge from the flies. A gray horse with a string-halt stepped out from behind a clump of trees and favored us with a long, irritating stare.

We didn't see Willie, Seth, or Ruth during our ramble. We learned later that they had gone blackberrying farther up the creek, the result of their foray being a scant quart brought back in a hat. Plenty enough for a pie or two, but we didn't have pie at supper so you could notice it.

Aunt Emmy's family gathered at the festal board for supper; likewise Honk and I, distinguished guests from afar; likewise myriads of buzzing flies that we fought hand to hand for every bite. It was a meager supper. There was bread, and some butter and water to wash it down with.

Aunt Emmy explained that they sold the cream and fed the skim milk to the calves. She remarked that we could have had eggs for supper if somebody had looked for 'em. She said the hens stole their nests out, whatever that meant.

The family had unique table manners. They grabbed for the best on every dish, and worked a skin game on Honk and me by passing things so they would reach us last. It was a case of every fellow for himself and—that's an old saw, you know the rest.

Uncle Frank was a morose old soul.

Talking seemed both painful and depressing to him. It hurt him to say anything, and when he did his spirits fell immediately. He peered underneath and saw the side they'd neglected to varnish of everything. He had a way of smacking his lips and clucking while eating that endeared him to me right away—over the left.

Not being adept at the methods in vogue at table, Honk and I came perilously near losing out entirely on our supper. It was simply a case of the family beating us to it, and they were more familiar with the ground.

If we were to dine there again, however, I'll bet you I would make a showing. I'd pounce on everything in reach, dump it on my plate, and commence chewing and growling. If necessary, I'd repel the other boarders, nautically speaking, with knife and fork, and use my nose and tongue for eating.

When the bread and butter had disappeared, the assembled company looked around hungrily to make sure that the feast was over. Then they left the table, one by one, without undue formality or ceremony. We followed Honk's cherished uncle to the porch, where he sat himself on the only chair and filled and lit his pipe. We whirled around a few times, shook ourselves, and reclined on the floor with our feet hanging over the edge.

Honk began to simmer gently, preparatory to a long and eloquent session in which, if I mistook not, Uncle Frank would hear some pointers about modern scientific methods as applied to agricultural, pastoral, and horticultural pursuits, *et cetera*.

"How much land do you own now, uncle?" Honk asked preliminarily.

"Only an eighty," after a pause. "An' it's pretty well in debt."

"Let's see," said Honk. "An eighty. Well watered and in the rain-belt. You can successfully raise here, corn, wheat, oats, barley, broom corn, sugar-cane, and every variety of vegetable and fruit except the semi tropical kind; besides cattle, hogs, horses, mules, sheep, goats, and poultry. Yet you say you're mortgaged. Maybe you've got a screw loose somewhere?"

Uncle Frank didn't seem impressed to the point of replying.

"The old, slipshod system of farming in this country," Honk continued, "has been relegated to the rear. We now farm scientifically. A man should figure profit and loss on every cow, pig, and hen. Eliminate the drones; watch the corners; improve, intensify, and specialize.

"Ten acres properly handled is better than a hundred acres mismanaged. Out in our country we—"

"Seth!" bawled the old fellow suddenly. "Have you milked yet?" From somewhere in the distance a voice replied:

"Naw, we ain't."

"You boys git at that milkin' now!"

There was no reply. Presumably the boys were "gitting at it."

"Take small fruits, for instance," Honk resumed.

"An acre of strawberries will yield, at a conservative estimate, two hundred crates. At two dollars a crate, you have four hundred dollars. The cost of the crates and picking comes out, of course, say fifteen per cent; but you have left a neat sum.

"Then, there are blackberries and raspberries. The three of them, ripening as they do, at different periods, make an ideal crop venture. No venture, either; it's as certain as sunrise.

"Five acres of small fruits, rightly handled and marketed, would give you a net income of from three to four thousand dollars annually.

"Take broom-corn, potatoes, celery, onions. An acre of onions will knock the props out from under ten acres of corn the best day corn ever saw. Buckwheat and bees will beat corn.

"You ought to have a two-horse power gasoline-engine over there in the creek, and an irrigated celery-patch that would bring you in fifty dollars a week. Man, you've got a mint here, and the weeds are taking it—

"Seth, you boys done that milkin' yet?"

Again the voice from afar: "Well," impatiently, "we're goin' in a minute!"

Honk wiped the sweat from his hard-working face. Uncle Frank seemed a hide-bound proposition withal. His redoubtable nephew made one more assault upon his outward show of indifference.

"A dozen Jerseys," Honk said, "would put you in the clear about two hundred a month. You could afford a new automobile once a year if you'd work it right. And as to hogs and poultry—they's my hobby. I—"

Uncle Frank sighed, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I'll have to whale them durned boys before I can git 'em started," he said, and limped into the house, leaving us flabbergasted and alone. I rose quietly and made a dive for the chair. Honk had anticipated the move, and was a scarce two inches ahead of me, so he got it.

"Only the rich can enjoy the luxuries of life," he remarked. "But, laying persiflage aside, we ought to get these people pried out of their rut. Some of these days this farm will turn into a big burdock and jimpson reserve, if we don't. To-morrow I'm going to take that old man to pieces, and overhaul and oil him up until he'll be practically a new machine."

We sat on the porch until late. Nobody disturbed us. Aunt Emmy came after I had taken one nap, and reported that our bed was ready whenever we felt irresistibly inclined toward an armed engagement with Morpheus.

Our slumber-chamber was located in immediate juxtaposition with and to the kitchen; in the small of the kitchen's back, as it were, as we found when we staggered thither.

It was poorly ventilated, with one porthole. We might have quibbled at the bed, only one should not pry into and investigate too closely the mouth of a gift horse. Besides, we were dead tired and hungry.

I'll make no comment on the bed, other than to say that I've slept—and slept soundly and restfully—on baggage-trucks, crates of machinery, floors of silvery oak, and even piles of railroad iron, but that my rest was broken on Aunt Emmy's company bed.

We turned in, Honk and I. The aforesaid Morpheus spat on his hands and maneuvered for his famous toe-hold. Just before he closed with us, something happened.

Morpheus threw up his hands and fled wildly. Honk began to paw and scrape at himself.

"There's a spider or something crawling on my face," he said. "Ouch! I'm bit!"

I secured a match from a convenient vest-pocket, struck it, and looked. They were scurrying to cover in all directions; the sheet and pillows were dotted with them. When I say "they," I make no reference to spiders. I saw no spiders.

A spider is a well-mannered, gentlemanly bug — a rare artisan in shimmery fabrics, gossamer and elusive, flimsy and fine as the dainty raiments of fairies. He constructs rare geometrical designs in spun silk, more delicate in texture than anything else ever woven in this world. I could sing all night in praise of my hairy friend, the spider.

But—I compose no poetry nor chant no encomiums dedicated to the rascally insect I have in mind. He is a night prowler, a coward, a vampire, and a sneak. He sallies from ambush, attacks, and scurries back into hiding.

No bigger than the mole on your neck, he has the voracity of a tiger, the capacity of a glutton, and the audacity of a brainless fool. Ugh! A volley of curses on him! May his children's children dry up, become transparent, and blow away on the wings of a hot wind!

Honk and I hopped out of bed in a hurry. Honk cooled his fevered brow at the port-hole, and then I cooled mine. There wasn't room for more than one fevered brow at a time at that particular port-hole.

HONK HAD ANTICIPATED THE MOVE.

"We can't sleep in no such buggery as that," Honk whispered. "Horace, there wouldn't be a greasy spot left of us by daylight!"

"Sh-sh!" I warned him! "Somebody's in the kitchen. Hist!"

There was the sound of bare feet, spatting guardedly against the uncarpeted floor; then the faint clatter of tinware.

"Maybe some marauder has obtained an entrance and is filching the pewter," I whispered. We tiptoed across the treacherous floor, lest it creak and betray us, and opened our door a few inches breathlessly.

A blood-curdling sight met our gaze.

By the dim light of a coal-oil lamp, turned low, we descried a figure of a man bending over the table. We could see the nefarious work at which he was busy. He was just lapping up the remains of a fat and juicy blackberry pie, and—horrors!—it was Uncle Frank!

I knew him by the smack and cluck of his mouth. When he had cleaned the platter, he extinguished the lamp, and padded softly through the doorway leading into the front room.

A BLOOD-CURDLING SIGHT MET OUR GAZE.

Honk revived with a snort the minute he had gone.

"Let's get our duds on and get out of this," he proposed huskily. "That last was the one thing needed to break down the corral fence. No man can eat pie under my nose without offering me any, and then brag that he's my kin-folks. I repudiate 'em. I'm through with 'em. *A bas* and avaunt with all of 'em!"

"What about elevating 'em out of their rut?" I asked, as I laced my shoes.

"Pff!" he sputtered, like an engine climbing a flight of steps on the high speed. "I don't waste none of my time with such swine! I don't think! Get the grips outside while I take a look for something to eat. Maybe I can unearth another pie."

I returned without unnecessary delay.

Honk had the lamp lighted, and was making a silent but painstaking search through the larder—and to advantage!

Aunt Emmy was a deceiver. She had good things galore in concealment. A big cake, a platter of fried chicken, two or three pies and preserves, jams and jellies to make your eyes water.

"Here are those lemons and oranges we brought, too," whispered Honk. "They've got them salted away for future reference. Well, painful though it be to me, we'll have to break into Aunt Emmy's plans. Where's a sack? That basket will do. We'll take the best only, and chuck the balance in the pig-trough as we depart."

Once outside the gate and on the main highway to Wheaton Junction, we waded into that basket of eatables. Mile after mile went into the discard, but we ate our way forward. Behind us we left a trail of chicken bones, jam-glasses, and fragments of pie crust.

We were tired when we got to Wheaton Junction—yes, very tired. But not hungry, glory be—not hungry!"

When the red motor-car rolled into Valhalla next afternoon, Honk and I were on board it. We tumbled off blithesomely.

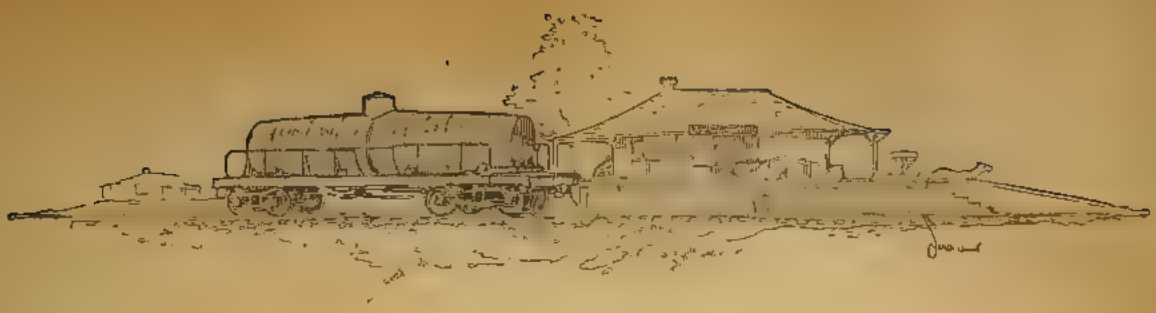
Ah, that's the kind of a town to live in! And there was the Medicine House—dear old clean, comfortable Medicine House!

"Well," I said, "we dodged Cousin Della and side-stepped Aunt Emmy and Uncle Frank! Hurrah for us! Me for a bath!"

Honk waved a greeting to one of our substitutes, who was gaping out of the ticket-window.

"Wasn't looking for you back so soon, quite," the man said. "Where'd you go? Millardsville? Say, there was a lady come in on the train this morning, and she was in here asking about you. She had four kids with her. I won't be absolutely certain, but I think she went up to the Palazzo and engaged rooms and board for a month at your expense. Your aunt, isn't she—er—er—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Honk. "Of course she's my aunt. What of it?"



The Railroads' War on Dust.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER.

EVER since trains have been running faster than six miles an hour, a small army of inventors have been struggling valiantly to find an effective weapon to combat those ancient enemies of the traveler—dust and cinders.

Hundreds of devices have been patented to rid passenger-coaches of these products of the engine and the right-of-way, but, one by one, they have been put to the test and failed.

The nearest approach to anything like a successful ventilating system was that adopted by the Pennsylvania Railroad a number of years ago, but as it provided only one-third the amount of air that theoretically should be in circulation, it can hardly be regarded as efficient. Rock-ballasted roadbeds and the occasional use of crude petroleum on the right of-way, however, have rendered traveling so very endurable that it can hardly be compared with the days of mud ballasted tracks and wood-burning locomotives.

What the Railroads Have Done Toward Overcoming the Smoke and Dust Nuisance from Early Days Up to the Present Time and Some of the Results Accomplished.

WHEN the blessing of railroads was conferred upon the people of the United States, their first transports of delight were tempered by the discovery that speed was not to be had without the accompanying vexation of dust, cinders, and smoke. Immediately hosts of inventors deluged the patent-office and harried the life out of railroad officers with all sorts of impracticable schemes to abate the nuisance and, incidentally, make the fortunes of the geniuses who devised them.

This self-appointed task was handed down unfinished to their children and to their children's children. Even at the present day, though the work has been taken up by one of our greatest railroad systems, which has kept a force of experts at work on the problem of dust-prevention and car ventilation for ten long years, that particular fly has not yet been removed from the ointment.

If one keeps in mind the mud ballast, which was the only kind known to early railroad builders, and the stuffy, cramped, unventilated boxes that passed for cars, it

is not difficult to accept this description of conditions from the *American Railroad Journal* of June 17, 1854, as a conservative statement of facts:

"As the season advances travelers by railroad suffer almost inexpressibly by dust and heat. Those who have never experienced it can hardly realize the sensations of thirst, half-suffocation, and blindness which are occasioned by a long day's travel in unventilated cars. If you close the window you parch; if you open it for air your eyes are filled with heated cinders and smoke, while your clothes are covered and nose and throat choked with the dust you respirate."

The *Cincinnati Gazette*, in the same year, declared that the dust on the railroad journey between Columbus and Cleveland reminded one of an Ohio River fog which forces steamers to tie up. "The heat," said this paper, "aggravates the sufferings of the passengers. The air is heated to the boiling point and thickened with dust until it is like gruel."

In cooler weather the sufferings of the unlucky traveler were still worse, if such were possible. Although established for the express purpose of advocating railroads, the *American Railroad Journal*, in its issue of September 12, 1846, burst out in a long tirade in which it complained that often forty more passengers than there were seats were packed into a car, while the platforms also were crowded, apparently very much like the street-cars in any big city during the rush hours at the present day.

When Travel Was Torture.

The floor was covered with tobacco-juice, orange and apple peelings, peanut-shells, and similar débris, while the windows often had not been cleaned for months. The red-hot stove gave forth assorted odors of singed coats, toasted rubbers, and smoldering quids. While untold sums had been spent for decorations, there was not a hole of any size for the admission of air.

From such conditions as these it would seem that railroad officials were driven to seek relief in self-defense. One of the earliest schemes for getting rid of dust to attract favorable attention was the joint invention of John Ross and W. E. Rutter, of Elmira. This was simply a tank having a capacity of two thousand gallons mounted on four wheels, with a sprinkling-pipe six feet eight inches long, carried ten inches above the rails.

The sprinkler was coupled in behind the tender. The enthusiastic inventors claimed that their sprinkler moistened the air surrounding the cars, reduced the friction between the wheels and the rails, prevented bearings from heating, and protected paint and varnish, which seems a good deal to expect of fifty gallons of water sprinkled over a mile of dusty railroad, or a pint to every thirteen lineal feet of track. Great stress was laid on the ingenious arrangement by which the engineer shut off the sprinkling water with the same movement with which he closed the throttle.

Attempts to Dampen the Dust.

This track-sprinkler was tried on the Boston and Providence and the Boston and Stonington railroads, where it gave so much satisfaction that the New England Association of Railroad Superintendents, representing twenty-five railroads, of which W. Raymond Lee, superintendent of the Boston and Providence, was president, at its meeting on July 12, 1848, adopted the report of its committee on track-sprinklers, saying:

"Your committee is fully convinced of the utility of the track-sprinkler in connection with railroad trains; its use promotes the comfort of passengers, keeps the cars clean, and the bearings more free from dust. We recommend iron tanks and more water, say one hundred gallons per mile for passenger-trains at thirty miles an hour."

In spite of this strong indorsement the track-sprinkler dropped quickly out of sight and was never heard of afterward.

Other early inventors ignored the track altogether, and sought only to keep the dust out of the cars after it had been stirred up by the train. Included in the average of one dust-prevention scheme a week, presented at the patent-office for a considerable period, was a plan by Bromley, of New Haven, in 1850. He put paddle-boxes on the wheels like those on a side-wheel steamboat, to hold the dust down, and stretched rubber aprons between the cars to prevent the dust from rising.

A modification of Bromley's plan was tried on the Michigan Central. A screen of tarred canvas was hung outside the wheels from the bottom sills of the cars to within two inches of the rails. The screens were joined together from car to car, to form a

continuous tunnel under the train through which it was hoped the dust would have the decency to pass and leave the passengers alone. But it didn't. The Bromley idea was again revived in 1860 by E. C. Salisbury, of New York, with no better success.

A scheme that was tried on the Erie Railroad won the admiration of David Stevenson, F.R.S.E., an Englishman who made a couple of trips to the United States to study the railroads, the first being in 1837. The Erie car-ventilating apparatus consisted of a ventilating-hood, something like those in use on steamships, on each end of the car.

The motion of the car forced a current of air through this ventilating-hood into a chamber into which water was sprayed by a pump driven by a belt from an axle to wash the dust and cinders out. The purified air was then conveyed into the car. There was a heater to warm the water in cold weather. Stevenson found several cars so equipped, and recommended the device for use on English roads.

Devices to Catch the Cinders.

Something like the Erie plan was the invention of H. Ruttan, of Coburg, Canada. Ruttan must have been a good promoter, for he made vigorous use of printer's ink, and his persuasive powers were so great that he induced the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad to try his plan in 1853, while the New York Central and the Erie experimented with it in 1857, the Boston and Lowell tried it in 1859, and the Grand Trunk fitted up seven cars equipped with his device during the same year.

Ruttan first captured his air with a "receiving box" on top of the car, from whence it was conducted through flues in the sides of the car to a shallow tank beneath the floor. The tank was the full width of the car and sixteen feet long, and was to have one inch of water in it. This one inch of water being supposed to stay evenly distributed over the bottom of the tank regardless of the motion of the car in going around curves and up and down grades, was expected to catch all the dust and cinders and detain them by force while the purified air rose through two pipes or pedestals five feet high into the car. In winter one pedestal was closed and a stove was placed over the other to heat the air. Still, this did not answer

A mechanic named Cunningham, of Reading, Pennsylvania, thought the problem was not to keep out the dust, but to evict it after it had entered the car, so in 1850 he patented a scheme for blowing a jet of air across the windows by means of a fan driven by a belt from the axle working in a chute.

The Railroad Car-Ventilating Company was organized in New York in 1852 to buy and exploit the patent car-ventilating system of H. M. Paine. Experiments were made with the Paine system on the Nashua and Worcester and the New York and New Haven railroads in 1853, but they were not satisfactory.

Paine's plan, like a number of others, was to take air from the top of the car and force it over the surface of water with the expectation that the water would take up the objectionable dust and cinders. The windows being designed as a part of the ventilating system, opened vertically down the middle. The front leaf of the window was supposed to be swung out, thus forming an angle that would deflect the dust and cinders so they could not enter.

About the same time C. Lancaster patented a plan for an air-chute on top of the cars and extending the length of the train, connections between cars being made with springs just as a modern vestibule is held together. Air was taken in behind the engine before it had a chance to be contaminated, and conveyed to all the cars through the chute and side-flues in the walls of the cars.

Improved Ventilation.

Waterbury & Atwood, of Birmingham, Connecticut, improved on Lancaster's plan by taking air from the sides of the tank, farther away from the smoke as it rolled back over the train, and combining with the air-duct the first attempt at a vestibule. Although Waterbury & Atwood secured a letter from E. F. Bishop, president of the Naugatuck Railroad, declaring that, after a year's trial, their system of ventilation had proved perfectly satisfactory in operation, and though they succeeded in having a train on the New Jersey Railroad fitted up with their system, they never got any farther with it. More than thirty years later F. U. Adams, of Chicago, incorporated a precisely similar plan of ventilation in the wind-splitting train for which he obtained a patent.

In spite of all these attempts, the ventilation of cars was notoriously bad until the late '60's, when the clearstory, or monitor-roof, began to be introduced. The windows, or transoms, in the clearstory afford the nearest approach to ventilation that is to be found on most roads to-day, but this primitive device is so lamentably deficient that in 1894 the Pennsylvania Railroad detailed a commission to find something better.

Although the commission's assignment was to devise a system of ventilation, it was specifically reminded of the necessity of excluding those ancient enemies, dust and cinders. A series of exhaustive tests extending over ten years was carried out. Analyses of the air in coaches and sleepers showed that only from one-sixth to one-tenth of the air necessary to maintain good hygienic conditions passed directly through the cars.

Further experiments demonstrated the impossibility of securing true ventilation by exhausting the air from the car by way of the roof and allowing it to enter where it can. That is, an intake as well as an outlet was needed. It required an infinite amount of experimenting to get the details of the intake down to a satisfactory working basis, but it was done at last. Very early in the experiments the commission gave up all idea of securing the ideal circulation of one hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet per minute as wholly impracticable, and set the standard at one-third the amount.

The intake-hoods, placed at diagonally opposite corners of the roof, have openings of one hundred square inches. The air passes from the hoods down through the sides of the car to ducts under the floor extending the whole length of the car. There are pockets in these ducts to catch the coarser cinders and dust. From the ducts the air passes over steam-pipes which heat it in winter, into the aisle at the end of each seat near the floor. The system, in fact, is no more nor less than a scientific development of some of the earlier failures.

Seven ventilators in the roof, one over each gas-lamp and one at each end, allow the vitiated air to escape. The windows in the monitor-roof are not made to open. A carload of workmen from the Altoona shops were paid their regular wages to ride up and down the road in one of the experimental cars to test the new system before it was accepted. The plan having withstood every test satisfactorily, the workmen reluctantly returned to their benches in the shops, and orders were given for installing the new system on a large scale.

If our fathers could make such a fuss over a little clean prairie soil mixed with their air and seasoned with wood-smoke, what would they say to the dust of the New York Subway? Dr. George A. Soper found upon investigation that sixty per cent of the Subway dust is an impalpable powder of iron which is ground off the brake-shoes at the rate of one ton per mile per month. Besides this, there is a considerable quantity from the contact-shoes and from the wear and tear of the rails. But there need be no fear of this annual output of two hundred tons or so of powdered iron blocking the costly road, for the passengers kindly carry it out free of charge in their lungs.

HORSE-POWER OF THE FIREMAN.

UNTIL the automatic stoker comes into general use, the main object and aim of improved locomotive design is to increase the net return of the fireman's work. That the Mallet compound locomotives mark a tremendous advance in this direction is generally known, but it probably is not generally understood that an advance of practically one hundred per cent has been made by the introduction of this type of locomotive; in other words, that it permits one fireman to develop practically double the draw-bar pull that was previously his maximum.

Service tests on the lines of the Delaware and Hudson Company show this fact very clearly. The Mallet, which has exactly the same amount of grate area as the consolidation type pusher, did an amount of work equal to two of these engines with practically the same amount of coal used on one of them.

Even then this amount was not as large as firemen have shown themselves capable of handling per hour for a somewhat longer period than was required on this run. When one fireman can develop practically one hundred thousand pounds of draw-bar pull for two hours continuously, who dares to say what tractive effort will be obtained from locomotives when the automatic stoker becomes thoroughly perfected, a condition which now does not seem to be so far in the future?—*American Engineer and Railroad Journal.*

THE WEALTH OF ARTHUR WILLIS

BY S. O. CONLEY.

An Incident of the Old Stage-Coach Days Which Was Remembered After the Steam-Horse Was Born.

MY story is of the bygone days, when railroads were only beginning to be talked of, and were the standing joke of travelers and theoretical philosophers.

"We shall have a moist night of it, sir," said the driver of the coach from Boston to New York, to a young man who shared the coach-box with him; "will you be kind enough to hold the reins while I slip on my coat?"

"A stormy night, too," he added, when that operation was performed. "There was a flash! We shall soon be in the thick of it."

"With all my heart," said Arthur Willis. "I don't mind a little damp, but can't you give the poor woman a place inside? There are no inside passengers, I think."

The words were kindly spoken, and the woman looked thanks to the young man, who, for his part, seemed rather to enjoy the pelting rain, which, succeeding a hot July day, was laying the dust of the broad turnpike and stirring up a refreshing scent from the meadows and hedges which lined it.

"Beautiful! Grand!" exclaimed the young man suddenly, before the driver had time to reply to his question, as a vivid flash of forked lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, caused the high-bred horses to plunge in their traces, and proved the driver's anticipations to be correct and in course of speedy fulfilment.

The same flash and peal which startled the horses and excited the admiration of the young traveler, drew from the poor woman, just behind him, a faint cry of alarm.

On turning his head, Arthur Willis saw that she was pale and trembling, and that the infant she carried was convulsively clasped to her bosom. He saw, too, that the slight summer cloak she wore, and the additional shawl which she had drawn over her bonnet and spread around her baby, were an insufficient protection from the fast-falling rain.

"Surely you will let her get inside," he said compassionately. "Poor thing! She and her child will be wet through in another five minutes."

"We will change horses directly," replied the driver, "and then I will see what I can do. The owner of this here stage is very particular. If he were to know of my doing such a thing, I should get a dressing. But on such a night as this is like to be—"

The coach drew up at a road-house. While the four panting, steaming horses were exchanged for a team fresh from the stable, the young woman and her infant were transferred from the outside to the inside of the coach.

The storm increased in its fury as the evening drew on. The lightning was fearfully brilliant, and almost incessant, the thunder was terrific, and the rain poured down in torrents.

The three or four passengers who were riding outside, wrapping themselves up in comfortable water-proof coats and cloaks, and pulling their hats over their eyes, silently wondered when it would be over, only now and then expressing a fear, which seemed not without foundation, that the horses could not stand it much longer, and that the off leader, especially, would soon bolt.

The thunder-storm had partially abated but the rain still poured down heavily as the driver threw "the ribbons" to the hos-

tler, and a waiter from the road-house ventured out on the muddy road to announce that the coach would remain there half an hour, and that supper was on the table.

Glad to change his position, and not unmindful of the demands of a youthful and sharp appetite, Arthur Willis jumped down, and was entering the supper-room when a loud altercation at the door arrested his attention.

"Is she an inside passenger, I ask? That's all I want to know!" The voice was domineering and fierce.

"No, sir, she is not!" said the driver, "but she has a child, and is going all the way to New York, and isn't over and above well-clothed for the night traveling. There wasn't any one inside, and the storm came on, so I thought there wasn't any harm—"

The driver was interrupted in his apology and explanation by the coarse declaration that if he didn't mind what he was about he could hunt another job. The boss also insinuated that there was some understanding between the driver and the woman about an extra fee.

"There isn't anything of the sort," replied the driver bluntly, "and here's a gentleman," pointing to Arthur Willis, who had come forward a few steps, "who can tell you so. He knows when and why I put the woman inside."

Arthur Willis briefly explained that, at his earnest solicitation, the poor woman was accommodated with an inside place when the storm came on.

"She would have been drenched to the skin by this time," he added, "if she had retained her former seat on the top of the coach."

"That doesn't signify," retorted the boss. He was Peter Stuggins, owner of the road-house and one of the coach proprietors. On his overbearing and defiant address the outward costume of a gentleman sat misfittingly, while his temper was probably roughened by the light load of the coach that night.

"If the woman goes inside, she must pay inside fare; that's all!" and, returning to the coach-door, he placed the alternative before the traveler.

Without any further reply than that she was unable to accede to the demand, the young mother was about to step out into the soaking rain, when Arthur Willis gently interfered.

"You surely do not mean to turn the poor woman and her baby out into the rain!" he said. "It may cause her death to be exposed through the whole night. I dare say she is not much used to traveling! She has nothing to wrap round her but a thin shawl."

"I can't help that," said Peter Stuggins sharply, as if the interference of the young traveler were a piece of gratuitous impertinence. "The young woman should have taken care of that herself."

"I did not think of its being such a night when the coach started," the woman said, in a soft, gentle voice. "If I had known it I would have stayed in Boston for the night. I had nothing warmer to put on, but I dare say I shall do very well," she added resignedly, "at least, if it wasn't for the poor baby."

Wrapping the object of her solicitude as warmly as she could in her shawl, she was about to step from the coach, when young Willis again interfered.

"It is a great shame," he said indignantly; "and I shouldn't have expected—"

"I should like to know what business you have to interfere," said Stuggins hotly; "you had better pay the inside fare for her yourself, if you think so much about it."

"Very well, I will," said Willis. "Please keep your seat, my good woman, and I'll make it all right."

"I couldn't think of it, sir," she replied, but before she could frame a remonstrance Stuggins and her young champion had both disappeared. While she was hesitating what to do next, the coachman came forward and informed her that she was to keep her inside place the rest of the way.

This settled the matter.

"Come, Mr. Willis," shouted a voice from the restaurant of the road-house, "you are going to help us, aren't you? There's room in the coach, but you must make haste about it! No time like the present! It will soon be 'Time's up, gentlemen!'"

"Thank you," replied Arthur, "but I am not going to take supper this evening."

The extra fare had dipped deeply into a purse not very well lined. If the poor woman had known the penance to which her young champion doomed himself as the price of his generosity, and how, in the drenching rain, which lasted all the remainder of the journey, he was fain to content himself with munching and mumbling a dry biscuit, just to amuse his internal economy with the hope of something better to

follow, she would not have passed the night so comfortably as she did.

In due time, however, the coach drove up to the office of the Ardsley Inn, where, in the early morning, a pleasant-looking, manly young mechanic was waiting its arrival. A gleam of satisfaction passed over his countenance as he scrutinized the roof of the stage.

"I'm glad she didn't come through on such a night as this has been," he said to a fellow workman by his side. "She is delicate and timid, and wasn't well provided with clothes; and the poor baby—"

"Here, Alex!" the voice of his wife from the open coach-window stopped short the young man's colloquy. He hastened to greet her.

"Bless you, Edith! I thought you wouldn't have come in such weather, and I didn't think to look for you inside, anyhow."

"Oh, I wanted to get home so badly," said the young wife, putting her baby into its father's arms, whereupon it began to kick and crow. "Besides," she added, "it didn't seem like rain when we left Boston, or, perhaps, I mightn't have come."

"Well, I am glad you were able to get an inside place."

"That would have been impossible," said Edith, "if it hadn't been for a young gentleman"—and she looked around to thank her friend afresh, just in time to see him turn the corner of a street.

"There! I am vexed," she said. On her way home she gave her husband a full account of her journey.

A few weeks afterward, one Sunday morning, as Arthur Willis and his sister were walking toward church, he passed a respectable young couple, in one of whom he recognized the woman of the stage incident. It was plain that he, too, was remembered, for, in another minute, the man had turned and was at his elbow.

"Excuse my freedom," he said, "but I wish to thank you for your kindness to Edith—my wife, I mean—that terrible night she came down from Boston."

"Don't speak about it," replied Willis. "I am glad I was able to give a little assistance; but it isn't worth mentioning. I hope your wife didn't suffer any. It was a bad night."

"Not the least in the world, sir, but she would have fared badly if she had come all the way outside of the coach. She had been to Boston to see her sick mother, and hadn't more than enough to pay her fare home. I think you are money out of pocket, sir," the man added, after a little hesitation, "and if you wouldn't be offended at my offering to pay back—"

"Not a word about it, my good fellow; I couldn't think of it—"

"Then, sir, I must thank you, and hope to be able to return the kindness some other way." The man rejoined his young wife.

"What new friend have you picked up now, Arthur?" asked his sister when the short conference was ended; "and what is that about the coach? I understand now why you had to borrow of me the day after your journey."

"Well, never mind now, Jessy; I'll tell you all about it some day," said Arthur.

Years passed and Arthur Willis, now a man in his own right, was again a traveler from Boston to New York, but by a different mode of conveyance.

It was a dark afternoon in winter when he boarded the "fast express." Wrapping a railway blanket around him and exchanging his hat for a fur cap which he took from his pocket, he leaned back in a comfortable corner, and, half closing his eyes, waited patiently for the signal to start.

Arthur was in a dreamy mood, and took little note of surrounding objects. He had that same day landed in Boston, after a long and stormy voyage, and an absence from home of two or three years.

Images of home rose up before him, one after another, as he drew near and nearer, and mingled rather distractingly with the reminiscences of his travels in another hemisphere, and his calculations of profit and loss which might accrue from it, for his had been a commercial enterprise.

But there were other thoughts and images which jostled all the rest into a corner and then combined with them to tantalize his body with the vain hope of refreshing sleep.

A partnership in his father's business was in immediate prospect, and a home of his own, and a wife. Such a wife, too, as his would be! So long as he had waited and so hard as he had striven to overcome one obstacle after another which had arisen to postpone the union, if not absolutely to forbid it, but which had been finally overcome. No wonder that Arthur Willis could not sleep.

So dreamy, indeed, was he that he had

scarcely noticed, before the train started, two other travelers, who were sharing the car with him. They took a seat directly behind. In fact, Willis and the two strangers were the only passengers in the car.

When he did perceive that he was not alone, the dim light from the oil-lamp in the car roof told him little more than that one of the other passengers was a middle-aged man of respectable appearance, and the other a stout something in a bearskin coat, with a breath not free from a strong suspicion of ardent spirits, which made close contact anything but pleasant, and, moreover, with a rough, grating voice.

Willis's ears were not altogether closed against earthly sounds and he caught up insensibly some scraps of intelligence relating to events which, though commonplace enough at that particular time, had a tone of novelty.

He heard, for instance, of princely fortunes which had been run up in an inconceivably short space of time in the stock market; of the mad excitement which had attended the blowing up of a certain big bubble; of the tricks of knowing ones in buying and selling out, in starting illusory schemes and making profitable merchandise of human folly; of the bursting of the bubble, and the ruin of hundreds, who, in making haste to be rich, had lost the substance for the shadow.

"I don't like it—I never did like this sort of wholesale gambling," said one of the passengers. "They are scarcely to be pitied who have got their fingers well bitten by putting them into the trap. Their families, to be sure, will have to suffer—that's the worst of it."

"Ah, well, Mr. Smith," retorted the man with the loud voice and bearskin coat, "I can't say but what there has been a good deal of knavery at the bottom of it all, but if people will be cheated, let 'em, I say. But I shouldn't have thought of hearing you run down railroads, however."

"I don't run down railroads," said the other in a quiet tone, "and I can only say that I am thankful I have had so much to do with their practical working, as you know, as to leave me neither time nor inclination to play pitch-and-toss with them."

The train stopped at a lunch station and Mr. Smith left his place for a cup of coffee.

"I say," said the wearer of the bearskin-coat, in a confidential tone, suddenly leaning forward and nudging Arthur's back to attract his attention. "I say, do you know that gent?"

"No, sir," replied Arthur Willis sleepily.

"Ah!" resumed the inmate of the bearskin, drawing a long breath, "a lucky fellow that. Why, you must have heard of Smith—Alexander Smith—the great railway man?"

"No, I haven't," said Arthur, "I have been abroad a good while."

"Oh, that accounts for it. You will hear about him, then. Well, that's Smith. Ten or a dozen years ago he was nothing but a Vermont mechanic; but some lucky hit he made about railroads gave him a lift. Now, they say, he's worth no end of money. You should just go and look at his factory—that's all."

"Oh!" said Arthur Willis; and at the same moment Mr. Alexander Smith reentered the car.

"After all, Mr. Smith," said the bearskinned traveler, resuming the conversation, "there is some excitement, though, in this gambling, as you call it. There was some fun in it while it lasted, at any rate. If some lost, others won, and so 'tis about square."

"How many losers to one winner?" replied Mr. Smith, rather sharply; "no, sir, it isn't square, nor anything like it; and so it will turn out in the long run. Look at the bankrupts reported in the newspapers!"

"Ah," responded the other, "things are out of square there, at all events. By the way, another of your nobs is gone, I see. What's-his-name, of Worthing Street, I mean."

"Yes, sir, I am sorry for it. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, they say, and not twenty-five cents in the dollar nor anything like it. All gone in this mad, wild-goose chase after railway stocks. And yet, it was done so secretly, and the party had such a reputation for wealth and shrewdness, too, that a week ago it was looked upon as one of the firmest houses in New York."

There was something in the tone the conversation had taken which arrested the young traveler's attention.

The street mentioned was that in which his father's business was located, and he felt some curiosity to know which of his neighbors was spoken of as Mr. What's-his-name. Meanwhile the conversation went on.

"Perhaps you were let in there, Mr. Smith?"

"No, sir, not a penny," was the answer.

"I fancied you might," said bearskin; "you said you were sorry."

"Well, sir, I suppose it is possible to be sorry for others as well as for one's self. I am sorry, too, for these shocks that are given to commercial confidence. It seems to be, nowadays, that everybody is suspected, and as much mischief will be done that way as has already been done in another. Besides, I am sorry for Mr. Willis and his family, for—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Arthur, turning to face them, "but did you say that Mr. Willis—"

Arthur stopped short. He could not frame the question that trembled on his lips.

"It is of Mr. Willis I was speaking, sir," replied Mr. Smith mildly.

"But not of that is, you do not mean that there is a—that there is anything wrong in Mr. Willis's affairs?"

"It is too well known by this time to be doubted. You have heard that his name was in yesterday's newspapers, and his place closed. The common report is that Mr. Willis has ruined himself by railway transactions, and that he is heavily involved."

"But not Mr. Everard Willis?" said Arthur, with increasing agitation, which all his efforts could not subdue. "Some other person of the same name, perhaps—not Mr. Everard Willis, of Worthing Street? There must be some mistake."

The reply he received precluded all possibility of mistake.

Thankful now for the dull light of the railway lamp, the young man, stunned and bewildered by the sudden and unexpected intelligence of his father's ruin, sank back again into his seat.

His day-dreams dispersed, and in their stead came a confused and tangled web of gloomy forebodings.

Shortly afterward, the rough-coated man left the train, and Arthur became aware that he was undergoing the scrutinizing gaze of his only remaining companion. Before he could screen himself from this disagreeable examination, the silence was broken.

"I am not wrong, I think," said the gentleman called Mr. Smith, "in believing that I address Mr. Arthur Willis?"

"I am Arthur Willis, certainly," replied the young man; "but you have the advantage of me, sir. I have never before had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith, I believe."

"Once before, under different circumstances, but that is of no consequence now. I have to apologize, very sincerely I assure you, for the pain I have unintentionally given. I was not at all aware who was my traveling companion when I spoke of—"

"It is of no consequence, sir," said Arthur, "if what you say is true, I must have known it to-night, and a few hours sooner or later makes no difference."

Again he relapsed into a silence, from which his fellow-traveler did not attempt to rouse him until the shrill scream of the engine gave note that the end of the journey was reached. Then Mr. Smith again spoke.

"One word with you, Mr. Willis," he said. "I am afraid you will find matters in a bad state. It seems strange to me that you knew nothing of this before but, at all events, I have been thinking I may be of some little assistance to you. If so, here is my card. Come and see me."

Arthur mechanically took the offered card, and muttered an acknowledgment of thanks for the proffered kindness. In a few minutes, a cab was conveying him and his luggage from the railway station to his father's house.

"Tell me, Jessy," were almost the first words he uttered, as his sister, in tears of mingled sorrow and gladness, welcomed his arrival, "is what I heard this night true?"

"Arthur, you have heard nothing too sorrowful to be true. We are ruined."

"Father—what of him, Jessy?"

She shook her head mournfully.

The mad excitement of a few months, and its results, had brought about an imbecility of both mind and body, painful to witness.

"You are our only hope now, Arthur. Oh! how glad I am that you are at home."

Arthur Willis slept little that night. In the news which his sister had confirmed he foresaw the downfall of all the hopes which had so recently shed such a bright halo about his future. The partnership would be a partnership in poverty and disgrace; the matrimonial engagement must end in bitter disappointment.

"I am sorry for you, Arthur," said the father of the young lady the next day, when Arthur called on him at his counting-house. "I must say you have behaved honorably in coming to me first, but your own good sense will tell you that the connection should be

dropped altogether. You know that I did not give my consent to it very willingly at first; and *now*—"

There needed nothing more than that emphatic *now*. Arthur returned home with a broken heart.

His arrival, however, was very opportune. He had a good standing among his father's creditors, and it was known that he had had no share in the errors which had brought about the failure.

His assistance was valuable in winding up the heavy affairs of the bankruptcy. With straightforward and honorable frankness, he made his services available to the utmost.

One evening, while the settlement was yet uncompleted, and after the harassing duties of the day were over, he was slowly returning from the office to his father's residence. He was accosted by a gentleman whom he dimly recognized as the companion of his railway journey.

"I have been expecting and hoping you would take me at my word, Mr. Willis, and would have called on me before now. But as you have not, I was just going to find you. Are you disengaged? If you are, and will allow me, I will walk homewards with you."

Arthur nodded his pleasure.

"And now, what are you doing? How are you getting on? But I need scarcely ask you this, for everybody I meet speaks in praise of your disinterested effort to make the best of this disastrous affair. Really, to tell the truth, I am not sorry you have not been to see me before now."

"What is the meaning of this?" thought Arthur. He did not speak, and presently his home was reached.

"Now, Mr. Willis," said Mr. Smith, when they were alone, "may I ask what you intend doing when these affairs are finally settled?"

Arthur replied that he had formed no plans for the future. He supposed, however, that a mercantile situation might be obtained.

"Your father's business was a good one, I believe, Mr. Willis. Why not take it into your own hands?"

The interview was prolonged to a late hour and the young man entered the room in which his sister was waiting for him, in a more hopeful frame of mind than he had enjoyed since his return home.

A few weeks passed away, and then it became known that Arthur Willis had re-established the business which his father had been compelled to relinquish, with all the advantages of an enlarged and profitable foreign trade.

He made no mystery of the fact that the unsolicited assistance of Mr Smith had enabled him to take this step; and when this was explained, all wonder ceased; for the large-hearted, open-handed, but sometimes eccentric liberality of that gentleman was no secret.

Nevertheless, there was a mystery which for months afterward remained uncleared.

"You never saw Mrs. Smith before, do you say, Mr. Willis?" It was in Mr. Smith's drawing-room that this fragment of a conversation passed.

"Never before she did us the honor to call the other day. Never, at least, that I can remember."

"Look again, Mr. Willis; are you quite sure? And this girl"—laying his hand on his eldest daughter, "have you never seen her before?"

Arthur was puzzled by the tone of the speaker. He repeated the assurance that if he had ever had that pleasure his memory played him falsely.

"Perhaps you will refresh our friend's memory, Edith," said Mr. Smith to his wife.

"Do you not remember," asked the lady, in a soft, gentle voice, "a dreadful storm, on a July night, many years ago, traveling from Boston on the coach, a poor young woman, lightly clad, with an infant in her arms?"

"Yes, yes, I certainly remember that—all that," said Arthur eagerly, for the truth at once flashed on his mind.

"And the poor woman's foolish alarm? and the harshness of the coach proprietor, who would have turned her out of the coach, and how it was that he did not do it?"

"And that young woman's husband, Mr. Willis," continued Mr. Smith, "who told you that he would find means of repaying the kindness which was shown without expectation of reward or thanks? Have you never happened to meet with him since in your travels? Tell him, Edith, what you know about it?"

"I am that poor woman," she said.

The seed of a little kindness, sown years before, had sprung up and borne this goodly fruit. The bread cast upon the waters had returned after many days.

Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

No. 7. THE BOYS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Chasing Desperadoes in Missouri Hero of a Moving-Picture Drama—Why a Pistol Was Borrowed—Foley's Length of Service—Running a Road on Credit.

N a Chicago and Alton train, in a forward day-coach which was used as a smoker, sat nine passengers, also one trainman, namely, Alec Lewis. The train had come from Chicago and, toward evening, was nearing St. Louis. It was a cold, blustering January day.

The rear seat in the smoker was occupied by a smooth-faced, meek-looking man who for hours had insisted upon keeping his window open, though the day was unusually cold.

Trainman Lewis sat down beside this meek-looking individual in the rear seat, and said:

"Seems like you'd catch cold with that window open."

"I've got to risk that," replied Uriah Heap.

"And that there package of yours," persisted Lewis. "It must be valuable. I notice you never leave it out of your hands. You carried it with you even when you went up forward to get a drink of water."

"You bet it's valuable!" exclaimed the humble one.

"You a bank messenger?" asked the inquisitive Lewis.

"No, a butler. I've been ten years with one family, in Boston My master is a very rich gentleman."

"Ah, I see," said Lewis. "You are carrying a valuable present for him to some one in St. Louis."

"Yes, a present," assented the butler. "A present of fifty thousand dollars in cash."

"Good Heavens! You mean to say there is fifty thousand dollars in cash in that package?"

"I do."

"Your boss must be crazy. Why didn't he give you a check?"

"He couldn't. The present had to be in cash."

"Aren't you afraid of being robbed?"

"Maybe. But I'm going to throw this money out of the car-window some time before we reach St. Louis."

"What's that? Throw fifty thousand dollars out of the window?"

"Yes, I expect to toss it out any moment now. The wonder is that I've not been ordered to throw it out before this."

"And is that why you've kept that window open this cold day all the way down from Chicago?"

"Yes. I'm talking too much, I know. But—you're not a detective, are you? No, of course not. You're a brakeman."

Lewis had jumped up. He now stared at the humble-looking man with an expression of pity.

"Look here!" he said, "if you're a butler to a rich man, you're a crazy butler to a crazy millionaire. I say you're

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both lunatics. Fact is, however, I believe you're stringin' me. Fifty thousand dollars! Fifty thousand nothin'! You belong in a loony house, you do."

But the meek-looking man merely smiled indulgently, as one would beam upon a child who knoweth not whereof he prattles.

Trainman Lewis left the man at the open window and walked to the forward end of the car. The train was within sight of East St. Louis. Just then one of the passengers in the middle of the car arose and walked down the aisle till he came to the man by the open window. He leaned over and said in a low tone:

"When the whistle blows at the approach to the Eads Bridge across the Mississippi —let her go."

Just then two other men suddenly appeared. They threw themselves on the passenger who had given the order to the butler, and one of them cried:

"No use resisting, Tom Brandt. We know all about your game—and you're done for."

The speaker held both hands of the man called Tom Brandt as in a vise, till the second man applied the handcuffs.

At the same time, the whistle blew for the railroad bridge across the Mississippi. The butler fumbled with his package and began lifting it toward the car-window, when one of the captors of Tom Brandt cried:

"No! No! Keep that! Hold on to it! Don't throw it out! You must obey *us* now! I'm Detective Collins, and this is Detective Burt."

Just then came the report of a pistol. Detective Collins fell senseless on the floor with a wound in his head.

A second report rang out. Detective Burt staggered, then clutched spasmodically at his arm, through which a bullet had passed.

The two shots were fired, not by Brandt, who was handcuffed, but by another man in the car—one who turned out to be "Easy" Walker, a pal of Brandt's.

Not once had he spoken to Brandt on the ride down from Chicago, nor had the two given any sign that they were acquainted, so the detectives were not aware that they would have to deal with two men.

"Easy" Walker, the man who had fired the shots, shouted to Brandt: "Come on! Use your legs! We must jump!"

All this happened within sixty seconds. The drama was witnessed by Trainman Alec Lewis and the passengers in the smoker. Lewis, seeing the handcuffed man and the one who had fired the shots both making for the rear door with the evident intention of jumping from the train, pulled the bell-cord desperately.

Before the train had come to a standstill, however, the two desperadoes jumped, landed safely on their feet, and began making a dash across a field.

"Chase 'em!" cried Burt, the detective who had been wounded in the arm, addressing all in the smoker. "Get after those men, you fellows. Quick! Don't let 'em get away!"

Trainman Lewis rushed from the car, leaped to the ground, and passed the word to the crowd of passengers who had piled out of the train to learn the cause of the sudden application of the air-brakes.

At least fifty of the passengers started in pursuit of the two fugitives. They formed a posse led by Trainman Alec Lewis.

Lewis ran after the fleeing men, the posse keeping close at his heels. They gradually fell behind, however, till quite a distance intervened between Lewis and the passengers.

As Lewis neared the fugitives, the one who was handcuffed, Tom Brandt, managed to pull a revolver and fire it. His shot went wild. Lewis did not even slacken his speed. Just then, alas! the one who was not manacled, "Easy" Walker, also pulled a gun and let fly at Lewis.

The trainman went down with an ugly wound in his leg.

The pursuing passengers rushed up to the fallen trainman and all came to a dead stop. Some bent over him and fastened handkerchiefs around his leg to stop the bleeding.

Then, like a true hero of the battlefield, Lewis said:

"Never mind me, you confounded ignoramuses! Go on after those men! If any of you have guns, let that man who shot me have all the lead he can stand!"

Electrified again into action by the trainman's command, the excited passengers started once more in pursuit of the fugitives, only to hear the leaders shout:

"They're caught! Look! Those men building the fence! One of 'em threw a fence-rail at the handcuffed man, catching him square on the legs. There! The other fence-builders are piled up on top of the other runaway!"

It was thus that the two fugitives, Tom Brandt and "Easy" Walker, were at last checked in their flight, disarmed, and held captives by a dozen Illinois farm-hands who had been building a fence.

The two prisoners were hustled back to the train by the posse, while Alec Lewis was made as comfortable as possible on the floor of the baggage-car.

One of the two wounded detectives produced another pair of handcuffs, and "Easy" Walker was manacled. The prisoners were then chained together, thrown into a seat, and guarded by a number of determined men while the train rolled into East St. Louis. The three wounded men—Trainman Lewis, hero of the day, and the two detectives—were taken to the hospital, while the prisoners were led off by the police.

Meantime, the meek man who had told Lewis about the fifty thousand dollars, anxiously inquired of the train-conductor what time he could get a train from East St. Louis that would carry him back to Boston.

When the three wounded men were put to bed side by side in the hospital, Trainman Lewis said:

"Will you two detectives kindly inform me what this is all about? What am I all shot up like this for, anyway? And why are you two lying on those cots, down and out?"

The story the detectives told Lewis was this:

The two desperadoes, Tom Brandt and "Easy" Walker, were members of a gang who had kidnaped Eddie Brathwaite, son of a millionaire of Boston. The meek-looking man who persisted in keeping the car-window open on that cold January day, all the way from Chicago to St. Louis, was indeed Mr. Brathwaite's butler, and his package really did contain a full fifty thousand dollars in yellow-backs.

For two months the crooks had been in secret communication with Mr. Brathwaite regarding the ransom. But each time when an hour and place had been fixed for handing over the ransom, the police intervened to prevent the payment of the money.

At length the crooks wrote Mr. Brathwaite that if he wished to see his son again and alive, he must send a messenger to St. Louis, on a certain train, with fifty thousand dollars in cash. The letter also stated that a certain man would be on the train with the messenger, and would tell him exactly when and where to toss the money out of the car-window. The crooks added that one of their gang would be at the spot indicated, ready to pick up the package when it was flung from the train.

With these demands Mr. Brathwaite complied, saying nothing, however, to the authorities; for he preferred to part with fifty thousand dollars rather than take any further chance of hearing that his son had been murdered as a result of his refusal to pay the ransom. Nevertheless, the police discovered what was afoot.

"But the kid!" exclaimed the trainman, when the detectives had finished their tale. "Have they got the kid?"

"Yes," one of the sleuths answered. "Eddie Brathwaite was found this morning with

"WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS AT THE APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE, LET HER GO."

Jim King, the leader of the gang, in a house in Chicago."

A week later, the happy father of Eddie Brathwaite divided a generous part of the fifty thousand dollars as a reward among the various detectives and others who had found his son and captured the kidnapers.

Trainman Lewis, before leaving the hospital in East St. Louis, received a letter from Mr. Brathwaite. After reading it, he showed it to the two wounded detectives. After they had read it, Lewis said to them:

"Did I ever remark to you fellers that I pronounced that butler and his boss both crazy? If I did, I deny now, emphatically, that either of 'em is insane. They're both as sane as I am, and I'm near-crazy with thinkin' of the good deeds I can perform when I get hold of what that letter says I will get."

The Yazoo Car-Tagger.

On the way up from New Orleans I traversed the east bank of the Father of Waters to Memphis, by the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, thence up the west bank to St. Louis by the "Mop." Among the stories related by the "Valley Railroaders," were the following:

The car-tagger-in-chief of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, at Vicksburg, was George Burdette, one of the most matter-of-fact of the railroad sons of the Father of Waters. Burdette, always conscientious and loyal to his road, nevertheless was unfalteringly a Doubting Thomas when it came to "taking stock" in stories or plays or moving-pictures of railroad life.

"I take no stock in such things, because nothing ever happens to a railroad employee except an accident or a wreck.

"No, sir; nothing outside the regular performance of his duties ever gets coupled onto him.

"Last Sunday night," he went on, "I went to a moving-picture show. Along came a film called a railroad melodrama, in which the villain tied a section-foreman to the tracks, and left him there to be slaughtered by the limited, all just because the foreman wouldn't let his beautiful daughter marry the villain. But the heroine, the foreman's offspring, came on a dead run and untied her father in the nick of time.

"Now, I allow that no such dinged nonsense ever happens to a real railroad-man. I read stories of us in the magazines, and I don't guess such thrillers ever happen in real railroad life, neither. Them's just stories."

"Oh, I'm not so sure," remonstrated Burdette's friend. "You can't tell what minute somethin's goin' to happen to one of us, to get a feller a loomin' up as a hero in a railroad story. You're likely to get into a thriller yourself, any old time, Burdette. You ain't immune."

"What?" retorted Burdette. "*Me?* A car-tagger in a thriller? Not on your life! Nothing thrilling ever happened to a car-tagger in the history of the world."

A few nights later, George Burdette was working overtime at his car-tagging. It was nearing ten o'clock, and nearly all the other men of the Vicksburg station and yards were at the moving-picture shows. In the yards, not a wheel was stirring, not a sound heard except the crunch of Burdette's feet on the cinder-path between the box cars.

Suddenly four strong arms seized Burdette and a voice, low but husky, said:

"Don't cry out, or you're a dead one!"

Burdette, looking into the business end of a six-shooter, which gleamed in the moonlight, answered:

"I'm no such fool as to yell! This is a hold up, is it? Well, search me. Go far as you like. If you find any dough on me, keep it."

"You're off the track," said the man with the gun, while his pal held the car-tagger's arms pinioned behind him. "We know you, Burdette, and we know you ain't got no money. You never did have and never will have as long as there's a moving-picture show in town. What we want is for you to give us the combination of the safe in the depot."

"There's where *you're* off the track," answered Burdette. "I don't know the combination. If I did—I'd have to be dead drunk to give it to you."

The two highwaymen, with terrible oaths, then insisted that Burdette did know the combination. They swore that Burdette had learned the new combination that very day.

"Know what we'll do to you if you refuse to cough up the figures?" one of the highwaymen added. "We'll lash you to the track."

"I do *not* know the combination," persisted Burdette.

"Then you're as good as dead right now, just for not knowing," was the verdict.

The desperadoes meant business, too. They forced Burdette up the track, at the

point of the six-shooter, and stopped at a spot just beyond a curve.

"Tie him here," said one of the men.

"What with?" asked the other.

The first man ran his hand over Burdette's person. "Here's his belt," he said. "Tie one of his arms to the track with that. And here's his necktie. Use that to tie his other arm."

The car-tagger struggled manfully, but the men with the guns lashed him to the track just the same.

"Now," said the leader of the highwaymen, "the express from New Orleans is due along at ten-thirty-five—just twenty minutes from now. Any time within nineteen minutes will be plenty for you to remember that combination, Burdette. When you do, just you yell out the figures, and we will come and set you free."

The men disappeared. Burdette lay there helpless, knowing that unless he complied with the conditions named, the north-bound express would surely end his life.

Ten minutes passed—and fifteen. In five minutes more the express would come thundering along, and he would be ground to pieces. He heard the screech of a locomotive whistle.

In the desperate instinct of self-preservation, the car-tagger gave a terrifying yell. Did he yell the figures of the combination? No. He yelled just this one word:

"Help!"

He could feel the vibration of the rails under him, the peculiar and terrorizing sound advertising the swift approach of the express. Burdette calculated that the train was not more than a mile away.

"Whatever am de matter wif you, boss?"

Burdette looked up, saw an aged negro standing over him. That black man looked to the car-tagger like an angel from Heaven.

"Here! Here!" he cried. "Untie me, quick! Got a knife? You'll find one in my trousers-pocket. There! Now cut me loose! The train's almost to the curve now!"

One stroke of the knife severed the belt. A second stroke freed the car-tagger from the necktie that bound him. He scrambled to his feet and jumped to one side—just as the express crashed by.

"You've saved my life," said Burdette to the negro. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you-all happen to have a match, boss? Ah've got baccy and a pipe, but ain't got no match. What? A whole boxful? Thank you, boss."

The life-saver trudged on down the right-of-way, smoking like a chimney, while George Burdette, car-tagger of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley, trudged up the right-of-way, muttering:

"Well, I'm blowed! Don't it beat *all?* That it should happen to me! It's the limit."

Burdette went back on his job and said not a word to a living soul about his thrilling experience.

Two days later, however, he met the railroad friend to whom he had declared that nothing ever happened to a car-tagger.

"Hear you're now taking stock in railroad melodrama such as you see on the stage and in moving-pictures, Burdette," said the friend.

"What's ailin' you?" asked the car-tagger, refusing to look his friend squarely in the eye.

"Hear you're takin' stock, too, in those yarns printed in the magazines," the friend continued. "That was a close shave you had the other night. It would make a real good moving-picture."

"Rot!" answered Burdette.

"That negro told us how he needed a light for his pipe and got it," continued Burdette's friend. "Say, George, are you-all convinced that things sometimes do happen to railroad men in real life like they do in stories?"

"Well," drawled the car-tagger, hesitatingly, "maybe just once in the life of a man something may happen to him. But not twict. No sir, not twict. I'm glad that thing happened howsomever."

"Why?"

"Because—don't you see? As such a thing never happens twict, I'm now one of those chaps the doctors call an *immune*."

The Borrowed Pistol.

Just after I pulled into Baton Rouge on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, one of the boys of that line said:

"Hunt up 'Pinky' Ross while you're in this here Louisiana capital and get him to tell you the story of Dan Childress, the train newsboy."

"Ross of the Yazoo?"

"No. Of the Louisiana Railway and Navigation Company. That line runs through here, you know. This is their principal station between New Orleans and Shreveport."

"Pinky" Ross, a yardman whom I found at the hostler's shanty, plunged straightway into his story.

"It's some powerful amazin', suh, how train newsies will sometimes hike sudden into a railroad drama. Ah reckon that you don't come too often by dramas wherein newsboys figure; but this time, suh, you're up against Dan Childress, a live one.

"About three years ago, Dan was sweet on a girl up at Shreveport, out of which town he had a run on No. 1 of the Louisiana Navigation Line. Somehow, the girl didn't seem to want to front up much with Dan.

"One morning Dan met the girl on his way to his train.

"'Ah reckon,' said he, 'that Ah'd be powerful prideful if you'd meet me at the picture-show to-night, will yer?'

"'Go 'long, Dan,' the girl answered. 'You-all is only a kid. Nope! Nixy picture-show. You-all better find a young-girl to tote 'round, 'cause Ah'm some class with the grown-ups.'

"Crestfallen, Dan boarded his train for the run south and began yellin' in fierce and mad tones:

"'All the latest magazines!'

"The train pushed on southward, till pretty soon Conductor de Loach meets Dan and pats him on the shoulder, fatherly-like, and says:

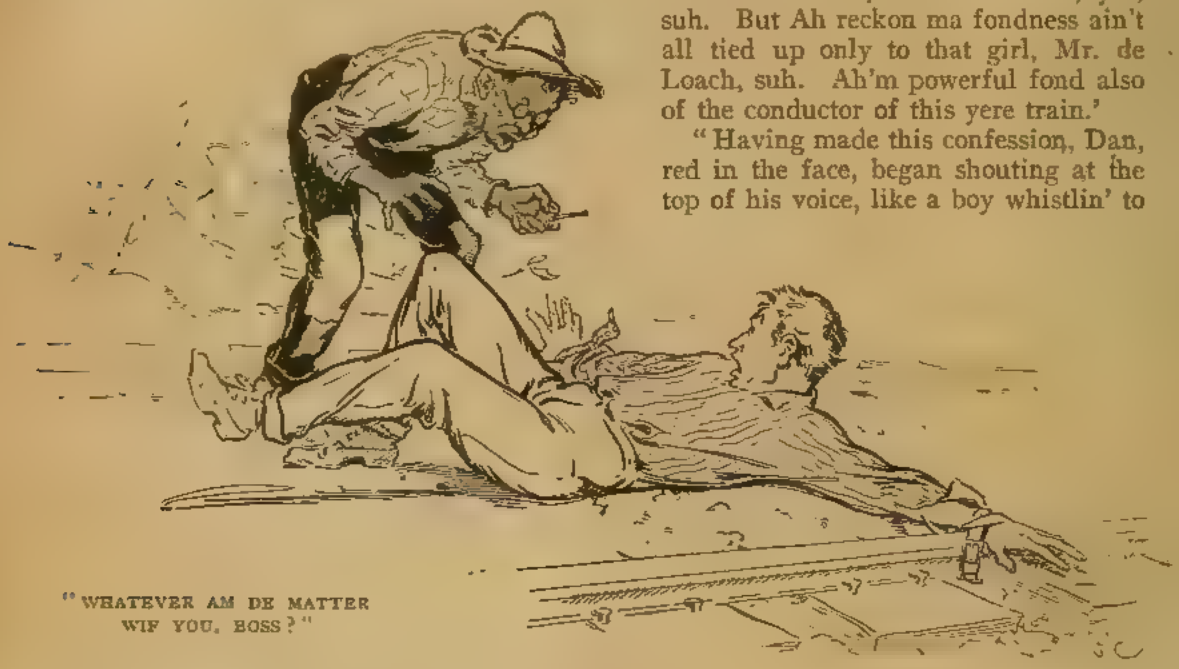
"'Dan, ma boy, what progress you makin' with that girl o' your'n up to Shreveport?'

"'Backwards, Mr. de Loach, all backwards progress, suh.'

"'You reckon you're most powerful fond o' that girl, Dan?'

"'Some fond, Mr. de Loach, yes, suh. But Ah reckon ma fondness ain't all tied up only to that girl, Mr. de Loach, suh. Ah'm powerful fond also of the conductor of this yere train.'

"Having made this confession, Dan, red in the face, began shouting at the top of his voice, like a boy whistlin' to show he's none afraid of nothin' in the world:



"WHATEVER AM DE MATTER WIF YOU, BOSS?"

"'All the latest magazines!'

"Don't you see, suh, Dan Childress liked Conductor de Loach powerful much 'cause De Loach was always moughty kind to that youngster. Dan was mostly alone in the world, and he kinder looked up to De Loach like he would to a father.

"Well, suh, as Dan went down the aisle shouting out his wares, the drama begins.

"The train had pulled up at Hagen Station. Suddenly Dan hears a cry that sounds like it comes from a man who's been hurt. Dan recognizes the voice of Conductor de Loach and turns in time to see a man on the forward platform in the act of kicking De Loach off'n the train.

"'He's stabbed the conductor!' shouted the passengers. 'That man drove a knife into the conductor three times.'

"Seeing De Loach kicked from the platform and hearing how he had been wounded, Dan Childress drops all his magazines and starts up the aisle shouting:

"'Got a pistol? Who's got a pistol? Some one lend me a pistol!'

"Well, suh, a planter from Shreveport,

who knew Dan, outs with a gun and hands it over to the newsboy. Dan rushes out of the car, leaps to the ground and hot-foots after the butcher who had stabbed De Loach.

"Past the station and up the right-of-way, Dan runs, pretty soon gettin' close on the more or less rheumatic fugitive, and crying:

"'Stop runnin'; you butcher! Stop, or Ah'll down you with a bullet!' To emphasize his words, Dan fires a shot in the air.

"The butcher stopped. In another moment Dan had poked his pistol into the man's face, saying:

"'There's a calaboose in this town that's goin' to open its doors to you, quick! You come along with me!'

"And, suh, Dan actually marched that man, at the point of his borrowed six-shooter, right up the main street of Hagen all the way to the jail.

"That evening, when Dan's train arrived at Shreveport, the news of his exploit had preceded him. While the ambulance toted Conductor de Loach to the hospital, all the railroaders swore Dan was some hero. Even strange men hailed him and said, 'Put it there!' just like Dan was a good many years older'n seventeen.

"And what do you think! Up walks that girl Dan was sweet on, and says to him:

"'Dan Childress, Ah reckon Ah'd be powerful prideful to be seen with you-all at the moving-picture show to-night. Ma mind is shore some changed about you-all bein' only a kid.'"

For Length of Service.

"I'm a Venetian by birth," remarked a Wabash Railroad trainman, at the St. Louis Union Station.

"You don't look a bit Italian," I responded.

"No, sir. All the same I was born in Venice."

"And you worked on a railroad out of Venice?"

"Yes, sir, for years. I was there only yesterday, on a visit."

"In Venice yesterday and St. Louis to-day!" I exclaimed. "You must travel by cable."

"No, sir. You see, sir, my Venice is right here in the Mississippi Valley. I'm speaking of Venice, Illinois."

"Well," I said, chuckling with him, "anything happen in Venice, Illinois, that ought to get into print?"

"No, sir. Nothing. Nothing ever happens to railroaders in Venice."

It was plain that my Venetian friend had a story to tell. But as a tale-bearer he lacked courage.

To encourage that Venetian railroader, I told him the first story that came into my head, and, by sheer accident, it proved to be just the right story to cause him to recollect that something really did happen once upon a time to a railroad man in Venice, Illinois.

"Your name is Washington Long and you're a trainman?" I began.

"Yes. My name's Wash."

"Well, Wash, I know I can't scare you off your job by any story, so I'm going to tell you how five trainmen, all pals, began and ended their railroad careers in a time so brief that the case is a record one.

"I heard this story at Roanoke, Virginia," I went on. "The five men in question all went to work on the same day for the Norfolk and Western Railroad, three as passenger trainmen, and two as freight brakemen.

"One morning, a few days later, four of them walked into the general offices at Roanoke and asked for and received permission to lay off that afternoon to attend a funeral.

"Three days later, *three* of them again appeared at the general offices and said they wanted an afternoon off to take part in a ceremony of last rites.

"A week passed, and *two* of them showed up in the general offices and announced that they wanted an afternoon off to pay final tribute to a certain deceased.

"Another week passed, and *one* of them walked into the general offices. This lone man was the youngest of the five trainmen. His name was Rob Pollard. In a weary voice, now, he said he'd like an afternoon off to attend certain obsequies.

"The very next day Rob Pollard again appeared at the general offices, looking so dejected that the train-master exclaimed:

"'What's the matter, Pollard? You look as if you'd lost your last friend.'

"'I have,' answered Pollard.

"'What! Another funeral? Great Scott, man! You've already attended no less than *four* funerals this month.'

"'No sir. I'm not looking for a lay-off

for a funeral this time. I'm here to resign.'

"'Resign? Why—'

"'Well, sir, you see, there's too many funerals in the railroad profession. A month ago I started to work here with four of my best friends. The whole four are now living in the cemetery. One was killed in a wreck, a second by flying fragments of a locomotive when she blew up; a third fell to his death from the top of a moving freight; and the fourth, the one I buried yesterday, was run over and killed here in the yards. I'm the sole survivor. I've come to get my time, sir. I'm an electrician, and I'm going back to my trade.'

"'But,' expostulated the train-master 'Just because all your friends were killed is no reason why it should be your turn next.'

"'Oh, that ain't it, sir. I ain't afraid of being killed. That ain't it. What gets on my nerves is these here frequent funerals. I just can't stand the expense for flowers.'

"There!" I said to my Venetian friend, at the conclusion of my story. "Can you beat it for brevity of service?"

"Beat it?" exclaimed the trainman from Venice, Illinois, showing unutterable disgust. "Beat it? I should say I could. You say that case at Roanoke is a record one? Holy smoke! It's about a million miles away from the record. Fact is, sir, your story ain't got no right to be entered into the running at all. A whole month! Holy smoke! Why, that's just ages compared to the period of time involved in the case which I'm going to tell you about.

"It's the case of Michael Foley, fifty years old, who started a railroad man for the first time in his life at seven o'clock one morning last March.

"It all happened in the yards at Venice, Illinois. At five minutes before seven that morning, Foley, having been duly hired the day before by the Wabash railroad, reported for duty at the yardmaster's office.

"'Now, Foley,' said the yardmaster, 'you're a flagman, do you understand? Here's a red flag. You take it and go up to the Main Street crossing and, when you see a train coming, you wave that flag to warn vehicles and folks afoot that they're in danger. I tell you, Foley, you're now a member of the railway army. You're a private in the ranks, but the safety of the public depends upon you.

"'You're a standard-bearer, do you understand? You're a color-bearer. Your duty is to stick to your duty, no matter what happens. Never you budge from your station, never desert your post, never lower that flag, no matter who tries to divert you from your duty. And, above all, obey orders. Obey 'em strict and to the letter.'

"'Yes, sir, I do, sir. I'm to stand pat with this here red flag through thick and thin, and no matter who or what comes along, I'm to show that I'm planted and have taken root and am growing up on this crossing, like a oak-tree.'

"At seven, exactly, Foley took his post at the crossing, with his red flag.

"Five minutes later two men loomed up at the door of the yardmaster's office and laid a heavy thing down on the door-step.

"'What's that?' asked the yardmaster.

"'A corpse,' the men replied.

"'Whose is it?'

"'Don't you recognize the new flagman?'

"'Recognize that? No. It looks like it might have been a man once, but I ain't sure. He's some smashed, ain't he?'

"'Yes, sir, he was thrown some fifty feet by southbound No. 4.'

"'Wait a minute,' said the yardmaster. 'I'll give him his time.' He glanced at the clock. 'Five minutes, and no overtime,' he said. 'All right! How did the deceased meet his demise?'

"'Well, sir, it looked to us-all mighty like a case of suicide. Yes, sir, we-all say it was a self-murder. Foley was standin' plumb on the track in front of that Burlington train, waving his flag, frantic-like, all round his head. A driver of a lumber-wagon and half a dozen pedestrians and a lot of yardmen yelled to him to get off the track. But Foley just wouldn't budge an inch. Even the engineer waved his hand from the cab as frantic as Foley waved his flag, but Foley stood pat—till he went flyin' through the air.'

"The yardmaster, as he heard this, tugged nervously at his mustache and kept muttering, 'Fool soldier! Idiot soldier!'

"Finally, when the yardmen had finished their tale, all the yardmaster said was:

"'Take this dead soldier over to the undertaker and tell him to inform the relatives of Foley that there's a sum of money due them—the wages due the deceased at the time of his demise.'

"Well, sir, the sum of money due those 'heirs and assigns forever' was exactly one cent—Foley having worked overtime a few moments.

"And you never saw a man fuss about anything the way that yardmaster at Venice, Illinois, still fusses about that penny. Ever since Foley was buried he has been pesterin' Undertaker Childman, findin' all kinds of fault because the undertaker hasn't found a single heir or assign forever. It looks like the yardmaster will have to keep that cent, all right And you can't deny it, that the world's record for

length of service by a railroad employee belongs to Michael Foley, color-bearer of the Wabash."

"Billy Bryan's Train."

When an Illinois Central train on the Carbondale-Johnston City stopped one evening at a town where a large manufacturing plant is located, thirty odd workmen filed into the smoker. When the conductor came through, at least ten of the men announced that they possessed neither tickets nor money.

"All right!" said the conductor. "You fellows keep track of what you owe me."

A few nights later, the same thirty workmen boarded the same train at the same place, and over twenty of them informed the conductor that they were broke and without tickets.

"All right!" the conductor said. "You fellows keep tabs on yourselves till pay day."

Finally, one evening toward the end of the month, when the thirty workmen boarded the train, not one of them possessed either a ticket or the coin for a cash fare.

"All right!" said the conductor "Your credit is good till pay day."

On the evening of the first day of the new month, on arrival at Carbondale, the conductor went in the auditor's office and turned in a sum of money somewhat in excess of seven hundred dollars.

"What's this?" asked the auditor, evincing great surprise.

"Cash fares," was the answer.

"Your cash fares for the day usually amount to about fifteen dollars Why such a mightly lot of cash fares on this particular day?"

"It's pay-day down at that mill town, that's why. For the last ten days a lot of workmen down there didn't have any money No, sir, not a cent did they have till to-day.

"GIVE ME YOUR MILEAGE, YOU ROBBER OF POOR RAILROADS."

But I let them ride all the same, every evening."

"What! Running a railroad on credit?"

"Yes. I had to let them ride on credit in order to get that seven hundred dollars. If I had not let them ride on credit, those men would have walked, and we would have lost this bucketful of dough."

"All right. But next time let 'em walk."

All the same, on the first day of the following month, that same conductor turned in over eight hundred dollars, representing his cash-fare collections for a single day, though for thirty days before that he had not turned in more than seventeen dollars for the cash fares for any one day.

Month after month, he continued to turn in an excessive sum on the day the mill-hands at the manufacturing town were paid off. Despite every command and demand and threat and warning of the auditors and other officials, the conductor continued to "run the railroad on credit."

That conductor was Billy Bryan, and his train was known to all the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley in Illinois as "Billy Bryan's" train.

I heard of Billy Bryan from Eye-See men and from men of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley, day after day as long as I remained in the Valley of the Father of Waters. One railroad man after another told me Billy Bryan was known personally to nearly every man, woman, and child in Illinois; that for over thirty years he had run the same train from Carbondale to Johnston City and return, being on the job daily from five in the morning till eight in the evening.

Billy Bryan's manner of running his train was really unique.

Billy would carry a man free as long as he felt sure that the man was dead broke. But how he hated an impostor!

One day a certain passenger poured such a dire tale of wo into the conductor's ear that Billy carried that poor passenger free that day and every few days after that for three months.

Then came a day when Billy laid off to go fishing. The next morning, when he met the conductor who had taken his place the day before, Billy said:

"Did a fat man with a black beard ride with you yesterday? A poor, down-and-out chap, without money and without transportation? I hope you didn't put him off the train, did you?"

"I threatened to put him off when he began telling me how poor he was," replied the conductor. "But, in the end, he produced a mileage-book."

Billy Bryan gasped. "You say he produced mileage? Oh, well, just wait till he assembles with me once more."

The very next day the fat man with the black beard boarded Billy Bryan's train, and, as usual, said he had no ticket and no money for cash fare.

"Give me your mileage, you robber of the poor railroads, or I'll throw you off this train head first!" Such was Bill's demand and such Bill's threat.

The upshot of the matter was that the fat

man with the black beard produced a mileage-book. Billy took it, and proceeded to pull out strip after strip of mileage, as a magician pulls strips of paper from a hat. When he had pulled out the last scrap of mileage he handed the fat man the covers, saying:

"There! You owed me that for rides you've had. Don't you ever try to ride on my train again. Take some other train, because I won't carry you."

Billy Bryan was always most accommodating to fishermen. One day three men, bound on a fishing-trip, boarded his train, and said:

"Billy, where's the place to fish to-day?"

Billy told them just where to go, and, moreover, stopped the train in the middle of nowhere purposely to drop them.

"I'll be back here about six o'clock this evening," he said to them; "and don't you fellows keep me waiting here too long. I'll hold the train here for you a reasonable time, but if you don't show up by six-thirty, or seven, or seven-thirty, or somewhere about that time, I'll pull on without you."

Billy Bryan saved money and bought farms and loaned cash on mortgages and foreclosed the mortgages, thus securing still more farms, till finally he became a man of substance. In 1909 he was reputed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars.

Then, suddenly, to the consternation of many, it was learned that Billy Bryan had resigned.

The Eye-See authorities published a note in a local Illinois newspaper, praising Billy Bryan in most flattering terms, and adding that, after thirty years of splendid service for the road, he had resigned in order to devote all his time to looking after his lands, farms, houses, mortgages, stocks, bonds, and other forms of wealth which he had amassed through industry.

When I rode through the Mississippi Valley in 1910, Billy Bryan was living in Carbondale, a man of leisure. The train which he had so long "conducted" is still known as "Billy Bryan's" train.

THE NEWSBOY.

THE newsboy—what a lad he is for working with a will, and bravely putting up a front when everything goes ill, and dashing in with new intent to keep on trying still—the newsboy.

And how he rises with the dawn, when dawns are gray and chill, and trembles with an eagerness his duties to fulfil, and how his cries, ere you arise, come piping far and shrill—the newsboy.

When night has settled o'er the earth and by your fire you rest, you hear him calling, calling still, with endless zeal and zest; he comes and goes without complaint, and does his level best—the newsboy.

He boards the car with elfish leaps, as sparrows gain a limb, he hopes that the conductor will be lenient with him; he drops off backward from the step, all light and safe and trim—the newsboy.

There is a moral in his ways for men sedate to read, a lesson that the wisest heads may profitably heed; he meets unflinchingly life's test, where'er his ways may lead—the newsboy.

And somewhere in the Father's heart I think a corner lies, and somewhere there's a kindly Judge afar off in the skies, for that wee, stalwart citizen, with eager, friendly eyes—the newsboy.—*St. Louis Times.*

SPEED INDICATORS.

A REPORT current in the daily press says: "Passenger-engines on the Baltimore and Ohio are being equipped with speed indicators, so that engineers will have no excuse for exceeding established limits.

"Attached to the device is a paper chart, the registry on which shows the speed on every point of a division. This goes to the superintendent after a run is made, and thus he has before him daily a record of the speed at which trains are run in his territory."

If this is true, it will help the engineers; especially if the idea is to get at the truth, they will welcome the installation of speed indicators as a good thing. The reason for this is that the indicators will also show the delays along the line.

A locomotive engineer of our acquaintance used to say that he got over the road better when the general superintendent's car was attached to the flier, for the simple reason that news of this fact was quietly telegraphed ahead and every station-agent became very quick and very alert when the G. S. was on hand; and as for station baggagemen, you wouldn't know them. They hit the stopping point of the baggage-car door in a way that was wonderful to see, and in went the trunks before you could say "Jack Robinson."

The train was a car heavier, but the detentions were light. The indicators show delays that the engineer is not responsible for, and the G. S. used to wonder why it was not done that way every day.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineer.*

A RAILROAD ACROSTIC

From an Old Scrap Book.

Lo, the long railway train winding and narrow,
  Over the trestle-work into the city,
Coming too sure with the speed of an arrow,
  On to its wreck without warning or pity.
Moments seem passing the mastery of mortal—
  Only a miracle retrieves the error;
Thunders the bridge at its innermost portal,
  Increasing and nearing and deepening in terror,
Voices would reach to the gateway of heaven
Ere this wild roar by a cry could be riven.

Even now, steady now, swift go as lightning,
  Nerving his arm with its mightiest force,
Gigantic the sinews like iron thews tightening,
  In driving the mad engine back on her course.
Now answers the signal of danger already!
  Easier backward now, safer and faster!
Every soul blessing the courage so steady,
Redeeming their awe-stricken lives from disaster.

THE STEELED CONSCIENCE.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

A Man Accomplishes Some Things Which Seem Impossible to the Human Mind.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JOHN GRAHAM, a young artist, discovers among his dead father's effects a diary which proves that his former guardian, a wealthy lawyer named Simon Dill, has robbed himself and his mother who has since died, of a large fortune accruing from a gold-mine in which Dill and Graham, senior, were once partners. Although engaged to Agnes Dill, the lawyer's daughter, Graham goes to Dill's office, presents his proofs and brands him as a criminal, demanding the money which his father has left him in trust. Dill finally pretends that he is about to make restitution, but by a sudden strategy fires his revolver, grapples with his ward, and, when the police rush in, hands Graham over to them as a robber and assassin. He conceals the diary, which is the sole proof of his own guilt. It is a case of one man's word against another's. Dill, who has dabbled in politics, manages to have Graham prosecuted before a judge whom he put in office. The artist is found guilty and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. During Graham's first month in the penitentiary, he is visited by Dill, who is anxious to learn the attitude of his former ward toward himself and find out whether he intends to even up the score on his release. He tells Graham that he has placed the incriminating diary in a safe-deposit vault and tries to draw him out, but as Graham refuses to utter a single word, he goes away unrewarded. The prisoner chafes at the monotony of his existence, and his sense of justice cries out at the cruelties which he sees being practised about him and learns of from his cell-mate, Piano, who proves to be very much of a philosopher. Piano finally escapes, leaving Graham to bear his misery alone. After four years of imprisonment, Graham is finally given his liberty. As he leaves the penitentiary he is accosted by a stranger whom he soon discovers to be Piano, his former cell-mate, in disguise.

CHAPTER XII.

A Decision.

"RIGHT!" answered the other, smiling. "I see you've got better vision and memory than all the 'flatties' and 'elbows' put together. Why, they've been congratulating themselves on my death for over a year — my death and burial—oh, yes!" He lowered his voice. "But, come along," he added. "Bad climate around here. Very." Again he urged Graham forward.

For a moment Graham thought of resisting; of trying to get clear from Piano. But, after all, why should he? Piano had befriended him in quod. He had taught him many valuable lessons. He had been a pleasant companion. Graham had never in his life felt so strongly as just this minute the necessity for comradeship, for some one to rely on a little, till things should begin to readjust themselves. He said nothing; but, like a man in a dream, walked on and on beside his former cellmate.

Thus they reached the square, mounted the steps, and took a Boston-bound train. Piano steered him into a far corner of the all but deserted smoker, where they would be free from annoying observation. He produced cigars, and for the first time in more than four eternal years Graham tasted good tobacco. The contrast between his accustomed "state," as prison-weed is called, and real Cuban leaf, filled him with an almost childish content. For, these first few minutes out in the world again, he *was* as a child to its multitudinous ways.

All the way over the bridge Graham looked with curious eyes at the great, busy,

rushing traffic, the center of life and noisy activities, which seemed as strange to him almost as though he had just landed from another planet. His companion offered no remarks save platitudes. He well understood the confusion in the young man's brain, and, understanding, he waited.

The train turned, slowed, and stopped at the North Station.

"Well, where are you heading for?" asked Piano. "Anything in view?"

"New York to-morrow," answered Graham. "How things are going to turn I don't know, but I suppose I'd better get back. I've still got a little money on deposit there—enough to last for a while, till I can get my bearings. Why?"

"Oh, just a natural interest, that's all. But how about to-day? To-night?"

"Well, I might as well see Barnard, I suppose. Get a loan from him and some decent clothes. Then a hotel. A good scrub. A sleep. Perhaps by to-morrow things won't seem so—so kind of unnatural."

"You'll be all right in a day or two. But—take my advice—steer shy of Barnard for the present."

"Why so?" asked Graham, surprised, as the train pulled out and dipped toward the Subway.

"Do you want the papers to get hold of this? Run items about you and all? Wait. In a week it'll be stale; they won't give it a line. If you need money, it's yours. All you want. Here!"

From his inside pocket he produced a bill-fold.

"No, no!" objected Graham. "I can't do that. Thank you ever so much, but—"

Piano merely laughed as he drew a fifty from among several others of the same denomination and slid it into Graham's pocket.

"No nonsense now!" commanded he. "Not a word of drip or rubbish between you and me! Get fixed up right. Dodge people for a while. Above all, don't talk. Inside of a week the world will look quite differently to you from what it does now. Believe me. I know."

Graham kept silent. He felt curiously uneasy in company with this odd, wise, experienced man who in so many ways knew such infinitudes of things whereof he himself was ignorant. The train slowed for Milk Street.

Piano stood up.

"Well," said he, "here's where I've got to leave you. What hotel?"

Graham named the place he had in mind, the Greenwald.

"All right. Eight o'clock to-night, sharp," answered Piano, assuming an appointment. Before Graham had had time to formulate any reply, Piano had reached the side door. The train stopped, Piano waved a friendly hand, and was gone.

Graham, left alone, frowned and bit his lip. Then he remembered the fifty in his pocket. But he had little time for thought; for at Boylston Street he, too, got out. A minute later, feeling lost and small in the shoving tide of humanity, he was wandering down Washington Street in quest of clothes.

"I guess I'll have to use Piano's money, after all," thought he. "One thing I won't do, and that is—spend the five they gave me over there. I'm going to frame that for a souvenir some day."

Eight o'clock found Graham in a dollar room at the Greenwald. His impulse to indulge in greater luxury he had repressed. Every penny now, he knew, must do full duty till he could make a fresh start.

When Piano knocked, Graham was standing at the open window, looking down into the noisy, crowded street, wondering that all this life had been going on, just the same as ever, during the long, blank years since he had seen it last.

The air was heavy with tobacco-smoke, which the night breeze, as it gently swayed the curtain, could only with difficulty dilute. Graham was in his shirt-sleeves—a tall, somewhat slim figure, pale and wan, yet still erect and with a brave way of holding the chin well up. Not beaten yet, John Graham.

Piano gave him a firm, strong hand on entering, laid his felt hat on the newspapers, drew up a chair, sat down, and keenly observed the change that a few hours had already wrought.

"Almost yourself again, eh?" said he, biting the tip from a cigar. "A week from now the almost will be a quite. Well?"

Graham did not answer at once, but sat down, too, and looked at Piano.

"I'd like to think so," he replied at last. "Do you know, I've—I've been thinking—a lot?"

"Don't!" exclaimed Piano oracularly. "Time enough later. For now, let things drift."

Graham shook his head.

"No," he returned. "To be out in the

world again means that the old thoughts, the old bitterness, everything — it's all come back."

Piano studied him a minute, then smiled slightly.

"You mean the way you were jobbed? That's bothering you?"

"Wouldn't it bother you if you'd " He checked himself.

The other nodded. "Well, some," said he. "I might as well tell you, first off, that I'm wise. Oh, yes, I know, even though you've never seen fit to give me the whole story. These things get around in the underworld, you understand. No matter about that; the point is, what's next? That's the question, sure as guns!"

Graham wearily sighed. "God knows!" he ejaculated.

"Perhaps. Perhaps not. Coming down from theory to practise, what do you think of this?"

Slowly he took from his pocket some memoranda. He sorted these over, selected a sheet of paper, and handed it to Graham. It read:

SECURITY STORAGE WAREHOUSE COMPANY,
220 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
Simon Dill, depositor, one sealed packet
July 12, 1906.

Nothing but that. Just those few words. Yet Graham, reading them, leaned forward, crumpling the paper in his hand. His eyes stared; his jaw dropped.

"W-w-w—*what?*" he gasped.

Piano laughed. "Not too bad, eh?" said he, with amusement.

"But—why—how on earth—" cried Graham, starting from his chair, every muscle tense. "How—"

The other waved a graceful hand.

"A mere trifle," answered he. "I've had that for more than a year. Been keeping it for you. Your affair, not mine. I wasn't going after it. Besides, I've had other things to do. So now, you see, we're back where we were a minute ago when I asked you, What next?"

For a minute Graham could find no answer. He stood there, dumb-stricken, void of any coherent thought, his mind a whirl. In his shaking hand the paper crackled. Piano regarded him with a quizzical, amused expression.

"Come, Switch," said he, "sit down and keep your new linen shirt on No dramatics now, if you please. That sort of thing's superfluous between us. Squat! We'll talk things over."

Graham sat down again, breathing heavily.

"You mean that you — I — that there's any way—"

"Somewhat so. It's yours. Two things stand between you and it. One, the law; two, a certain, definite quantity of stone, brick, cement, and steel. A simple problem in mechanics. Are you on?"

"But suppose the case were all reopened? Revised? And justice, justice— The courts—an appeal—"

Piano had to laugh. "You mean," asked he, as a schoolmaster might interrogate a child, "you mean to sit there and put such punk to me? After all the reading and thinking; after all the knowledge you've got, all the first-hand experience you've had with courts? Come out of it. Come, come!"

Graham hung his head, abashed.

"You're right," said he at last, a little recovered from his first strong emotion.

"Right? Of course. Money rules. You get that package, get the stuff and the book, you see? And you'll be fixed every way, everywhere. Otherwise you'll be in bad as long as you live. No way to square things but just that. Think it all over. When you've thought—well, you can always find me, or get news of me, at this address."

He penciled a number, One Hundred and Sixth Street, New York City, on a card, and laid the card on the table.

"Now," said he, rising, "I'm off. There's a little matter waiting for me down-town. It's all up to you. The fifty? Oh, I'm not bothering about that. It came easy."

He took his hat.

"Hold on!" cried Graham. "You—surely you aren't going *yet?* Why, I haven't heard anything! What room in the—warehouse—or—"

"Time enough for that later," answered Piano, with a quiet smile. "I leave for Gotham on the midnight. Ta-ta!"

Then, while Graham still protested, he nodded amiably and departed. John heard his step die out on the cheap red carpet in the hall.

When he was gone, Graham sat down, buried his head in his hands, and, as on the first night he spent in jail, he thought and thought and thought.

With his bed unslept in, he finally quitted the hotel at about a quarter past eleven and walked down to the South Station.

When the heavy express rolled out of the train-shed two men sat alone together in the smoking compartment of one of the Pullmans. One of these men was shrewd and middle-aged and quiet; the other, dressed in a very new suit, was young, slim, and conspicuously pale. Both had plenty of cigars. As the train pulled away from Back Bay and settled into its stride through the night for the run to Providence, they, too, settled down as for a long, long talk.

CHAPTER XIII.

En Route.

"NOW that you've made up your mind to join us," said Piano, blowing a cloud, "now that you've sized up the whole situation, seen the ease of 'disappearing' from your friends for a while, why, it's naturally up to me to give you a little more insight into things. But, first of all—"

"You're set, then," interrupted Graham, "dead set against doing the thing *for* me, on any terms whatever?"

Piano laughed with an irony that brought a temporary flush to the other's face. "I may be overfond of the legal tender, Switch," he answered, "but as for hiring out on another man's job—no, not much! What? You wouldn't incite to violence, would you? Or put wrong notions into an innocent head? No, no—nothing doing, Switch. Your quarrel, not mine. If you aren't man enough to take your own, then I wash my hands of you once for all, now and forever. That's the prime requisite in our world—nerve is. Whatever else we may or may not be, we have to be men."

Graham hung his head, ashamed. "I guess you don't need to say any more," he answered. "I apologize. Only, you know, the idea of—of—"

"Forget it! You've got too much brain and sand for me to have to point out the obvious any longer. Before we go a bit farther, is it yes or no? Just that."

"Yes, so help me!" exclaimed Graham, fully won over at last. In his eyes shone the strange light that Dill had seen there, only now more strong, more clear. He held out his hand.

Piano took it, in a silent clasp. The two men, so unlike, regarded each other narrowly.

"You'll do," said Piano at last. "I know the breed. It isn't because Johnny Yegg has a memory ten million miles long and never fails to invite a snitcher to a cold-meat party—it isn't because of that I trust you now. I understand you, maybe, better than you understand yourself. You're the goods!"

Beneath his speech, back of his look, a less fundamentally honest man than Graham might have detected something not quite sincere, something that hinted almost at some veiled ulterior motive; but this Graham did not see. He only looked steadily at his companion, with a strange, intent expression on his face. For a minute there was silence between them, as the train, fast gathering speed, swayed, clattering over switch-points and drummed on, on, into the night.

"The goods, yes, or I'm a parson!" repeated Piano. "You'll need every ounce of nerve you've got, and then some, before you're through."

"Will it be—extremely dangerous?" Graham asked.

"That depends on how you go about it. Depends on the personal equation. Take me, for example. I've 'fallen' more than the average simply because I once in a while let my temper run away with me, and try to grab everything in sight. Another man, more moderate, might never get in bad. Average things up, and I don't suppose that 'crushing' is much more perilous than any business. Especially as our motto is 'Stick and slug!' and the flatties know it."

"You mean they're afraid of—of—" hesitated Graham, loath to speak the word "cracksmen."

"Scared stiff, on the whole," smiled Piano. "Afraid to tackle us, for the most part, let alone pushing a case. They'd rather give us a 'shake-down' or run in push-cart men who haven't got a license. It's safer—lots. If it weren't for 'rats,' they'd make a mighty poor show at settling Johnny Yegg. Look how Chief Wilkie himself, back in 1908, begged Congress for a whacking stool-pigeon fund! I guess that shows something, all right. Look at this, too."

He handed Graham a clipping, neatly pasted on yellow paper. Graham read:

> Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge, of the Chicago force, says: "It is to be regretted that every chief of police has not at his disposal a good liberal secret-service fund, from which he could pay for information regarding this class

of criminals. Of course, such information can come only from some one in close touch with them; and my notion is that a good stool-pigeon of this kind is a source of valuable information and should be well paid for his services. Never pay a pigeon until he delivers the goods, and then you are certain he will not "throw" you.

"Pretty much of an admission, eh?" said Piano. "As for the pigeons, once we spot 'em — well, we clip their wings all right enough. We're a close-hanging, hard-hitting crowd, sure as guns. Rest easy, old man. You've got less to worry over than the average bank-clerk."

"Oh, it wasn't that I was thinking about, anyhow," answered Graham. "What occurred to me was this: Here I am, green as paint, stacking into a game that's one of the hardest and most skilful and brainy of any in the world. Now, then, how—"

"I understand. Why, of course, Switch, you can't graduate with a degree of Past-master Peterman in one night, or ten. But with your delicate ear and clever fingers, your superior education, it won't take you long. I give you the chance to join the swellest 'mob' on earth. No need for you to start as a 'gay-cat' with fake sores made by creosote, begging with a package of cards, or 'duckets,' as we call them, to spy out the marks.

"No need for you to work into a shinny-mark gang of rough-necks that dub around Podunk post-offices and work with tools weeded from a blacksmith-shop; that use old tin lanterns and iron sledge-hammers, and that don't know any better way than to rip a box to pieces. The sort that make their get-away on a hand-car, and think themselves rolling in the lap of fortune if they split a bundle consisting of stamps, bad checks, a pail of false teeth, and a money-order book. It isn't that sort of a deal you're going to get. No, not by a big, brown jugful!

"Hardly, Switch. You're going to travel with a mighty good imitation of scientists. You're going to find out all about a kind of soup that comes in rubber bottles, and that makes the hardest tool-chest look like cheese. You're going to put your electrical knowledge to the slickest use you ever dreamed of, and to see neat work. Neat? Beautiful!

Graham drew at his cigar. It had gone out, but he failed to notice it. Piano struck a match for him

"You, I suppose," said Graham, when the smoke was curling again, "you had to —to begin in the—what you call the old-fashioned way?"

"Partly so. When I was serving my apprenticeship, most of the new, scientific methods were unknown as yet. But from the very first I had the advantage of knowing all about safes and vaults. I'd built so many, you see. Yes, and opened so many, too, in cases where the owners had lost the combination. That helped a lot.

"Then, besides, I fell in with Max Shinburn, almost at the start. Max is retired now. It was Max, you know, that invented nearly all the light, modern tools—though he never got a patent or a royalty on any of 'em, more's the pity. I suppose nobody ever lived who could beat him on the job. And nerve? He was a marvel."

"Go on," said Graham, eagerly listening.

"Just as an example, that time after the forty-thousand-dollar break at Whitehaven, Pennsylvania. He got 'dropped,' you remember? No? I forgot that all this is new to you; it's A, B, C to me, you see. They kept him in a hotel overnight at Whitehaven. Handcuffed to a fly cop, he was, and sleeping in the same bed with him, in a room off one where the general super of the agency slept. The super had taken the clothes of both men and locked them in a closet in his own room. The bracelets were 'ratchets,' the safest out. Not much show for a get-away there, you say.

"Listen. Max smuggled the nib of a steel pen between his fingers, and a second before they locked the bracelets he dropped the nib into the ratchet. That tiny bit of steel blocked the bolt, even though the wrister seemed to be safe. About midnight, Max opened the cuff, crept out, reached the hall, went into a guest's room, grabbed off a full outfit of clothes, dressed, and vamoosed. That's going some, eh?"

Graham whistled.

"Right after that," continued Piano, "I helped him on what was my first big crush, the Ocean Bank break, in New York. Our mob cleaned up a bit over a million. I was in with him on the Manhattan Savings Bank job, too; that came to two million seven hundred thousand in cash and bonds. I remember our whole kit was packed in one small handbag; nearly everything his own invention. The swag, though—it took us all to stow and carry it.

"He and I lit out for Belgium after that.

There wasn't any extradition treaty then; it was a lead-pipe. We didn't do much for a while, but finally we both got uneasy. Funny, how hard it is to loaf, once you understand the business, even though you've got plenty of scads. We piped things off, and finally tackled the Provincial Bank of Viveres. Got in bad, too. Five years for Max, ten for me—the longest bit I ever did—and all for a mere tiny trifle. It just shows you the value of looking out for details, that's all."

Piano threw away his cigar and took a fresh one. His face had grown quite serious. Graham looked at him with wonder.

"What happened?" asked he.

"I'll just tell you this, and then we'll turn in," answered Piano. "Lots to do tomorrow. No use rag-chewing all night. But the way we 'broke our legs' over that tenth-rate job is really worth hearing, even though it's humiliating to think about."

"How so?"

"This way. The building was a cinch. We got in, like child's-play, through a back door, by unscrewing an old-fashioned lock. Max set the lock aside, to replace it later, and put the screws in his vest-pocket. I took my shoes off and set them in the bank yard. Well, we inspected the vault—for we were only on a sort of preliminary expedition, anyway—left the building and replaced the lock. One of the screws was missing. We hunted everywhere for it, but couldn't find it. Good reason. It was stuck to a piece of wax in Shinburn's pocket.

"While we were hunting, a patrolling *gendarme* found my shoes. He whistled for help. We didn't dare to run, and both got 'dropped.' Max explained everything—he could talk French like a Frenchman—and soothed things down. They were just going to let us go, when a watchman reported that one of the screws of the lock was missing. They searched us then. Oh, yes, we found out where the screw was, all right enough. So did they. You know the rest."

"You had some time for reflection, all right," commented Graham.

"Oh, just a little. But I learned French myself, so it wasn't all wasted. I learned, too, that no detail is too small to overlook. I partly mastered my temper as well. Yes, I've been in 'stive' since then, but not for long. These American mouse-traps are cinches. But a French bastile—that's different.

"Only for my getting mad so easily, and sometimes overreaching for the spon, I'd be safe enough. Those are faults you won't have to contend with. I've always fought 'em, but I haven't always won out. Another thing I've fought—and you must, too, if ever you get ditched again, is being 'mugged' and Bertilloned. I don't believe a pen in this country has got a really accurate set of my measurements or a decent portrait. As for my finger-prints, I change those once in a while."

He held out his hands, palm up. Graham saw that the tips of the fingers had been cross-hatched with fine cuts, blurring and destroying the telltale marks of identification.

"A few new scars, now and then," remarked Piano casually, "will go a long way toward putting the bulls into a barren pasture. Just a practical point or two, you see, in case you ever need any—which I sincerely hope you won't."

"Thank you," said Graham, not wholly at ease. The look in Piano's curious eye was a trifle disconcerting, as was also the obvious gusto with which, once started, he talked about his exploits. Graham felt relieved when a hand turned the door of the smoking compartment, and a mahogany face, surmounted by a porter's cap, peered in.

"Half pas' one, gemmen," announced an African voice. "Ef yo' gemmen's wantin' to go to baid, yo'r baids is fixed."

"All right," answered Piano. "We'll be ready in a couple of minutes." Then to Graham:

"You take my word for it, old man, Steel's a mighty unsafe thing to put money into. It's bound to break, sure, before we're much older. I've followed the market long enough to know. Security Storage stock's not much better. There's a sensational drop pretty nearly due to arrive, sure as guns. Mark that."

The porter withdrew, murmuring complaints about the hours and habits of brokers in general and his two late passengers in particular.

"Come on, Switch," said the cracksman. "If I keep on talking, I'll never come to an end, so I might as well quit now as later. It's time we both were pounding the ear. Otherwise you'll be dopy when we reach civilization, and that won't do at all. You'll need all the nerve and balance you've got, or can develop, before long. Come on!"

Both men turned in. But long after Piano was contentedly dreaming, Graham lay wide-eyed in the darkness of his berth—which somehow reminded him terribly of a prison-bunk—listening to the stuffy night sounds in the sleeper, the swish-swish of the curtains, and the clattering music of the wheels upon the metal. He was thinking, too, of all that he had heard; wondering feverishly about all that, for weal or wo, the future held for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

The "Swell Mob."

IT may seem strange pausing now on the threshold of Graham's new life, that the man should have needed so much hard experience of present-day law and order; so much thought, reading, and persuasion, before abandoning once for all the methods of conventionality, before definitely throwing in his lot with the only men who could now help him win his own. Yet you must remember that Graham was no ordinary fellow, of vague or formless principles; that all his life he had been trained to believe, had been nurtured all through his boyhood, all through his college days, as is the custom of colleges, in the faith that the bases of society are just, and that abstract principles of right determine the actual working-out of the world's problems.

Hence it was that even at the very last moment he still hesitated, beating about for some hand-hold of belief, some footing of hope that there perhaps might be some other way. Only when he had come to see that nothing else remained save to make a law unto himself, to reverse by personal action the verdict rendered through perjury and guile—only then, with a clear conscience, did he face his own soul, and realize that if right were ever to be his, it must come through what the world calls wrong.

In company with Piano, who advised him now to let his beard and mustache grow for greater safety, he met, next morning, two members of the "mob" in which he had at last decided to enlist himself as an apprentice. He had once read in a highly-colored magazine article a description of a yeggman's "dump" or hang-out. This had led him to expect, perhaps, some disorderly den on the East Side, in an attic or cellar—a dark room littered with tools, empty bottles, begging-cards, and cigar-butts, the walls hung with ragged clothes, the air foul and dank. It came rather as a surprise, then, when Piano ushered him into well-kept bachelor apartments, reached by an elevator, on the fifth floor of a house in One Hundred and Sixth Street, not many doors west of the park.

"Welcome to our home, sweet home," said Piano hospitably, closing the outer door behind them. He whistled softly. A step sounded in the hall. Graham turned. Toward him he saw advancing a tall, erect, fine-looking man, with a thoughtful and deep-lined face—a man whose forehead, high and intellectual; whose beard, parted in the middle and brushed away sharply toward either side, gave him the air of a respected and substantial banker, broker, or merchant.

"Here's Switch, at last," said Piano, with a smile. "Switch, shake hands with Adam. You'll get on famously together, I know, even though you may not always agree on matters of theory. Don't argue with Adam, whatever you do," he added jestingly to Graham. "I warn you, now, there isn't one of us can floor him on logic."

The older man gave no heed to this sally, but extended a fine and strong hand to Graham.

"I'm glad to see you," said he quite simply, with a marked German accent. "Here, I take your hat, so." He waved toward the room at the front end of the hallway.

Piano led the newcomer thither. Graham found himself in a comfortable sitting-room. His first glance showed him book-cases, a morris-chair or two, a table covered with magazines and papers. In one of the chairs another man was sitting, smoking a long-stemmed, tasselled pipe. The man rose to greet him.

As, again introduced by Piano, Graham shook hands with Tumbler, he noted the man's trim side-whiskers, somewhat bald head, and well moulded mouth.

"Sit down," said Tumbler pleasantly, though with a sharp and steady look. He indicated a chair, then shoved a box of cigars toward Graham; who, to relieve the embarrassment that had got hold on him, took one and lighted it. He sat down, crossed his legs, looked from one to the other of the men, and—finding nothing pertinent to say—said nothing.

But his self-consciousness lasted not a minute. If he expected to be quizzed or put through any course of sprouts, pleasant

disappointment came at once. Adam looked in through the door just long enough to excuse himself, on the ground that he couldn't leave a little experiment he was carrying on at the back of the flat, and withdrew.

Piano and Tumbler fell into an easy conversation about the base-ball pennant prospects, then drifted from that to the state of the market, and so to the subject of high prices. Graham found himself presently taking a third hand in the talk, just as he would have done with any other men of equal culture. Half an hour passed, and the air of the room was gray before so much as any mention of "shop" came up.

"By the way, where's Dave?" asked Piano, glancing at his watch. "Here it is almost eleven. I thought he'd be here before now."

"Dave?" answered the other, dropping into the curious lingo whereof Graham had already heard a little from Piano. "Oh, he's out after a little dooley—for to-night, you know. Had to go across to Jersey for it, to Donahue's. He said he was going to fix things with a 'gager' over there, too; Mandelbaum, I think he said the name was. Powell's getting a bit risky, since the front office bulls butted in there last week."

"That's right, too," assented Piano, as he pocketed his watch again. "Some gabby or other must have been bawling. Maybe we'll find out who, and hand him one yet, before we're done. Well—no use worrying about that. Got the route laid out, drags mapped, bait planted, and all?"

Tumbler nodded, opened a drawer in his table, and took out a note-book and a road-map of southern Connecticut. The map he spread upon the floor. He drew from his pocket a gold-mounted fountain-pen, and traced a line irregularly from New York City to Southbridge.

"This," said he judicially, "is the best we can do, taking everything into consideration, state of the roads, various town ordinances about speed, and so forth." He turned to Graham. "Perhaps you don't quite understand everything as yet," he explained.

"A drag, that's what we call a street, you know; and planting the bait means getting a line on the building, the gopher—the safe, I mean—the watchmen, and all that sort of thing. We're going to take a run out to-night in the machine. Piano's told you? No? Well, no matter. You just keep your lamps lit, and by to-morrow you'll be a whole lot wiser than you are to-day."

He slid from the chair, knelt and studied the map with scrupulous attention. Graham, an idea occurring to him, turned and looked at Piano with raised eyebrows. "He—he knows about my case?" whispered he.

Piano shook his head. "Only me," he answered, tapping his breast. Then he touched his lips. Graham saw again the curious, subtle look in Piano's eyes; he wondered, vaguely, what interest the man could have, after all, in thus taking on as a member of the mob, in thus imitating him. But though the thought gave him a moment's uneasy reflection, he put it away. Whatever the motive, come what might, here he was. That much was certain, anyhow. He stood at last on the first round of the ladder of achievement, of revindication. Nothing else mattered much. Too late, now, for any hesitation, any notion of withdrawal. He looked, while Tumbler's pen indicated an ink-marked spot on the map.

"Here she is," said Tumbler, reflectively. "We go in at the east end of the town, by way of Hotchkiss Street. Cross the railroad. Take the second stem to the left. Leave the machine back of the Baptist Church. Then all we have to do is go west one block, take the alley running from High to Wilson, and—get busy. A pipe! By half-past one we ought to be out of town again and making things buzz for home, eh?"

He looked up with a smile. "About to-morrow morning," he added, "the Southbridge National Bank people, and the bulls and 'pencils'—the reporters, you know—will be having something to speculate about. Maybe there'll be a few thankful bank-officers, at that. It happens more than once," he explained, as in answer to Graham's surprised look, "that a man short in his accounts welcomes us like we were angels of glory. Welcomes us? Why, don't you remember that East Warwick mark we were tipped off to by the cashier?" he asked Piano.

"Saved *him* from stripes, all right! As for us—well, we got all that was left, anyhow, little as it was. Banks, you know," turning to Graham, "are put up the flue about ten times by the men inside to once by *us*."

Then, as Graham's eyes widened, Tum-

bler laughed: "Oh, that's only one of the ten thousand things you've still to learn about the world as it is, not as most people think it is!"

They talked till lunch-time, laying out all the details of the expected raid. Graham, of course, listened much and said little, but what he said betrayed a quick perception and so ready an understanding that both Piano and Tumbler now and then paused to look at him and nod approvingly. At the meal, served in right decent style in the dining-room by an old, close-lipped man whom the new-comer spotted at once as having done time, Adam thawed out and became argumentative. He tried to start a discussion of the tariff, but, nobody venturing to oppose him, had to drop it for very lack of antagonism.

The conversation swung round to shop-talk, after a while, interspersed with an astonishing profusion of "monicas" or nicknames in the profession, of technicalities, and all but incomprehensible expressions. But Graham sat tight, kept his ears open, and—what with the use of his brains, what with the occasional explanation that came his way—began already to feel himself less a stranger to their thought and life than when he had entered the flat.

Toward three o'clock that afternoon Dave came in. He was a short, muscular fellow, beardless, and brown-eyed. His appearance suggested that of a well-to-do young business man. He outlined what he had that morning done: the arrangements he had made with Mandelbaum, the "fence" or "phony-broker," who, he said, would dispose at a fair rate for them of any negotiable bonds or papers captured in the forthcoming crush.

"You understand, of course," Piano explained to Switch, "that we can push out cash or stamps, ourselves; but when it comes to paper, then we have to be careful. A first-class phony-broker is one of the most important things we have to look out for. It's a dangerous stunt, that sort of thing. We had a man once who got caught with a bundle of railroad stocks.

They got him bang to rights and would have shoved him, only he'd already taken the precaution of putting the stocks on the sidewalk and stepping on them with a muddy boot. So, of course, when he swore he'd found them, they couldn't prove he hadn't. Yes, naturally we lost the stuff, but, then, the broker saved his skin, which was something. See the value of detail? It's just what I told you before—perpetual vigilance, and so forth. That's a dodge worth knowing, in a pinch, that muddy boot racket is."

The others laughed at the reminiscence. Switch stowed that information away with all the rest. He remembered, too, the rather startling sight they showed him in the little kitchen—a pan of hot water steaming on the gas-stove, with half a dozen yellow sticks of dynamite lying at the bottom, dynamite which Dave had brought from Jersey City, where he had purchased it from his contractor friend, Donahue.

"That's the way we make our 'soup' or 'grease' or 'sap' or 'oil,' whichever you want to call it," Dave explained. "Only the low-class 'gopherman' still uses powder or 'sawdust'-dynamite. With nerve enough to do it right, anybody can soak the stuff, pour off the water, and collect the nitro-glycerine. Of course, if it gets too hot, or anything happens—good-by; but that's part of the job not to let anything happen. See here, now."

While Graham watched him a trifle nervously, he took up the tin and decanted the water into the sink. Very skilfully he did it, leaving a yellowish liquid at the bottom.

"See that?" he added, with nonchalance. "Well, if anything should just happen to make that let go, I guess pieces of this kitchen would land somewhere over at College Point. Maybe Jamaica. Oh, it would make the boss noise, all right enough. But, you see, we've got accidents guarded against, like this."

He set the pan down, took a rubber flask from a cupboard, and with a marvelously steady hand poured the deadly liquid into it. This done, he corked the flask with a rubber stopper, and set it back on the shelf.

"I love my roast beef, but oh you soup!" he laughed; and Piano joined him, as did Tumbler, who stood looking through the door as unconcernedly as though the nitro had been so much coffee.

That night, at half-past nine, Piano called up the Union Garage and ordered the machine sent round.

"It certainly looks good to muh," he remarked, casting an eye out the window at the dark and cloudy sky. "If it comes on to rain, so much the better. Most mobs only do their plant-hunting in summer, and leave the real work till winter, when the

nights are long That's why we reverse the deal. They aren't expecting trouble, in summer; it's twice the cinch, you see?"

Graham nodded.

"Do you know," said he, "I've been thinking about the way I had my finger-prints taken, back in Pemberton Square. What would be the matter with all of us wearing gloves? Then, if anybody should happen to leave a mark, or anything—"

Dave slapped him on the shoulder.

"Good idea!" he assented. "No flies on that, none whatever. Gloves it is, for everybody!" Tumbler seemed pleased; even old Adam smiled.

"I imagine, my frient," said he slowly in his labored English, "dat you will haf many goot suggestions to make, before you been mit us a very long vhile." He turned to Dave "De spreader? You got him?"

"Yes," answered Dave. "Piano's going to take charge of that and the wax. I suppose you'll carry the keister. As for me, the oil's about enough for me to look after. Well, are we ready?"

"Where do *I* fit?" asked Graham, beginning to tingle with a strange new excitement, as the men took their coats from the hat-tree and began getting into them.

"You, buddy? Oh, here—this puffing-rod will do for a starter for you," said Dave. He slid a revolver into Graham's pocket. Graham shuddered, so strongly the act brought back to him memories of what had happened in Dill's office more than four years ago. But he said nothing.

Five minutes later they were all in the racing-car, a quiet, respectable little party, as of well-to-do amateur motorists.

Piano, at the wheel, threw in the low-speed clutch; the car coughed, trembled, then with gathering momentum slid down the asphalt slope of One Hundred and Sixth Street toward the park.

Graham realized, vaguely as in a dream, that at last he was embarked upon a course whence there could be no turning back, upon the greatest adventure of his life, rich with possibilities of most tremendous moment for good—or ill

CHAPTER XV.

His First "Crush."

THE car turned north, skirted the park, swung east into One Hundred and Tenth Street, and made a smooth, quick run 'cross-town to Third Avenue. Here it right angled again, up the avenue, crossed the bridge, and before long veered into Boston Road. Piano guided it with sure and dexterous skill. Perhaps the knowledge that an accident of any sort might disclose the sort of freight they carried, even if it did not set off the nitro-glycerine and sprinkle them broadcast over the scenery, added steadiness to his grip.

With him on the front seat was Adam. Dave, Tumbler, and Graham sat together in the tonneau. In Dave's right-hand breast pocket reposed the bottle of "sap." Dave, therefore, sat at the right of the other two lest any one should happen to jostle him.

Under the seat lay the satchel and a suit-case. The former contained the kit, while in the latter was concealed the powerful "spreader," the only bulky tool they counted on having to use.

"No way in this world for us to fall down to-night," remarked Tumbler, pulling his flat English cap down tight as the wind began to tug at it on the stretch between Prospect Hill and Pelham Manor.

"An hour and a half will bring us to Southbridge; two hours at the outside. Say midnight. By twelve-fifteen we ought to be in the bank. You've got the crib down cold, you say. I reckon we'll be headed for home by one, maybe sooner."

The talk ran on and on, with Graham attentive to every word, learning from every syllable things which the average man has no conception of. Faster, faster still sped the racing-car. It ate the distance greedily to New Rochelle, its acetylene lamps flinging long, tremulous shafts of radiance far ahead. Through the town it slowed a bit, then hit the pace once more toward Mamaroneck.

As it passed through Port Chester they heard bells striking eleven. Presently Stamford lay behind. Glenbrook and Norwalk followed soon, the car never skipping an explosion, the exhaust drumming its soft music, *Brrrrrrr!* with the precision of the perfect mechanism it was.

There was scant talk now. Each of the party was busy with his own thoughts, as the goal drew nearer, nearer, in the starless night.

North, now, the road ran, through a diversified country of woods and rolling hills. In places the car ran into sand; then, as a fine and misty rain settled down, into slippery skin-coats of mud that caused the tires

to skid a bit. They paused for a few minutes north of New Canaan to get the chains out of the box and put them on the rear wheels.

"We can't afford to take any chances of any kind, you see," remarked Tumbler to Graham, as the car got under way once more. "It's all a matter of details, from the plant-hunting to the getaway. Every time a break fails, you can lay it to some oversight.

"They say everybody in this line or any other always overlooks some one point. That's why the 'fingers' once in a while cop us out, some of us. If they weren't boobs and mutton-heads almost from A to Z, they'd flop more of us, but as things are, we're decently safe."

"So Piano, here, was telling me," answered Graham. "But—"

"Shhh! Cut it!" growled Piano from his place at the wheel. "Time enough for gas later. Stow that, and keep your eyes peeled, you windy gervers! No hoptalk now!"

Silence followed, save for the purring of the car, the occasional squash and splatter as it struck a muddy rut. Into the men's faces drove the misty rain. They muffled up their great-coat collars about their ears. On, on through the dark they sped, their machine seemingly drawn and guided forward by the ribbons of light it jetted out before.

"Two miles more," at last said Dave, touching Piano on the shoulder. Piano slackened speed and turned off the lights. Thereafter they trundled along at a slow jog, meeting nobody save once a belated farmer with a frightened horse that ran him into the ditch. He swore violently at them, but they replied not even by a laugh or a jibe.

Cautiously they crept into the town. Here and there a window still showed its square-paned patch of illumination, but for the most part the place seemed wrapped in sleep. The street-lights, few and feeble, did no more than cast faint rays across their way. Down one side-street Graham saw a solitary and dejected-looking policeman, but this guardian of the peace did not even so much as notice their noiseless passage. They followed closely the route laid down for them by Tumbler. Graham, with increasing nervousness, took note of everything—the railroad crossing, the entrance into the second street to the left, then the big, white church with its tall pillars and its square spire fading eerily up into the dark.

Unseen, the car trundled into the open space beside the church, turned and stopped behind it, out of sight of the street. Adam climbed out first, then Piano. Dave descended very carefully, holding his hand to his breast where lay the flask.

"All right, you now!" whispered Tumbler to Graham. He, too, got out. "Twelve-fifteen," he heard Piano say. "Fine and dandy!" Then Tumbler added, "Here, come now, take these!" and handed out first the suit-case, then the satchel.

Presently the five men, under cover of darkness, had one by one issued out onto High Street, through an alley. Not a soul was in sight. "Hold that gun ready," whispered Piano. "I've got one, too. Don't wait a minute in case of trouble, but throw it into John Law for all you're worth!"

Rapidly and silently as specters they turned down another unlighted alley, following the lead of Tumbler. Graham, straining his eyes, could make out vaguely the dark forms of the yeggmen. Suddenly Tumbler went "Stttt!" and Graham saw a little white circle of light fall on some iron bars. He perceived, then, that Tumbler held an electric flash-lamp. By its dimly-reflected light he saw the dim, eager faces of the rest.

"The spreader, here!" he heard Piano say in an undertone. Somebody was kneeling in the mud. Came a click, as the suit-case opened. Then the electric flash showed a curious apparatus being adjusted to the bars. All that Graham could see was just this thing and a pair of hands at work; the effect was uncanny. He shivered slightly, despite the drizzling closeness of the night, but only gripped his "cannon" more tightly. "Stick and slug!" the motto came to his mind. He waited, breathlessly, watching the work at the barred window.

The spreader, he saw, was a combination of simplicity and marvelous force, one of the most ingenious and useful tools imaginable. As nearly as he could make out, it consisted of a solid steel screw with two grip-nuts of steel at one end and a massive hub-shaped nut in the middle. This hub was pierced with holes.

He saw hands adjust the thing so that one end rested against the masonry window

jamb while the other engaged a thick vertical bar.

"Hold 'er!" commanded Piano.

Other hands held the thing in place; then a strong and heavy lever was slid home in one of the holes. Graham saw the lever turning the hub-like nut. The spreader lengthened. "All right now," whispered Piano. "Just keep a light on here, and I'll have things loose in a jiffy!"

He withdrew the lever, put it again into another hole, and again pulled it down. Thus, one hole by one, he turned the great nut. The bar began to bend. Braced though it was, above and below, by transverse irons, the metal had to yield. Steadily round and round went the nut; steadily the bar bellied out. All at once, *Snap!* it went. Graham saw that it had been pulled clean in two, about three inches from its insertion into the stone-work.

"Jove!" thought he. "What chance has any bar got against that?"

Hardly two minutes later another bar was broken, and both had been bent up out of the way.

During this time Adam had opened the satchel, had taken out and screwed together a high-grade steel sectional jimmy, and was now prepared to force the window, inside the bars.

The jimmy bit. A hand put a pebble under it, for a fulcrum. Adam and Tumbler threw their weight onto its outer end, while Dave—with the rubber bottle in his pocket—stood back out of harm's way. A catch snapped. The sash went up. Graham caught his breath.

"Flash the glim in there!" whispered Piano. The little white light glinted here, there, showing an office with heavy and old-fashioned furniture. By the vague reflection Graham caught a little spark of light from a revolver in Dave's hand.

"Come on, boys!" he heard Adam say. "Here, Dave, giff me de oil!"

As had been previously arranged, Tumbler and Dave were to be the "outside men," leaving Adam and Piano for the inside work. Graham, too, was to accompany them, not only as a guard, but also because Piano had insisted on giving him a chance to learn the game—a game which the others, naturally, already understood.

So, Graham realized, the moment was now come when for the first time in his life he was to enter, without warrant of permission or law, the property of other men; when for the first time he was to see the actual working of experienced yeggs. He forgot almost to breathe. The excitement of the game was on him; his eyes stared through the gloom; in his ears he heard the blood-stream rushing fast.

Easily, quietly, Adam peered in, then slid a leg over the sill, stooped through the opening, drew his other leg in, and dropped noiselessly to the floor. He reached out, and from Dave took the rubber flask.

"You next!" said Piano. Graham clambered after Adam, while Tumbler lighted the way for him with the flash-lamp. Last came Piano. Tumbler handed him the light.

"Give us twenty minutes," said Piano, "and we're with you. Shoot if you have to; but first, diplomacy!"

"Go on, go on!" answered Tumbler. "What d'you think I am? A fritzer?"

Piano made no reply, but, pointing the little beam of light this way and that, advanced on noiseless, soft-shod feet across the office.

"You, Switch," he continued, "be ready! If we run into the watchman, there'll be a muss, sure. Take a hand!"

They reached a door, at the left. Adam tried it.

"Locked, off course," said he. Piano directed the light into the satchel; the German chose a long-nosed pair of key-nippers with hollowed-out jaws. Deftly he manipulated this in the keyhole, seized the stub of the key and gently turned it. A moment later the door swung clear.

While Piano flashed the light inside and peeked through—an anxious moment, always, for every crook that breaks and enters—Graham stood listening keenly. He, too, looked. He saw dimly a wire grating, some desks and stools, and recognized the conventional fittings of a bank office. But he had not long to wait; for now the others were advancing.

Silently they all three entered the inner room. Adam closed the door. Then they stole along behind the desks. The two yeggs knew their way perfectly, although they never yet had seen the place. Dave's reconnaissance had made all plain to them. In a few seconds they had reached the further end of the grating. Now they must turn to the right and cross the floor of the bank. The vault, they knew, was at the back.

Like wraiths the little "three-string" ad-

vanced toward it. But, all at once, a sound came from somewhere off to the left—a sound of stealthy footsteps. Graham's heart leaped. He knew, instinctively, that a watchman had perceived them and was creeping down a corridor, the dark opening of which he could just make out, as greater blackness in the gloom, at the far corner. He felt a tug at his sleeve and ran forward, with the other two, into the shelter of a little alcove where stood two tables for the use of patrons of the bank.

Unbreathing, the trio waited. On came the watchman. They saw a yellow light trembling along the floor; then, quite suddenly, a dark figure appeared. "Uhhh!" they heard a grunt of surprise.

Up went the figure's arm, in the unmistakable gesture of a man about to shoot. A pistol-hammer clicked. But Graham, at one side, leaped like a panther. He drove his fist at the man. It landed hard. Graham heard the pistol clatter on the marble.

The watchman's cry died, choked in its inception by Piano's grip on his throat. Adam, daring not to take a hand because of the nitro, stood back. "Tie him, dat's all!" he whispered sibilantly. The three fighting men went down in a heap, Piano's clutch never weakening. The watcher's lantern flickered out, ill-smelling.

"In my right-hand pocket—the cord!" commanded Piano. Graham fumbled it out, trembling with eagerness, a strange and wild passion filling him. With a quick dexterity he never knew lay in him, he triced the man. Piano gagged him with his own handkerchief. Inside of a minute and a half the watchman, safely disposed of, lay under the tables in the alcove.

They heard his labored breathing, the creaking of his futile, dumb struggles as they stood there listening to determine whether any further interference might be expected.

But all was still. Except for the trickle of water, somewhere, from a broken rain-spout, no sound at all.

"Vell, boys, now to vork!" said Adam.

They left the watchman and again advanced toward the vault.

"Hmmm! Old-fashioned brick affair," commented Piano scornfully, running the circle of electric light rapidly over the glazed surface of the bricks, so assuring to depositors, so really useless. "If we wanted to bash that in with a sledge, I guess it wouldn't take long, but the oil's quicker. You watch, now," he added to Graham. "You're going to learn a thing or two, believe me!"

His inspection of the vault finished, he glinted the light over the door, noting with scorn the apparent solidity of the smooth and handsomely-painted plates, of the huge hinges, and the polished knob and dial. Nickel and scroll-work never could fool *him*.

"I guess she won't bother us much!" commented he. "Look at that crack!" And with his forefinger he indicated a tiny line between the door and the jamb that the ordinary observer would never so much as have noticed.

An old-fashioned worker would have taken a punch and hammer, made a dent for his drill-point to catch on, then with lots of elbow-grease and sweat would have bored a hole. Into this he would with bellows and funnel have blown some "puff" and touched it off with a fuse. Nothing like that for Adam and Piano!

Already Adam was softening up, in his deft hands, a mass of soap and wax, putty-like and sticky. This stuff he quickly spread all up and down the edges of the door, the top and bottom, leaving only a little space where the crack had attracted Piano's scornful attention.

Then, while Graham watched him with keen attention, he fashioned a small cup at the bottom of the unsoaped space.

"Dere!" sighed he. "Now for de grease. You get de cap and battery."

Carefully he drew the rubber bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and with a steady hand poured part of its contents into the cup. The formidable liquid seeped down into the crack, filling the air-tight space between the door and the jamb. Piano, in the meanwhile, had taken from the satchel a roll of insulated wire and a dry-battery, together with a detonating-cap. He set the cap in the soap-cup, made the proper attachment and uncoiled the wire, while Graham held the light for him. Adam poured a few more drops of the nitro-glycerine over the cap.

"Now," said he, "ve blanket her and den set her off."

Quickly they piled some chairs against the vault and covered everything with a heavy rug. The wires were then led off to the alcove, out of the direct line of explosion.

"All ready?" asked Piano, totally indif-

ferent to the writhing and groaning of the pinioned watchman.

"All retty," answered Adam. "Let her go!"

Graham, tense with excitement, saw a tiny spark in the gloom. Instantly a dull and muffled shock thudded through the room, hardly louder than the slamming of a very heavy door. The chairs tipped over, slid and fell to the floor. The echoes ceased. All grew still.

Piano snatched the lamp from Graham's trembling hand. In a second he was throwing light over the door, while Graham stood eagerly watching and Adam shoved the chairs away. Graham heard Piano laugh. He saw that both hinges had been broken off in a jagged line, and that an irregular crack extended from the dial half-way up the edge.

"Giff her anodder, and she'll cave," said Adam, calm and judicious as though it were merely a question of an obstinate ice-box.

Fifteen minutes later the outer door had been blown again and the shattered pieces laid aside, the inner one opened merely by Piano's delicate manipulation—the lock was a simple combination, of no real difficulty—and the "damper" or cash-drawer ripped open with another and smaller charge.

Before Graham's astonished eyes appeared thick stacks of bills, neatly bound with paper strips, together with some dozen coin-sacks of stout canvas. His hand shook so that he could hardly keep the pencil of light on the treasure.

"Well," remarked Piano, "this looks all right, don't it? Dave's a good steerer, that's no dream. He certainly didn't put us up against an empty 'bloomer' *this* time!" With entire coolness, as he spoke, he and Adam were cleaning out the drawer. "Dave has a way with him," he added, "of finding out just when deposits are heaviest, that beats all creation."

"Deposits may be heavy here to-night," chuckled Adam, "but diwidend-checks vill be light to-morrow. Most off dis 'darb,' you know," he explained to Graham, "belongs to de Inter-City Tramvay Corporation. Dey got to go shy, for a vhile, on buyin' franchises from honest and hard-vorkin' law-makers, eh, vot?"

So saying, he replaced the tools in the satchel, stowed away the dry-battery and the leading-wires, and then, with Piano's help, carefully packed in the money. Two bundles that would not fit he stowed in his pockets. He locked the bag.

They left the vault then, and came back into the large, dark, silent room. They set the chairs up, and by excess of professional pride in neatness laid the rug again. Piano took the light, went and flickered it over the watchman to assure himself the fellow was in no danger of suffocation.

"Sorry we've got to leave you side-tracked that way till morning," he apologized with mock politeness, "but there's no way out of it."

"*Aber ja*, maybe," contradicted Adam. He felt his way over to the telephone and unhooked the receiver. When the exchange answered, he casually remarked:

"Send somebody down to de First National, ven you get roundt to it. Dere's a man in drouble here." Then he hung up laughing.

"I guess dat vill relief him pooty soon," said he. "Perhaps, next time, he von't be so anxious to mix vit de bull-busters. Vell, boys, now ve go. Ve got time enough, but none to loose. Raus!"

Quickly they retraced their line of entrance and rejoined the others. They packed the spreader, distributed the burdens, and by separate ways, already decided upon, reached the motor which was standing ready behind the church.

Dave cranked the engine. It caught. They all climbed in.

Easily the car slipped away. Just before it reached the railway crossing they heard a trilling whistle, the rapping of a night-stick, and, soon thereafter, boots running rapidly over cobble-stones.

But, as Piano let out the powerful machine, the sleeping town vanished. It faded away behind them in the dark; and presently they heard no sound save the swift pulsing of the engine and the rush of the night-wind against their faces.

CHAPTER XVI.

Progress and a Piece of News.

THE end of August found Graham well broken to the fascinating work, no longer a mere "filler-in," but a useful, serviceable, and respected member of probably the swellest mob that ever operated in America. The newspapers, that summer, chronicled a long series of unusually daring crushes, now here, now there, within a

radius of a hundred miles from New York City. Sometimes two breaks would occur in a single night, miles apart, yet showing evidences of having been put through by the same mysterious gang, not one member of which could be rounded up by the authorities.

Many an old-time suspect, the miserable "Prussian" or tramp, had to be ditched or put in "stir" as a substitute for the real men or as a sop to public opinion. Like lightning, that never strikes twice in the same place, the mob could never be forestalled. Its "finders" or "plant-hunters," the police knew, must be marvelously clever.

Graham served in that capacity on several occasions. His keen powers of observation and his high natural intelligence made him invaluable. Rewards offered by city, county, or State officers brought no results. Stone and steel proved no effective barriers. No clues were ever left save an auto-track which became obliterated in a few miles. The old-time hand-car getaways became things of simplicity itself to trace, beside this modern mystification.

Graham lived at the flat all this time. He made no friends outside. He let his beard grow, as Piano had advised, and trimmed it to give himself the appearance of, indeed, what he really was—a young professional man. Though he shared with the others in the brassing-up, he carefully saved all this money and kept a strict private account of it, with the amount, place where taken, and date, set down in business-like form. What money he spent was all his own, drawn through an intermediary from his bank where he still had between three and four hundred dollars. Not one of the mob suspected that he ever intended to return to the upper world again.

Piano, of course, knew what had led him to join the gang; but Piano kept a close mouth. Graham, when one day repaying the fifty that had been loaned him in Boston, asked Piano point-blank his motive in having thus taken him into so close a circle. Piano with an apparent equal frankness answered that the underworld needed just such talents of eye, ear and brain as Graham possessed. Graham saw clearly that his teacher entertained hopes of bringing him permanently into the work. That idea, he finally decided, was all that lay in Piano's mind; though once in a while some little uneasy suspicion of possibly another motive, not quite so clear, would force itself upon his unwilling attention.

Occasionally Piano would bring up the matter of the Security Storage Warehouse and what lay therein, as though to stimulate Graham's interest. Yet for the most part that subject was not touched upon. Two or three times Graham showed impatience to be at the job; but then Piano always restrained him, counseling patience and greater knowledge.

Once Graham and he walked through Spring Street. They glanced up at the huge building of concrete and steel, impregnable as the fastnesses of Carcassonne were to any medieval warrior.

"A hard crib, that," Piano remarked, as they strolled on, not venturing to delay very long before the warehouse. "I tell you, Switch, the man who can crack *that*, deserves the title of Caunfort Ladran—which means a top-notch, boss, A-One person of quality.

"It's certainly a problem worthy of a master. No mush of a twenty-two-karat worker will ever solve it. Getting inside the building is only half the game. The rooms, once you get at them, are built of heavy armor plate and concrete. No chance to use the soup, in there, because of half-a-dozen watchmen and also because it wouldn't do any good.

I read in a scientific review, while it was being built, just how the room walls and the doors were constructed of layers of tool-steel and soft iron, all fastened by invisible screws so arranged that each one ends against solid metal. The bigger vaults are surrounded with railroad-iron, with the T's of the rails dovetailing into each other.

"There's no later word than this, in protection, I'm sorry to say. The warehouse people advertise that their place is absolutely proof against fire, water and the fraternity. We've got a little planning yet to do, you and I, before we go against it. The best we know, yet, is the good old nitroglycerine, but—" Piano shook his head as though in despair. "Old Dill was no dead one," he continued, "when he shoved the stuff away just where he did. He's a wise boy, sure as guns!"

All the way back to the flat, Graham was pondering, studying, thinking. The problem seemed insoluble; but the future, he knew, might bring the answer to that riddle as to every other.

(To be continued.)

The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

Merry Moments in Mathematics for the Methodical Minds of the Masters of Mensuration.

DAN M. POWELL, Black River, Washington, who has sent us some good ones in the past, wants you to answer this:

(14) On a cold day a flagman sees a puff of steam from an engine whistle, and between 9 and 10 seconds later hears the whistle. How far away is the train?

An "Ex-railroader," Andover, Massachusetts, sends in the following:

(15) A conductor starts out with a train of cars. At station No. 1 he sets off half his cars and half a car over. At station No. 2 he sets off half of what is left and half a car over. At station No. 3 he again sets off half of what is left and half a car over. At station No. 4 he also sets off half of what is left and half a car over. He then sees that he has set off the entire number of cars in the train. How many did he start out with?

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER TEASERS.

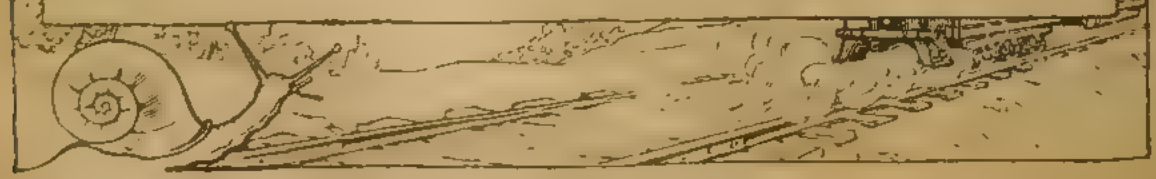
(10) Fourteen. There are seven No. 1's out of Chicago when you leave San Francisco, and one leaves each day until you arrive.

(11) 30,294 29-100 square feet.

(12) 2¼ times as loud.

(13) Pusher, 2,000 tons. Second engine, 1,600 tons. Proof: First engine, 1,200 tons + pusher, 2,000 = 3,200 tons—twice what second engine pulls. Second engine, 1,600 tons + pusher, 2,000 tons = 3,600 tons—three times what first engine pulls.

We want some new teasers. Do any of you boys know some good ones, similar to those we have published in the last few months? If so, send them to the editor. But do not send any without the correct solution.



ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

Merry Christmas to All the Boys and their Mothers, Wives, Sisters, and Best Girls, from the Man in the Magazine Cab.

IN JANUARY.

THE first train to leave our shops for the glad New Year of 1911 is already made up. We have inspected it thoroughly, gone through every bit of rolling stock, from the fine Atlantic to the observation-car, and it looks to us like a real hummer.

One of the most important things that we shall carry will be the first of a series of articles on freight. It is called "The A B C of Freight." It shows how freight rates are made, how freight is carried, and how it produces a great revenue for the railroad. In short, it is the history of freight so graphically described and so ably written that it will be a great education to all interested in the subject. The author is John B. Thomson, author of "Despatching Trains by Telephone," in this issue.

We have secured from W. J. Knight, the engineer who actually drove the locomotive "General," in its famous Civil-War journey when it was captured near Big Shanty, Georgia, April 12, 1862, his own story of this famous affair. It is a thrilling document, and will prove a valuable addition to the controversy concerning that famous engine

Another very practical article, especially directed to young railroad men, is written by C. H. Coe. It contains the sort of stuff that a young man rising in the railroad world ought to know and remember.

Arno Dosch will be with us again with a series of his interesting hairbreadth stories, which are this time entitled "Facing the Music," and Charles Frederick Carter, who has just returned from Europe, will write about the difference between American and European railroads—and there is quite a difference.

Our two new serials, "Mason, the Grizzly," by Chauncey Thomas, and "Through by Sunrise," by William S. Wright, get on the main line in this number. They are going to continue, too, as good as they have begun

In the short-fiction car for January, we find "The Death Tie," by Robert T. Creel, a story of unusual force, and a particularly good New Year yarn by Robert Fulkerson Hoffman. Then there are three or four others that we do not care to tell about just now, but in order to let you know that the humor tap is wide open, we announce "A Flagging Flirtation," by Lillian Bennet-Thompson, "Smith's Last Game," by Sumner Lucas; "The Boes and the Babies," by Augustus Wittfeld, while Honk and Horace have the time of their life trying to make some easy money.

J. E. Smith, who writes "The Observations of a Country Station-Agent," has some Christmas dope about railroad men that will make you want to open the laughter throttle and forget it. Gilson Willets will present one of his best bunches of Middle West stories.

These are only a few of the good things.

All aboard for the Happy New Year Special!

TELEPHONE vs. TELEGRAPH.

WE sincerely believe that the article on train-despatching by telephone, in this number, is a perfectly fair and impartial presentation of a new movement in an important branch of railroading. But if there are any operators who think otherwise, we will be glad to hear from them. We warmly welcome any claim that you boys may make that will prove that the telephone is a menace to your future

Some of the letters that we have already received from operators indicate a strong belief that the telephone will eventually replace the telegraph. There is no more chance of this, as we have said elsewhere, than there was of the telegraph replacing the mails when it was first put in operation. Let us take a case in point.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the strongest advocates of the telephone in train-despatching, in an effort to increase the interest in its telegraph school at Bedford, Pennsylvania, has sent broadcast a pamphlet describing the work which it is doing in the institution. The number of students enrolled up to September 1 of this year was two hundred and forty-three, of which number one hundred and fifty-one have graduated and are now employed as telegraphers. The Pennsylvania expects to increase this number materially by its campaign.

The students at the Bedford school are taught practical railroading. The regular railroad telegraph wires are run through the school, and train orders and telegrams are received and transmitted in the same way as is done in regular practise. An automatic sending machine, with a transmitter that can be set at any speed, has been installed in the school. This machine is used to teach the students to receive messages, and, as it

transmits at a uniform speed, it is of great advantage. The school is equipped with a library, as well as a miniature railroad with a perfect block-signal system. In addition to learning telegraphy the students are taught the duties of station-agents in order that they may be prepared to take charge of stations immediately upon graduation.

In the pamphlet which the Pennsylvania Railroad has just issued, it is announced that the school of telegraphy was established for the purpose of educating young men to become telegraph or telephone operators, and, to make it as easy as possible, only a nominal fee is charged. Students graduate in from six to eight months, and, as the pamphlet states, "all graduates are given positions on the Pennsylvania Railroad, with the assurance that if they are faithful in the discharge of their duties, they will have steady employment, and will be placed in line for promotion to higher positions."

Certainly, this does not look as if telegraphy in railroad service was on the wane

OIL-BURNING ENGINES.

REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, U.S.N. (retired), who recently made a tour of the Pacific Coast, says that the oil-burning engines of the different roads he traveled on impressed him as being a step in the right direction Admiral Evans examined a number of these locomotives personally, and although he is a man who has spent his life on war-ships, and has advocated many new ideas for the navy's betterment, he is a close student of all kinds of mechanism, and his words must carry some weight. He believes that oil will some day supersede coal entirely on our locomotives. If this is so, and it is a statement which cannot be sneezed at, oil will become the most valuable product in the United States. If, as he says, it stands for economy, cleanliness, and safety in locomotive propulsion, the chances are the burning of oil will become more and more a matter of necessity.

"THIRTEEN."

We are superstitious we never have been, and we would gladly borrow thirteen dollars from any one who would lend it to us We have always believed that calling "13" a hoodoo number is a great mistake, and we have some little proof of our belief in a telegraphic train order sent to us by W M Rogers, of the Georgia Railroad, Atlanta, Georgia

In this particular train order, the number 13 appears eight times. The train order is No 13, and it was issued August 13, to the conductor and engineer of train No. 13, and says, "No 212, engine 33, and No 13, engine 13, will meet at

This order was given to the trainman at 4.13 P.M. Aside from this, No. 13 arrived only 13 minutes late, and the engineer had 13 silver dollars in his pocket. And, just for good measure, the order was written on "Form 31."

STRAIGHT-FIGURED CARS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN the last two or three issues of your magazine I noticed that some of your readers are greatly interested in the straight five-figured car number. Here is a car a little different.

On September 12, 1910, Pennsylvania 123456 left Petoskey, Michigan, loaded with stone for Mayville, Wisconsin. This is a six-figured straight.—A READER, Traverse City, Michigan.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

THAT I. C. car, 12345, seems to have started something, but there are others. How about 41144? We have one. Some time ago, an enterprising reporter with great visions of a "scoop," wrote a fine story about I. C. 41144 coming in from the South with so many hoboes on it that there wasn't even standing room.

I have seen M. D. T. 12345 several times, and there are other cars with straight numbers.

I have not seen I. C. 41144 for a long time, and don't know where it is, but am looking for it.—I. C. Switchman.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN your October number I read about the magic car number, 12345. In the last twenty years I have been watching for all kinds of car numbers such as straights, full hands, combination, and policy numbers. In that time I have seen H V. 12345, gondola; P. R. R. 12345, gondola; P., McK., and Y. 12345, gondola; N. C. R. R. 12345, steel hopper. Has any one of your readers ever seen 123456? A short time ago I saw B. and O. 123456—a steel hopper, going from Glenwood, Pennsylvania to Willow Grove, loaded with furnace slag. This is the only car I ever saw with that number. I think your last issue is the best of all. THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for mine. There is not a book printed to-day that can give railroad boys, or any other boys, the information that THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE can. It is worth twice the money.

H. G. MINEAR,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

F. W Wagner, of Newport, Arkansas, writes us that he recently saw car No. 12345, of the National de Mexico pass through his city going south. "I have been looking for 'straight' numbers on railroad-cars for some time," he says, "but this is the first I have ever seen."

ADDITIONAL THANKS.

THANKSGIVING DAY this year brought with it an event for which the traveling public should give added thanks. On November 27,

the Pennsylvania Railroad's tunnels, which have taken seven years to complete, were opened, and a regular train service was inaugurated from the immense Seventh Avenue depot in New York, to all Western points, and for the first time in history, there is an unbroken rail connection between Montauk Point, Long Island, and San Francisco, California. At last, the great Pennsylvania system makes New York City its real Eastern terminal.

On October 5, through the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad officials, a special train, accommodating a party of magazine editors, was run from the New York terminal under the Hudson to the Hackensack Meadows and return, affording an excellent opportunity to inspect the workings of the new system.

The editor of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE made the run in the cab of the huge electric locomotive, and viewed the tunnel construction and the operation of the block system and the great interlocking plant which distributes the trains over the network of tracks at the entrance to the New York terminal.

The inspection of the tunnels and the great depot proved conclusively that the Pennsylvania Railroad has fulfilled all the amazing promises that it made. To-day, the dream of President Cassatt, now dead, has come true in the completion of the greatest railroad terminal the world has ever known.

WE STAND CORRECTED.

ONE of our readers writes in to us from Ann Arbor, Michigan, that he has got the goods on us this time for sure. Our critic is Cal Stewart, and we wish to thank him for pointing out a bull in our October number where Mr Dosch, in his "Moments of Emergency," tells of John Crowley's runaway switch-engine which became unmanageable due to the disabling of its "steering gear." Mind you, "steering gear" on a switch-engine!

Whether Mr. Dosch's fondness for automobiling got the better of him for the moment or not, or the editor thought he was aboard a yacht, we are unable to say, but as any ten-year-old boy knows that nothing connected with a railroad has any sort of steering gear, we can only hope that Mr. Stewart does not lay the blunder to ignorance on the part of the writer. Any one who has followed Mr. Dosch's work would hardly be apt to accuse him of such an unpardonable sin as thinking for a moment that the wheels of a locomotive are guided in any other way than the rails they follow. What he meant was *controlling* gear, but in some manner the wrong word was substituted.

We are always grateful to our readers for calling our attention to any slips of this character which they may happen to discover, for we do not pretend to be infallible, though we are glad to find that only on rare occasions that fault can be found

And in the November number, in the article on the Walschaert valve-gear, we made it read that the locomotive "Wm. Mason" was supplied with this gear in the year 1847. It should have read 1874. Charles E. Fisher, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who kindly loaned us the photograph in question, called our attention to the error in the date. Thanks.

A BRAKEMAN PROTESTS.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

LOOKING over your October number, I noticed the article on "The Fine Art of Running a Freight," by Charles Frederick Carter. It was very interesting reading about the way traffic is handled in the East on the three and four track systems, where the con does not handle any orders and the shack does not have anything to do except to get in the way.

I would like to know if they carry a bunch of car-knockers on the high-flying freight-trains, if the train-detainer does the flagging, and if the shacks are in the habit of setting out cars without setting any brakes, or does the despatcher tend to the brakes also?

I have never done any of that high-toned braking back East where they have a whole clear yard from one end of the division to the other, but I have "broke" on our Western humps, and if we are only trainmen to-day we still do quite a lot of braking When we are holding a train down a hump, it is a good thing to have us in the way.

I believe that if a brakeman protects his train, looks over the running gear on fifty or sixty cars, and that no broken beams are trying to put a train into the sage-brush or to the bottom of a cañon, he is earning his share of wages

And in this old land of ours, we are thankful to have one pair of rails to run on, instead of four or five.

I railroaded in the link-and-pin days, and have worked on most of the roads west of Chicago. I have seen railroading in the tropics, and in all of my time I have always had something else to do except hold down the tallow-pot seat.

A BRAKEMAN.

WHO KNOWS "JACK" CONWAY.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

I AM an interested reader of your magazine, and, although I do not know much about railroads, I read every page because my father is a railroad man, and it is in the hope of finding him that I appeal to you. He may be a reader of it, too.

My father's name is John Charles Conway, commonly known as "Jack," and for a number of years he was an engineer on the C., B., and Q., having what I believe is or was called, the Kansas City meat run. He was last heard of at Keithsburg, Illinois

I was four years old when I saw him last, and I am now twenty He, of course, has changed in sixteen years, but I can describe him as mother told me He stood six feet two inches in height and was light complexioned and had blue eyes. He was, I believe, a very heavy man. This is not very definite, but it is the best I can do.

Your magazine has a wide circulation, and surely somebody in this country who knew my father will write and tell me about him. It is the one wish of my life that I find him. He is my father, and I have never heard from him, but I love him dearly and would indeed feel grateful if you could find just a little space in which to print this. Any one knowing anything about him may write to his daughter

MRS. ELSIE CONWAY TRAPP.
1703 North Madison Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

SEND YOUR STORY.

UNDER the heading, "Flashes from the Headlight," we are publishing this month, the second batch of original stories which have been sent to us through the courtesy of our readers.

All of them are real bits of humor that have cropped up here and there among the followers of the iron trail which they have been kind enough to take the trouble to contribute to our columns. We desire to thank most sincerely those who have remembered us in this way, and we hope that if any others among the readers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE should happen to run across some good ones that have not already been published, they will mail them to us for our new department.

SELF-PROPELLED MACHINE-SHOP.

THE North Coast Railroad is a new line being built through central and western Washington from Spokane to the Cascades. During the construction there are, of course, a large number of locomotives and cars in regular service which are continually getting further and further away from the base, and, in order to properly maintain this equipment, a traveling machine-shop has been designed.

This shop consists of a specially constructed, very large box car with numerous windows on each side, which encloses the gas-engine for driving the tools and a selection of tools suited for the work to be done. The gas-engine is a twelve horse-power Fairbanks-Morse, and is connected through a friction-clutch to the wheels, so that the car is capable of going from place to place under its own power, and can also do switching to get into the most convenient location.

FIRST TRAIN OVER W. P.

THE first through passenger train over the Western Pacific, between the coast and Salt Lake City, was a special from San Francisco. It made the run in thirty-six and a half hours, which will be the time for the regular service for thirty to sixty days, when the time probably will be shortened.

Those who have been over the line say that there is marked diversity in the beauties of nature spread out in a lavish way at various points, along the Feather River there being between eighty and ninety miles of picturesque cañon scenery, and in the Sacramento Valley there is a stretch of two hundred miles as level as a floor running almost at a tangent into Oakland.

TEACHER TOOK IT AWAY.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I AM only a kid, but I love to read your magazine, and love railroads as all my folks are railroaders. I have not missed a number since I began reading your magazine, but the teacher took one away from me because I was reading it in school, but I will always read it if it continues like it is now. Three cheers for THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE!—D. L. L., Cisco, Texas.

MR. HOFFMAN'S NEW NOVEL.

"MARK ENDERBY, ENGINEER," is a new railroad novel by Robert Fulkerson Hoffman. It is a strong and gripping story of mountain railroading in the Southwest. In *Mark Enderby*, Mr. Hoffman has developed a character that combines all that is romantic and strenuous in a railroad man. The story is told with wonderful realism and has a remarkably well-developed plot.

Mr. Hoffman's new work is based on his railroad stories which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* and THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. "Against the Mountain" and "The Fires of Sorrow," which are embodied in this new novel will be remembered by our readers. The book should find a place in every railroad man's home. It is splendidly illustrated in colors, by William Harnden Foster, and is published by A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago. Price, $1.50.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE!

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I WISH to say that THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE has filled a space that was left open in literature for a long time—*railroad writing*. In other words, a story or incident told as it was told "down at the roundhouse" in good, clean-cut railroad talk, leaving out that would-be slang.

While railroad men use slang, they use it altogether different to what our would-be railroad writers have it, and, from the first number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE I could detect the true ring of the "language" as quickly as I could the "tone of the bell on the hog."

"WHISTLING BICK,"
Shreveport, Louisiana.

SANTA FE SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway has promulgated an order to establish a scholarship in the Armour Institute at Chicago, to be awarded before the beginning of the next scholastic year, in September, to the apprentice of

the system having the best record Another will be awarded next year Afterward, should the arrangement work out satisfactorily, one scholarship will be awarded each year. The only conditions attaching to the competition are that the apprentice selected shall have served three and a half years with the road, and be able to pass the entrance examination of the Institute.

GOOD ALL THROUGH.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I AM a full believer in the idea that, "a good thing ought to be boosted." After constantly reading your magazine for more than a year, I pronounce it the best thing that I have ever found in the way of a genuine entertainer. I am a traveling salesman, and, to tell the truth, I would just as soon try to get along without my expense account as my good-all-through RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. In my opinion, there is only one way in which you could improve upon this particular magazine, and that is, to make it a semi-monthly publication.—H. G. B., Parkersburg, West Virginia.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF McCRACKEN.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN your October number, I note a request for the poem, "McCracken." I happen to be the author of it, and take pleasure in transmitting herewith the poem in its entirety

In "By the Light of the Lantern," page 66, "J J. M.," of Manila, asks for information concerning the position of "qualified flagman." A qualified flagman is a brakeman who, having passed the required examination, is pronounced capable of performing the duties of a flagman. He retains his position as brakeman, but when an extra flagman is needed, he is called upon to serve in that capacity. He is known as "extra flagman."

In the same department, September number, page 683, "A. W. B.," Wisconsin, asks if there are any locomotives running which require two firemen, to which you reply in the negative. On the Wyoming division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, there were, and I presume are, a number of auxiliary engines employing two firemen.

LYDIA M DUNHAM O'NEIL.

McCRACKEN.

WHEN McCracken went a braking, it was ten to one that he
A brakeman solid gold and fourteen karat fine would be.
He looked just like a hero, so proudly did he stand
Upon the swaying box car, with a brake-stick in his hand.

McCracken's hair was neatly brushed, McCracken's face was clean,
And on his clothes a speck of dust was nowhere to be seen
The over-clothes McCracken wore were neat and bright and blue,
And the slightest glance would tell you that McCracken's shoes were new;

The fit of them was perfect, and he had them neatly laced,
While his shapely hands were in a handsome pair of gloves encased.
He wore a four-in-hand beneath his collar, knotted tight;
He smiled at the conductor, and his teeth were milky white

And when he wasn't busy with his winning Irish smile,
McCracken whistled gaily—oh, so gaily, all the while.
McCracken's jaunty cap upon his head was firmly set—
McCracken was a brakeman fourteen karat fine, you bet!

But when it came to braking, what McCracken didn't know
Would fill a book two hundred thousand pages long or so.
He didn't know an east-bound train from one that traveled west;
He got flustered in the signals, so at them he merely guessed;

He tried to give the eagle-eye the sign to go ahead,
But it was the back-up signal that he handed out, instead,
They backed into a hand-car, and they put it on the bum;
They asked him why he did it, and McCracken just kept mum.

Then he said he would do better if they'd give him one more chance.
But the handsome Irish brakeman led the crew a lively dance
They sent him for a gasket, and he brought a coupling-pin.
But McCracken seemed so innocent, to roast him was a sin.

He tried to turn a switch, and wondered what on earth could be
The matter, till his buddy showed him how to use the key.
He thought he was obliged to twist each brake-wheel that he saw;
He didn't know that when he broke a seal, he broke a law.

He didn't mean to do things, but he did them, just the same,
For to blunder was his nature, as McCracken was his name.
To tell the things McCracken did would take a year or two;
'Twere easier, in fact, to tell the things he did not do

But McCracken reached the limit of ignorance when he tried
To take the derail from the track and throw the thing aside.
And when the engine, in a little fit of spite, broke down,
McCracken just got in the way by tinkering around

He wouldn't stay where he was put, as all good
brakemen ought—
His presence was required at the head-end, so he
thought.
At length the eagle-eye got up and plugged him
on the mouth,
And when we saw McCracken last, his jaw was
drooping south.

When he got in from work that night, his over-
clothes were torn;
His cap was not so jaunty as it had been in the
morn;
His four-in-hand was crooked, and his hair was
all awry;
He didn't try to whistle, for his throat and lips
were dry.

He made no attempt to smile—the reason wasn't
hard to guess.
For his eyes were filled with cinders, and his
heart with bitterness
His gloves, erstwhile so handsome, now were
ripped and torn and soiled;
McCracken's sad appearance told of one long day
of toil

He walked into the office and straightway his job
resigned,
For McCracken was aweary—yes, in body, soul,
and mind
McCracken went a farming, and willingly I'll bet
Whatever you'll put up on it, that he is farming
yet

We thank Mrs. O'Neil for her interesting letter and the valuable information that it contains, and we also thank her for the words of "McCracken." And we hope that the boys will not fail to read her excellent little story, "The Aerial Mail," published on page 444 in this number of our magazine.

TWO MORE OLD SONGS.

IN THE BAGGAGE-CAR AHEAD

O' a dark stormy night, as the train rattled on,
All the passengers had gone to bed,
Except one young man with a babe on his
arm
Who sat there with a bowed-down head

The innocent one commenced crying just then,
As though its poor heart would break.
One angry man said, "Make that child stop its
noise,
For you're keeping all of us awake."

"Put it out," said another, "don't keep it in
here,
We've paid for our berths and want rest"
But never a word said the man with the child,
As he fondled it close to his breast.

"Where is its mother? Go, take it to her—
This a lady then softly said
"I wish that I could," was the man's sad reply,
"She's dead in the coach ahead"

Every eye filled with tears when his story he told,
Of a wife who was faithful and true
He told how he's saved up his earnings for years
Just to build up a home for two

How, when Heaven had sent them this sweet little
babe,
Their young happy lives were blessed.
In tears he broke down when he mentioned her
name,
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.

Every woman arose to assist with the child;
There were mothers and wives on that train.
And soon was the little one sleeping in peace,
With no thoughts of sorrow and pain.

Next morn at a station he bade all good-by.
"God bless you," he softly said.
Each one had a story to tell in their home
Of the baggage-coach ahead.

While the train rolled onward a husband sat in
tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short
years,
For baby's face brings pictures of a cherished
hope that's dead;
But baby's cries can't wake her in the baggage-
coach ahead

WAYSIDE AMBITION.

I WANT to be a brakeman,
Dog-gone!
Legs hanging over the edge of a flat car,
Train goin' 'bout twenty-five miles an hour,
Kickin' the dog-fennel 'long the track—
That's what a brakeman does.

I want to be a brakeman,
I jing!
Making the boys get off the platform,
Cussin' the drayman if the skids is lost,
Hollerin' "Back her a length!" and engineer
has to,
That's a brakeman for ye!

No conductor for me, just a brakeman,
By hen!
Can make a couplin' on the dead run,
Has spring-bottom pants and braid on his clothes,
Carries a lantern at night 'n cap over his ears—
That's a brakeman, I tell ye.

I want to be a brakeman,
Geeminently!
Stands in with agents and operators,
Gits to Peru every night and sees a show,
Knows the numbers of the train, chaws tobacker—
He's a regular one; you bet!

And I want to be head brakeman,
Gollee!
Twistin' 'er hard, smoke rollin' round ye,
Country people stoppin' work to look,
Girls wavin' at yer all the way to Peru;
I'll be one, too, some day!

NEW-SKIN

IN A NEW PACKAGE

Hereafter New-Skin will be sold in a new package which has many features that will make it more attractive than ever.

SANITARY GLASS ROD

Sanitary Glass Rod. No more stiff or lost brushes. Attached to every cork is a round-end sanitary glass rod. Aseptic, cleanly, ready for use.

Aluminum Screw Cap. Each bottle is tightly sealed with a silver-finished aluminum cap. This prevents evaporation and leakage. Bottle can be carried in the vest pocket or purse.

GLASS BOTTLE

Packed in Glass. The new package is the most sanitary made. No metal comes in contact with the liquid or wound, as with metal tubes.

New Carton. Instead of the outside tin box, we will use a folding carton, which is easier to open, lighter, and more convenient in every way.

ALUMINUM SCREW CAP

Remember, New-Skin was the original liquid court plaster. It has been before the public for a long period of years, and has always given satisfaction.

For all kinds of cuts, scrapes, scratches, and burns, it is antiseptic and healing. For chapped lips, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, etc., it is unsurpassed, forming a tough flexible water-proof film or "new skin" which protects the damaged part against irritation, dirt and infection.

10, 25 and 50 cents per package at all druggists

"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it!"

NEW CARTON

NEWSKIN COMPANY

DEP'T 15, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY

Your Wasted Time Turned to Account

Hanging out with the boys on the corner may be harmless enough—there may not be much amiss in being a "good sport;" but this sort of thing will not make your pay envelope any fatter nor will it boost your position. It's *so* easy putting in all your spare time enjoying yourself—***but every moment so spent will exact a bitter reckoning later on—when it's all too late.***

Make a change NOW—just as thousands of men, just like yourself, have already done. Devote ***some*** of your wasted time to qualifying yourself for a better position and more pay. Don't forget that hours wasted on the corner or in the poolroom are worth thousands of dollars to you if properly applied.

There is an easy way for you by which ***you can*** succeed as well as others. Have you enough ambition to find out about it?

First of all read how some of these men have "made good" in spare time through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. These men were just like you—they were fond a good time—they were poorly paid—some of them hadn't much schooling beyond the right to read and write—some lived thousands of miles away. But the I. C. S. ***went to them*** and trained them in their own homes and spare time. They "won out" just as ***YOU CAN.***

John L. Quigley moved up from section hand to trainman. Frank H. Foote was promoted to superintendent. Charles A. Harmon from night engineer to chief engineer. Victor Haney from bookkeeper to civil engineer; O. H. Wagstaff from section oversee to superintendent at two and a half times his former salary. And so on—ever the story of up, up, up—from "good time" days to good salary and good position days, which, after all, bring the greatest happiness. ***You can*** be helped in just the same way. If you wish, we will give you the addresses of these men and a thousand others, so you can ask them yourself.

Will Fit You For a Big Position

Simply forget who you are, what you do, where you live, what schooling you have had, how little you get on pay day, or what your age. Just mark the attached coupon opposite the occupation in which you would like to succeed. Then the I. C. S. will remove all obstacles by telling you of the very way by which ***you can*** become an expert without leaving home or your present position. Marking and mailing the coupon costs you only a postage stamp, and places you under no obligation. The I. C. S. method is the one by which ***you can*** succeed and this is your opportunity to learn how ***you can*** succeed.

Do it now. Don't put it off. "Some other time" never comes. Get that lead pencil out of your pocket, mark the coupon and mail it ***now.*** You're facing a mighty serious life-problem if you only knew it. Are you going to master it, or let it master you?

You can succeed. ***You can*** join the thousands of successful I. C. S. students who at the rate of 300 a month VOLUNTARILY report advancement in salary and position, due wholly to I. C. S. help. 316 heard from during September. ***You can*** get out of the rut. ***You can*** win a place in the world. Are you really ambitious enough to find out?

Then do it NOW—MARK AND MAIL THE COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 861, SCRANTON, PA

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X

General Foreman	Electrical Engineer
R. R. Shop Foreman	Machine Designer
R. R. Traveling Eng.	Electrician
R. R. Traveling Fireman	Mining Engineer
Locomotive Engineer	Mine Foreman
Air-Brake Instructor	Foreman Machinist
Air-Brake Inspector	Chemist
Air Brake Repairman	Assayer
Mechanical Engineer	Architect
Mechanical Draftsman	Bookkeeper
R.R. Construction Eng.	Stenographer
Surveyor	Advertising Man
Civil Engineer	Automobile Running
Banking	Concrete Construction

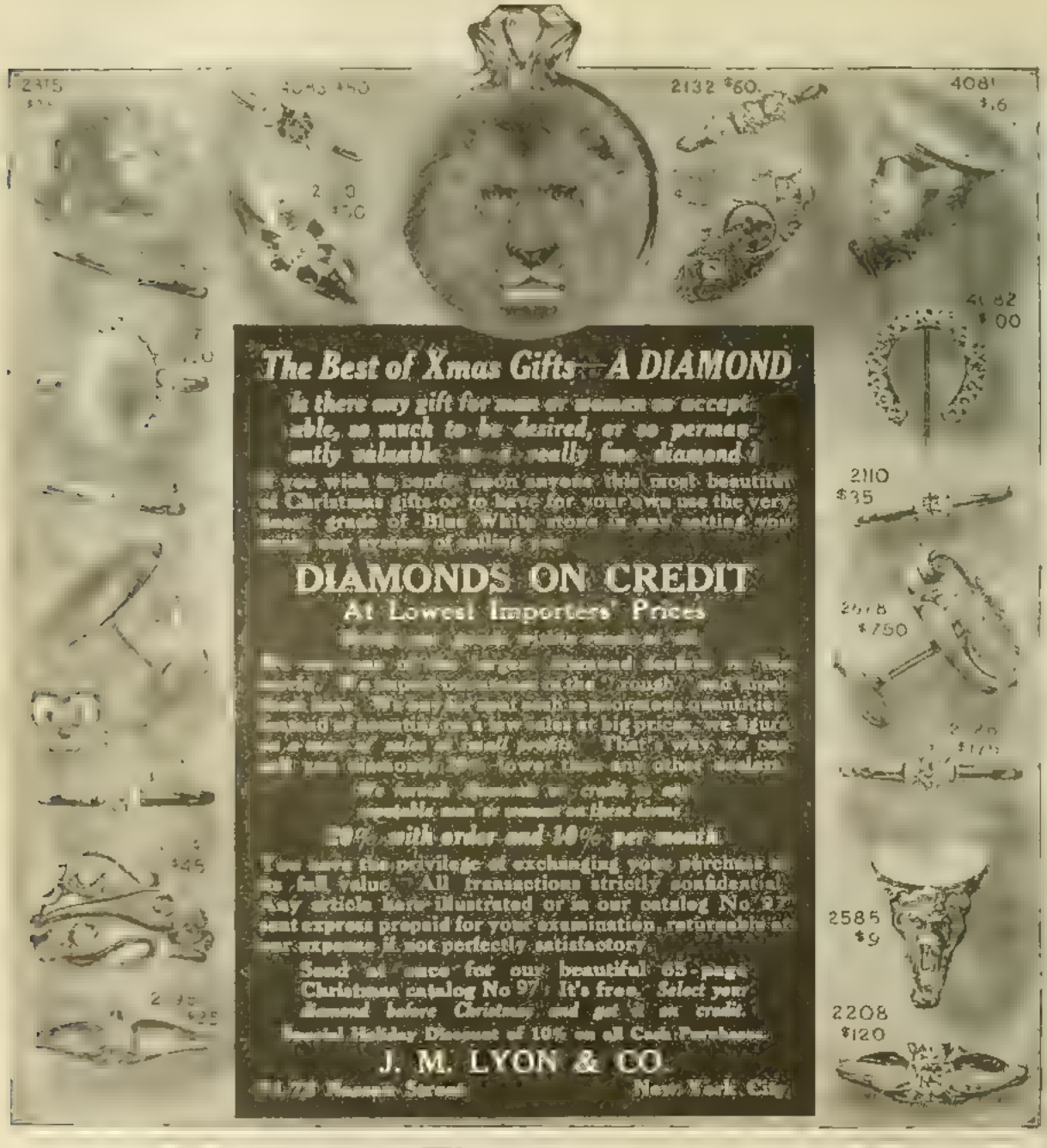
Name _____

Employed by _____ R. R.

Employed as _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____



The Best of Xmas Gifts—A DIAMOND

Is there any gift for man or woman so acceptable, so much to be desired, or so permanently valuable as a really fine diamond?

If you wish to confer upon anyone this most beautiful of Christmas gifts or to have for your own use the very best grade of Blue White stone in any setting you may prefer, of us—

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

At Lowest Importers' Prices

—we have a plan whereby you can obtain—through mail—just what you want. We buy for cash in enormous quantities—direct from cutters—in a few sales at big prices—we figure on a small profit. That's why we can sell you diamonds for lower than any other dealer. Our diamonds are credit to all reputable men or women on these terms:

20% with order and 10% per month.

You have the privilege of exchanging your purchase at full value. All transactions strictly confidential. Any article here illustrated or in our catalog No. 97 sent express prepaid for your examination, returnable at our expense if not perfectly satisfactory.

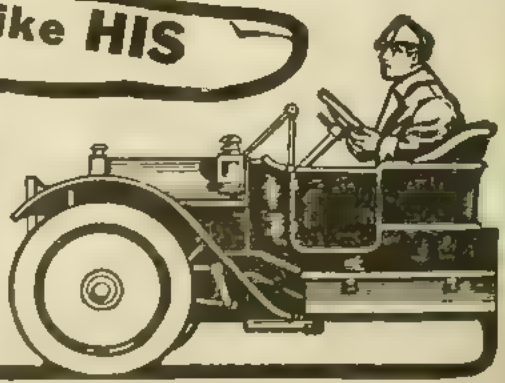
Send at once for our beautiful 65-page Christmas catalog No 97. It's free. Select your diamond before Christmas, and get it on credit.

Special Holiday Discount of 10% on all Cash Purchases.

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 Nassau Street, New York City

Do YOU Want a Job Like HIS



If You Really are Ambitious, Want to "Get Ahead," Become an Automobile Expert. Hold a Job that's a Cinch, have short hours and earn from

$35 TO $40 A WEEK

Let us train you right in your own home with [illegible]. There are not enough competent men to fill the demand. [illegible] of working [illegible]. A [illegible] proposition. [illegible] We are [illegible] with [illegible] that [illegible] men. BUFFALO AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL [illegible]

[illegible] Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

"That Coupon Gave Me MY Start"

"It's only a little while ago that I was just where you are now. My work was unpleasant; my pay was small. I had my mother to take care of, and it was tough sledding trying to make ends meet. I hadn't had much schooling. I didn't *know enough* to fill any better job than the one I had.

"One day I saw an advertisement of the American School. It told how other men got better positions and bigger salaries by taking their courses. I didn't see how a correspondence course could benefit me, but as long as it didn't *cost* anything to mark the coupon I thought it was worth investigating at least. I marked the coupon and sent it in on the next mail.

"That was two years ago last April, and **now I'm drawing more every week than I used to get in a month.**"

IF YOU want a **better position,** if YOU want to get into **congenial work,** if YOU want a salary that's **worth while—**

Sign the Coupon NOW

American School of Correspondence
Chicago, U. S. A.

Opportunity Coupon

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X."

Book-keeper	.....Draftsman
Stenographer	Architect
Accountant	Civil Engineer
Cost Accountant	Automobile Engineer
Systematizer	Electrical Engineer
Cert'f'd Public Acc'nt	Mechanical Engineer
Auditor	Sanitary Engineer
Business Manager	Steam Engineer
Commercial Law	...Fire Insurance Eng'r
Reclamation Engineer	...College Preparatory

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

OCCUPATION _____

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the

PHILO SYSTEM

Note the condition of these three months old pullets. These pullets and their ancestors for seven generations have never been allowed to run outside the coops

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a

OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chicks that are hatched. Lots are lost at hatching time. Why be bothered with sick chicks? It is a simple trick and it never fails. Explicit directions which enabled them to sell thousands of dozens

CHICKEN FEED AT FIFTEEN CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

TESTIMONIALS

Mr. Philo

Valley Falls, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1910

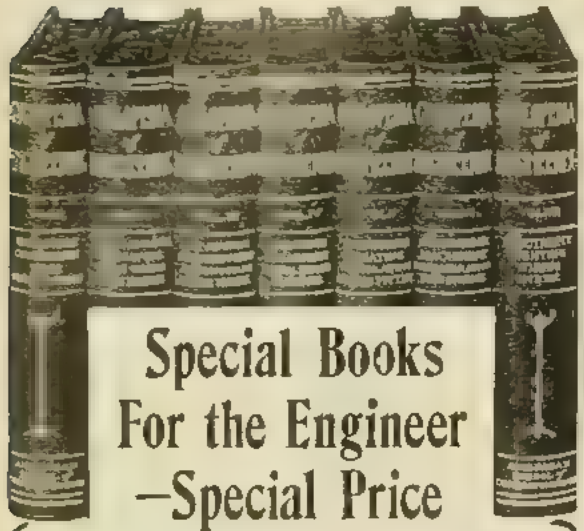
Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.

E. R. PHILO, Publisher

2600 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.



Special Books For the Engineer —Special Price

Every Engineer must read if he would progress—the biggest men in the field can't go around telling what they know—but they can write it. And you can read it—in our New Cyclopedia of Engineering—the most valuable set of books on this subject ever offered to Engineers. This Cyclopedia has just been revised this issue came from the press only a few days ago.

As you will see from the synopsis below, these books cover every subject you are likely to meet in practical engineering. They are interestingly written by well-known authorities and are not only valuable for studying but as text-book reference books.

These books contain 3,200 pages size 7x10 inches, 2,500 illustrations, 100 page plates, diagrams, tables, etc. Regular price of these books $36.00. But as an introductory offer we have cut the price at 31% off.

$2.00 Down $2.00 a Month

[illegible] these terms make it easy for you to own the set at once. Read our special offer below and see what you get when you mail the coupon.

Our Protective Guarantee

[illegible] Cyclopedia of Engineering examine it carefully at our expense. If at the end of five days [illegible] you decide that the books are not what you want, or for any reason unsatisfactory, return them at our expense and we will pay all charges [illegible] upon.

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FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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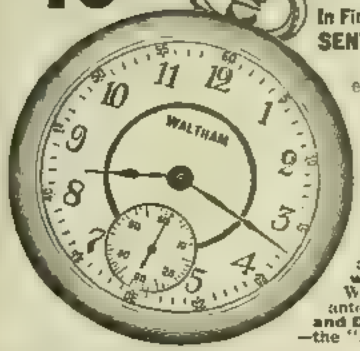
[

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

For Christmas Presents—Make Your Selections Now

Write For Our Handsome Christmas Catalog filled with beautiful photographic illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, solid gold Jewelry, Silverware and Novelties for Christmas presents. Select any article you would like to own or present to a loved one, it will be sent on approval to your home, place of business or express office, without any obligation whatever on your part. If satisfactory in every way, pay one-fifth down and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. If not satisfactory return it. We pay all charges and take all risks. Every honest person's credit is good with us. **Diamonds** increase in value 15 to 20% each year. A Diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one; it lasts forever, and every day reminds the wearer of your refined and good judgment. **Our prices** are 10 to 15 per cent lower than those of the ordinary cash retail jeweler, and our terms are easiest.

$10.65



FULL JEWELED WALTHAM

In Fine 20-Year Gold-filled Case. Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time

SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID.

You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style plain or engraved Case, at the low cash prices.

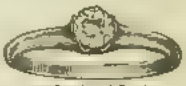
GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

$1 a MONTH.

We trust every honest person. No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we **will trust you** for a high grade adjusted Waltham Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any Railroad inspection. **Our big free Watch and Diamond Catalog** tells all about our Easy Payment Plan—the "Loftis System" and how we send Waltham, Elgin and Illinois Watches, 18, 16, 12, and "O" sizes, 19, 21, and 23 Jewel, anywhere without security or one cent deposit. Bargains in ladies' and gents' solid gold and gold-filled Watches for Christmas gifts. We give better values and easier terms than any house in America. Write for our new, handsomely illustrated booklet, "Historic Diamonds."

No. 102 Men's Round Belcher Ring. Fine brilliant white Diamond **$38**

$7.60 Down, $3.80 a Month.



No. 1221 Ladies' Loftis "Perfection" Ring. Fine brilliant white Diamond. **$50**

$10 Down, $5 a Month.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. ESTD 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE

Dept. P 661 92 to 98 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Stores: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

Corns Gone in 48 Hours

Such is the fame of Blue-jay Corn Plasters that more than 10,000 are sold every day. That is, by forty-five times, the largest sale in the world.

The reason is the **effect** of Blue-jay. A downy felt ring instantly stops all the chafing and pain. At the same time a wonderful medication begins disengaging the corn.

In 48 hours you merely lift the corn out.

Unfailing. Painless. Perfectly safe.

No spreading liquid to cause soreness. No untidy salve.

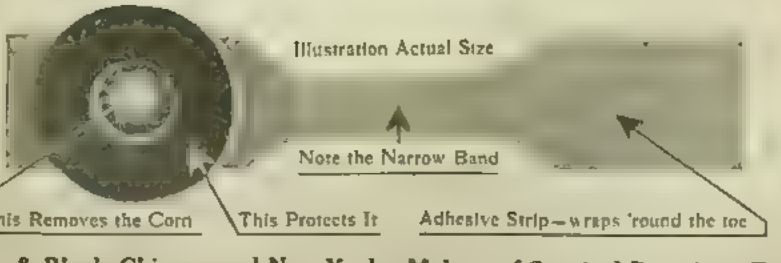
Neat, simple, convenient—nothing else like it. It has done this for millions. It will do it for you.

Get a package today of a druggist.

Prove, if you wish, before you buy, all that we claim for Blue-jay. Just ask us and we'll send a sample free.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters



15c and 25c per Package

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York—Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.

(8)

No Mystery

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LEARN THE AUTOMOBILE TRADE WITH DYKE'S WORKING MODELS.

THERE ARE 5 REASONS WHY.

Practice While You Study.
IT IS THE ONLY WAY to Master the Subject by Mail.

Barney Oldfield says: "If a person cannot learn with the instruction then he cannot learn it."

May we send you photos, testimonials of young men who are now drawing good salaries as Engineers and Proprietors of Repair Shops. May we show you hundreds of testimonials including **Oldfield's** and **Chas. Duryea's,** and others.

You can't lose a cent. Two days' trial inspection allowed. **Special price right now** is only $10 for the complete course, including Working Models of Engine, Magneto and Carburetor, Wall Charts and 24 Instruction Books, all sent to you at once. Diploma when you answer the questions.

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Send me your special offer and catalog FREE, in plain wrapper.

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Mail this to the Dyke Engineering Institute

A. L. Dyke originated the first Auto Supply Company in America

If you want to *settle* the question of cigaret quality *forever* —at my risk— send your name to me now and receive my big dollar offer.

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have made good on the broadest claims ever made for anything to smoke. Write now for the big dollar offer to prove it.

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The Sweetest Music in the World sent on Free Trial

Entirely at *our* risk—you can try for yourself the most delightful, most entertaining self-playing instrument in the world—right in your own home—no deposit required.

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play any number of selections—popular songs of the day, old time melodies and hymns—in tones that are marvellously sweet and melodious. Music whenever you wish, simply by putting on different "records."

You will love Mira Music" because of the wonderful richness of its tones, the brilliancy and variety of its musical expression. Its sympathetic quality gives Mira Music a charm that will increase your enjoyment year after year.

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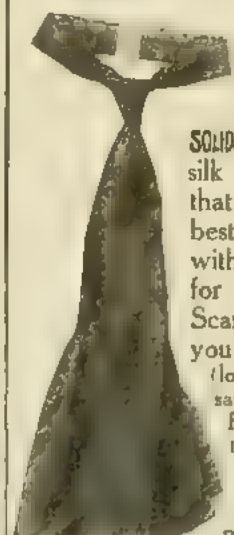
Send for our Catalog and giving full particulars of our Free Trial Offer, Easy Payment Plan, and tell us where you live and we will send you, without any obligation whatever, the name of our nearest dealer. No money required. If you do not care to keep it after the free trial, send it back *at our expense*. You take no risk in writing. **Write for the Free Catalog to-day.**

JACOT MUSIC BOX CO. 17 W. 35th St. NEW YORK

SOLIDSILK SCARVES



The **Paris Exposition** awarded Louis Auerbach a medal for the quality, style and workmanship of SOLIDSILK scarves.

SOLIDSILK of course is all silk, pure silk and naturally makes scarves that tie best, look best and wear best. You need not be satisfied with neckwear that is not SOLIDSILK for while Auerbach's SOLIDSILK Scarves are worth more, they cost you NO more. The SOLIDSILK label (look for it on the next scarf you buy) saves you from silk and cotton mixture. Four in hands 50c and $1.00. Bat ties, 50c. 50 plain shades and all sorts of beautiful fancy stripes and figures. By mail from us if you can't find them at your home stores.

Retailers will make brilliant Christmas window displays of Auerbach's SOLIDSILK Scarves.

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842 844—846 Broadway New York City

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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Christmas, and then the question, what to give father—what a man really likes? A pound of Velvet is *sure* to please him. It's the kind of tobacco that makes a man feel good. Velvet is Burley tobacco. Not the ordinary tobacco but the choicest leaves of the plant cultivated, cured and mellowed right. It smokes cool—it smokes smooth and it tastes fine. Nor does it burn the tongue. It's in a special, handy tin, with a humidor top—an ornament to any smoking table. He'll be pleased—more than that—enthusiastic. Get a can today—now. It's a ripping good surprise.

Spaulding & Merrick
Chicago, Ill.

In handsome pound and half-pound packages with humidor tops. Also in pocket size cans

10 cents
At any dealers

STARTLING
Watch Offer

The Great Burlington Special at an Anti-Trust Price!

The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture now sold direct!—

The most amazing offer ever made in the whole history of the watch industry—an offer which has absolutely PARALYZED competition—**the offer of the genuine Burlington Special direct to the public at the rock-bottom ANTI-TRUST PRICE,** without middlemen's profits.

The Fight is On!

We will not be bound by any system of price boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "big profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to by ANY Trust.

NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS, we are determined to push our introduction even if we should have to fight a combination of all the Watch Manufacturers of the country!

And so we are making this offer—the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high grade watch! The famous Burlington direct and at the same price WHOLESALE Jewelers must pay.

And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will even allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of

$2.50 a Month

Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. Sign and mail coupon now. Rock-bottom, anti-trust price, whether you buy for cash or time.

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Be sure to get posted on watches and watch values, trust-method prices and anti-trust prices **before** you buy a watch. Learn to judge watch values!

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FREE WATCH BOOK

Read our startling exposure of the amazing conditions which exist in the watch trade today. Read about the anti-trust fight. Read about our great $1,000.00 challenge. Learn how you can judge watch values. Send your name and address for this valuable **FREE BOOK** now—TODAY. Sign & mail coupon.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
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Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1109, 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me *without obligation* and prepaid your free book on watches and copy of your $1,000.00 challenge, with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the superb **ANTI-TRUST** Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary, coupon will do.

FOURTH ANNUAL

PRIZE CONTEST

For Men and Women Who Love to Draw

This cartoon was drawn by "Zim" the world's most famous cartoonist of "Judge." Can you make a copy of it? Try and see how easy it can be done. Draw this cartoon NOW, with either pen and ink or pencil, making it twice the size shown and send it to us stating your age, occupation and if you ever won a prize in our Contests.

COPY ME AND WIN A PRIZE

Our Board of Art Directors will carefully examine your sketch and if it is 60 per cent as good as the original you will receive as a prize "The Home Educator" for 3 months. If you do not hear from us in ten days your drawing was rejected.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

"The Home Educator" is a very inspiring magazine for both men and women. It is fully illustrated by world famous illustrators. There is positively no money consideration connected with this Prize Contest. Neither can you buy or subscribe for this magazine—it is awarded only to prize winners in our Contests. Copy this cartoon NOW and mail it to us this very day.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, DEPT. 120 SCRANTON, PA.

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Every one will be doing Brass-Craft this season. It's the best and most popular New Art Work of recent years. All articles (except shades) are wood beautifully covered with brass, stamped with designs ready for the artist. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Tool for Stippling, wood mat, [illegible] Mallet and Modeling Tool Package Coloring Powder, Steel Wool and Polishing Plush, and also complete materials for handsome Brass-Craft Calendar worth $1.00 [illegible] Brass Hanger, Round Head Tacks Calendar Pad [illegible] tions. All Free [illegible] 25 cents to pay [illegible] Write today

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1 PENNY SAVES $10

YOU save $10.00 by mailing a post-card for our new book of Men's Fall [illegible] and [illegible] buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit. We're [illegible] agents; we'll make your suit or [illegible]

CASH or CREDIT

We [illegible] direct [illegible] guaranteed materials [illegible] our [illegible] from us. You give [illegible] perfectly satisfied [illegible] Don't pay us a single [illegible] you receive the goods [illegible] then you [illegible] Write [illegible] Way's most liberal [illegible] Write today for our [illegible] new book of [illegible] Weave [illegible] ors $5 [illegible] per [illegible] you [illegible] suit from us [illegible]

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO., 1936 South Halsted Street, Chicago

PAY NOTHING Until SATISFIED

[illegible] advertisements on this page it is desirable that you mention THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Diamonds ON CHARGE ACCOUNT AT CASH PRICES

These Are Samples of the Christmas Bargains We Offer

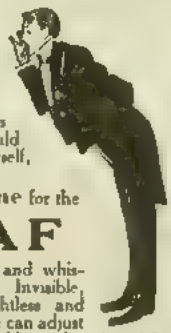
90—Daisy Pattern Ring	$60
91—Belcher Scarf Pin	50
93—Tiffany Bel. Ring	25
95—Fancy Tooth Ring	42
94—Embossed Tif. Bel.	35
95—Diagonal Tiffany	55
96—All Diamond Cluster	40
97—Tif. bar Screws, pair	60
98—Belcher Stud	40
99—Tiffany Solitaire	45
100—Heavy Carved Bel.	75
101—Flat Belcher Ring	90

Just write us which one of these beautiful, sparkling Pure White Gems you would like to see. No deposit or credit asked or required—we send it at our expense. If it pleases, pay one fifth down, balance in 8 monthly payments. What a beautiful Christmas present it would make for your loved one, whether she be sweetheart, wife, mother, sister or daughter. We can also buy fine watches on same easy terms. We guarantee all transactions strictly confidential. Order today or write for FREE CATALOGUE of DIAMONDS, WATCHES and JEWELRY. (1)

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.

Importers & Manufacturers, Dept. B, 205 State St., CHICAGO

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The **Morley Phone** for the

DEAF

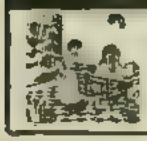
makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 721, Perry Bldg., Phila.

AGENTS—$45.00 A WEEK

MENDETS

A PATENT PATCH



They mend leaky vessels in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Millions in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg., assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.

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BARODA DIAMONDS

ANY STYLE

DIAMONDS

Flash Like Genuine DIAMONDS

at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. **See them first—then pay. Special Offer**—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. $4.98; Gents ring 1 ct. $6.98; 14k Solitaire 1 ct. $1.96. Send no money. C.O.D. for inspection. **Catalog FREE**, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. A19 Leland & Dover St., Chicago

PAY NOW AND THEN

We will send for your approval a genuine **¼ karat, commercial white, perfect diamond,** in any style 14 karat solid gold [illegible] **express prepaid, for $30. $5 down and $3 per month;** or a **⅜ karat diamond** of like quality for **$60; $10 down and $5 per month.**

If you are interested in a reliable watch, we offer a **gentleman's** O. F. 12, 16, or 18 size, or **lady's** 6 size, plain or engraved, **20-year guaranteed gold filled case,** fitted with genuine **Elgin** or **Waltham movement at $12.50; $3 down, $1.50 per month.** With hunting case $16.75.

Write to-day for free catalog No. 183 Remit first payment with order or have goods sent C. O. D.

Herbert L. Joseph & Co

Diamond Importers Watch Jobbers

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for advertisers, present or prospective:

1. The Story of an Extraordinary Advertising Service
2. A New Force in Business

Either, or both, sent anywhere on request

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AGENTS

Write for territory today. Biggest seller ever invented. No experience necessary. Edw. McGough, O., says: **"Made $160.00 last week.** Easiest thing in the world. Everybody buys." E. J. Dirr, Michigan, writes: "Eighteen orders one day—**profit $22.50.** No trick at all—**just show and take the order."**

New Chemical fire extinguisher. Absolutely guaranteed. Always ready. Acts instantly. Even a child can use it. **Death to any fire.** A marvel of science. Sells itself. No talking necessary. We want you to be our agent in your territory. **You can make $4000.00 this year.** But don't delay. **Investigate.**

AMAZING INVENTION

F. J. Baughman, O., says: "Sold 15 first day. Going fine, **fine, FINE,** ship 250 at once. Hurrah for more business." J. C. Gordon, Ind., telegraphs "Ship 150 today. **All sold out. Everybody wants to buy."** G. J. Hoyt, Pa., calls up by telephone and ordered 100. He said, "The fastest seller in the world. **My boy, 14 years old, sold six yesterday afternoon."** O. R. Joy, Ill., says: "Started at 10 a. m. **sold 14 by 3 o'clock."** Hundreds are getting rich. We want a good man in every territory to work on 100 2-3 percent profit. No risk. **Free** samples to agents. **SEND NO MONEY.** Only your name and address on a postal card for complete information, offer and valuable statistics on fire losses **FREE.** Write at once. Give name of county.

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[Reference The Bank of Leipsic Capital $1,000,000 00]

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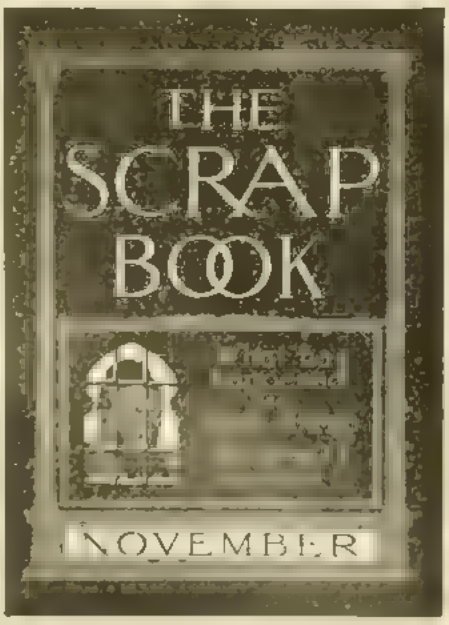
Anyone can successfully do this work. All we require is honesty and industry. No experience necessary. We teach you how to make one-minute demonstrations that simply amaze everybody. You will demonstrate to homes, schools, theatres, factories, churches, public buildings, fire departments, city councils etc. Everybody is interested. Everybody a customer. Work can be done in spare time at the start, if necessary. Women successful the same as men.



UNTIL you have read THE SCRAP BOOK you cannot fully appreciate how engrossing, how interesting a publication of this kind can be made.

At ten cents a copy it provides a fund of entertainment month by month that can hardly be duplicated short of a shelf-full of miscellanies.

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TO BUY DIAMONDS

It's simply MARVELOUS how easy we make it for you to own a genuine diamond. Don't be satisfied with anything but the best pure white stone. Buy a diamond that will increase in value and a stone that you can be proud to wear. We offer such a gem at the wholesale jobber's price on the easiest terms ever made by a high-class diamond house. Renich Diamonds are the very finest grade, cut by lapidaries famous for their skill; sparkling, flashing gems of the first water.

Lowest Terms We give you eight months to pay for your diamond, payable on terms of 20 per cent down when the diamond is delivered to you and 10 per cent per month until paid. Thus a $50 diamond ring will cost you $10 down and $5 per month. We can sell you a diamond 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than you can obtain it from your local dealer. Let us prove to you before you spend a penny how we make it possible to enjoy the very choicest genuine diamond ring, stud, earrings and watches and all other grades of fine jewelry at rock bottom wholesale figures on your own terms.

Free Book Our illustrated catalog for 1910 is yours **free.** Write for it with this coupon today. Before you make your holiday purchases, before you even think of buying a diamond or any piece of jewelry be sure and get our wholesale prices and our easy terms. Mail the coupon **Now!**

These are splendid examples of our rare diamond values. No. 1 at **$100;** No. 2 at **$75;** No. 3 at **$60.** All on our Easy term plan.

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W. E. RENICH CO., 126 State St. Dept. 1469 CHICAGO.
Send me catalog and full information about your Wholesale Price-Easy Terms Offer.
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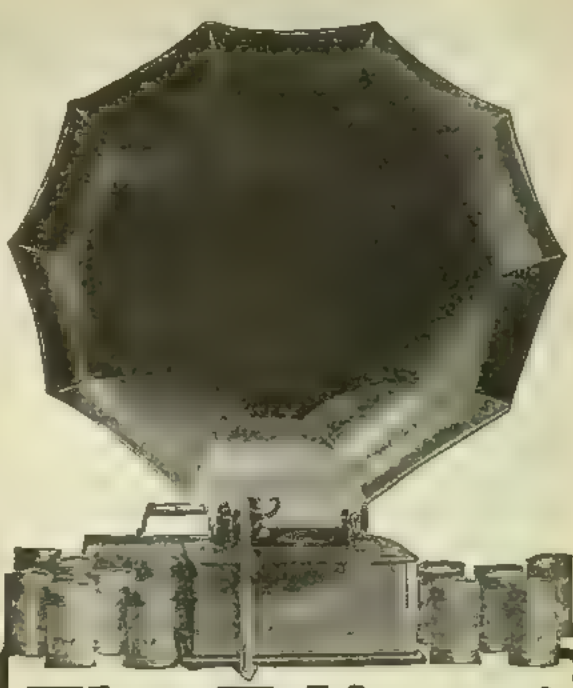

The Edison!

The Latest Style EDISON Phonograph In Our New Outfit No. 9, this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph—shipped

FREE!

Yes, FREE, I don't ask a cent of your money

Read The Offer: I will ship you free this genuine New Model Triumph Edison Phonograph, with Amberol Records, to your home for a free examination. I want to get it into the home of Mr. Edison's each in your town. I want to place on Mr. Edison's most wonderful improvements in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority.

MR. EDISON says: "I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home."

My Reason **I don't want you to buy it.** I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do want you to write me a postal or letter and tell me the name and address of your neighbors and friends. I want to tell them about the Edison Phonograph, and I want to tell them how they can get an Edison Phonograph on free trial in their own homes. I want to tell them about our plan to sell them a genuine Edison Phonograph for as little as $2.00 a month, the exact cash price, and at the same time, a rock bottom price. **Perhaps you yourself would want a Phonograph,** and if neither you nor your friends want the machine, how is OK. I will take care of this. It will cost you nothing and does not obligate you in any way. Let me send you the catalog, then you can decide whether you want a free loan or not, when you want it. Send me your name and address now, anyway, so I can fully and clearly explain our free loan offer and tell you all about the Edison Phonograph on a free loan offer. **Sign coupon now.**

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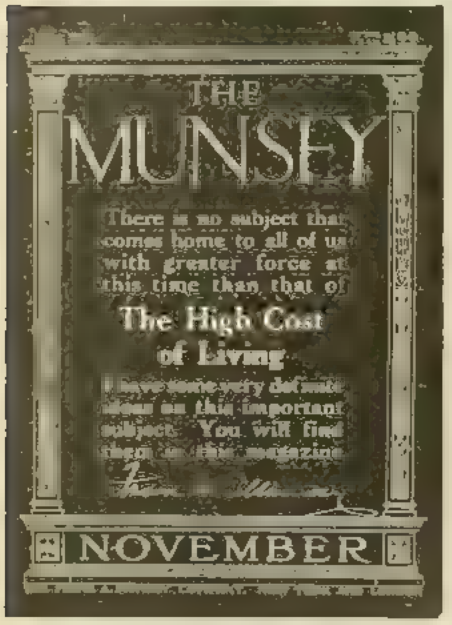
Name .....

Address .....

No letter necessary; just sign and mail this free coupon **right now, TODAY**

Why Railroaders Should Read


THE
MUNSEY
There is no subject that comes home to all of us with greater force at this time than that of
The High Cost of Living
NOVEMBER

WHAT Mr. Munsey says about the high cost of living strikes near to the heart of every man in America who is working for a salary.

And it gives the man who pays the salary something to ponder over.

Railroaders are constructionists; they believe in up-building.

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has never permitted a muck-raking article in its pages—nor an article attacking the industries of the country. It is a magazine of whole-souled, broad-gaged optimism.

"A Word About the Business and Financial Outlook"

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

IS your road ordering new rails, building new equipment, adding greater mileage? How are its securities selling? What do investors think of the present financial situation?

Many questions affecting railroads are thoroughly discussed by Mr. Munsey in this article, and by John Grant Dater in the regular

Financial Department

This is the most widely circulated financial review in America. Investors all over the country follow the movements of the great money markets through Munsey's Magazine. Questions affecting securities are answered each month without charge.

Munsey's Magazine *for* November

IN CASE OF WAR:

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, in **"Is the United States Prepared for War?"** says there is not enough powder in the country to carry on more than a few hours of stiff cannonading And he backs it all up with some startling figures.

THE FALL ELECTIONS:

"Democratic Presidential Possibilities," by Willis J. Abbot, twice manager of the Democratic National Press Bureau, tells about some of the big men who, as a result of this month's elections, may be called upon to carry Democracy's standard.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON:

Ralph D. Paine tells us why $300 will not buy two good seats at the annual gridiron struggle between **Yale and Harvard.**

A REAL KING:

Isaac N. Ford, London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, takes us back of the British throne and gives us a close-range view of **"King George V, the First Imperialist King of England."**

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Frontispiece

Portrait of King George V

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Democratic Presidential Possibilities — Willis J. Abbot
What Women Have Accomplished Without the Ballot — William Brown Meloney
The High Cost of Living and Its Relation to the Tariff — Frank A. Munsey
The Greatest Show on Earth — Ralph D. Paine
Famous Affinities of History — Lyndon Orr
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Short Stories

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An Episode in Black Face — Helen Green
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The Suds of Destiny — Edith Livingston Smith
Of the Old School — Ralph Bergengren
A Needle in a Haystack — Bannister Merwin
Our Suburban Home — Lewis Edward Collings
The Calling of Reginald — Carlyle Smith

Departments

Light Verse — Financial Department
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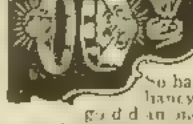

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